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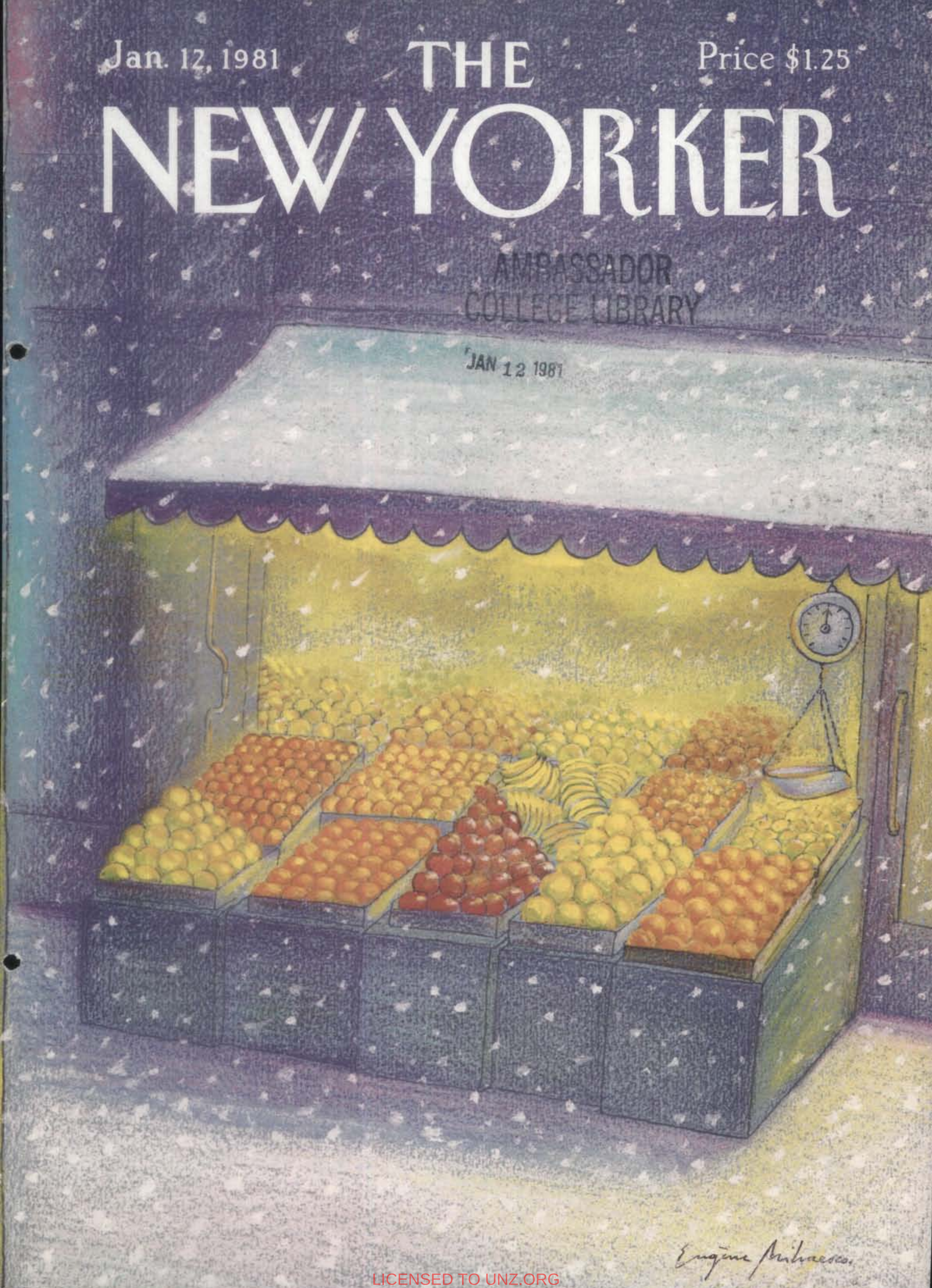
Eugène Mihaesco

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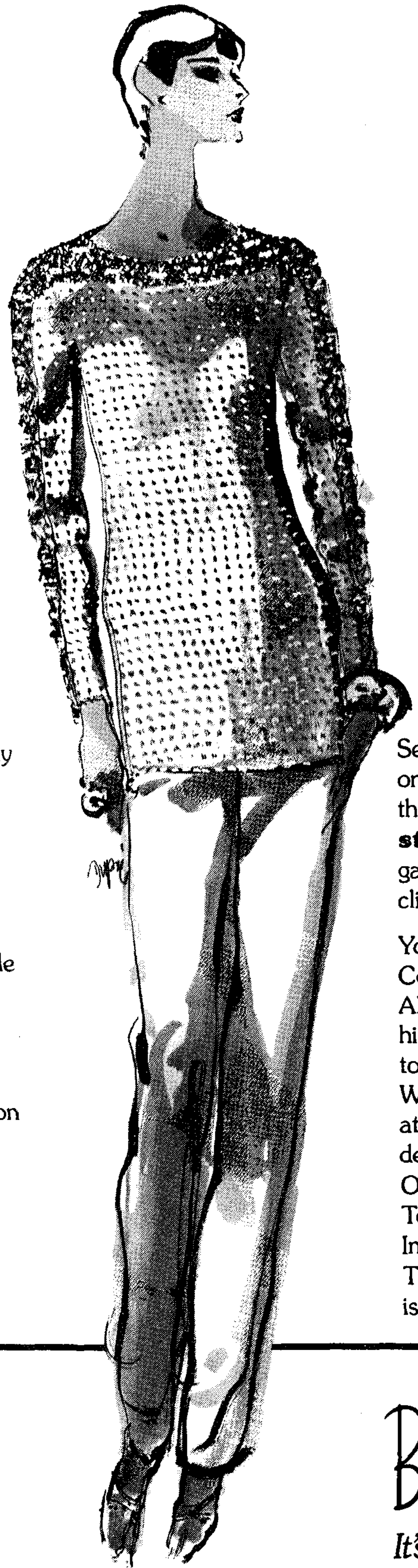

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are delightfully acted by Keith Gordon, Jenny Wright, Kevin Bacon, and Jan Leslie Harding, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Alice in Concert—Elizabeth Swados' musical based on Lewis Carroll's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass." Meryl Streep has the title role. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 7. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Amadeus—We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Ian McKellen, Tim Curry, and Jane Seymour heading the large cast. (12/29/80) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Days—A new play by Stephen Poliakoff. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 25.)

BAM Theatre Company—The first two of five plays to be presented in rotating repertory through Sunday, May 10. Shakespeare's A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM: Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 7-9, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2 (previews); Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8 (opening); and Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2. . . . ¶ George Farquhar's 1706 comedy THE RECRUITING OFFICER: Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 15-17, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 18, at 2 and 7:30 (previews). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Barnum—A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (5/12/80) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brigadoon—The songs by Lerner and Loewe ravish the ear, but the book's old-fashioned whimsy is hard to accept. Martin Vidnovic and Meg Bussert are the stars. (10/27/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Chekhov Sketchbook—An adaptation by Joseph Buloff and Luba Kadison of three Chekhov short stories, "The Vagabond," "The Witch," and "In a Music Shop." With Frank Bara, Julie Garfield, Jeffrey De Munn, Stephen D. Newman, Jack O'Connell, and Mr. Buloff. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Chelsea Theatre Center—Presenting two plays. HIJINKS!, an ingenious and delightful musical adaptation of Clyde Fitch's Broadway hit (1901) "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." The score is made up of American songs of the nineteenth century, most of them familiar, and they are very well sung and danced to by the young, gifted company, under the imaginative direction of Robert Kalfin. With Joseph Kolinski, Jeannine Taylor, and Michael Connolly in the leading roles. (1/5/81) Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. . . . WE WON'T PAY! WE WON'T PAY!, a comedy by Italian playwright Dario Fo. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Circle Repertory Company—Two plays in repertory. Gerhart Hauptmann's play THE BEAVER COAT, translated by Michael Feingold, with Michael Ayr and Tanya Berezin at the head of the cast; directed by John Bishop: Wednesday, Jan. 7, and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 11, at 3 and 7; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 15-16, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's TWELFTH NIGHT. Lindsay Crouse is an enchanting Viola and Colin Stinton is a very good Feste in a lively, loose-limbed production under David Mamet's direction. Some of the clowning gets mighty trying, however. (12/29/80) Thursday and Friday, Jan. 8-9, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 13-14, and Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

Coming Attractions—A facetious lampoon, by Ted Tally, about a killer who becomes a show-business celebrity. It is nimbly performed by a lively company, under André Ernotte's direction. (12/15/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Louise Lasser and Jobeth Williams in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Crimes of the Heart—Beth Henley's acute and original comedy about private disasters in the lives of three sisters in Mississippi is performed to perfection under Melvin Bernhardt's direction. Mary Beth Hurt, Mia Dillon, and Lizbeth MacKay are the sisters, and Peter MacNichol is a love-struck young lawyer. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 11.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—

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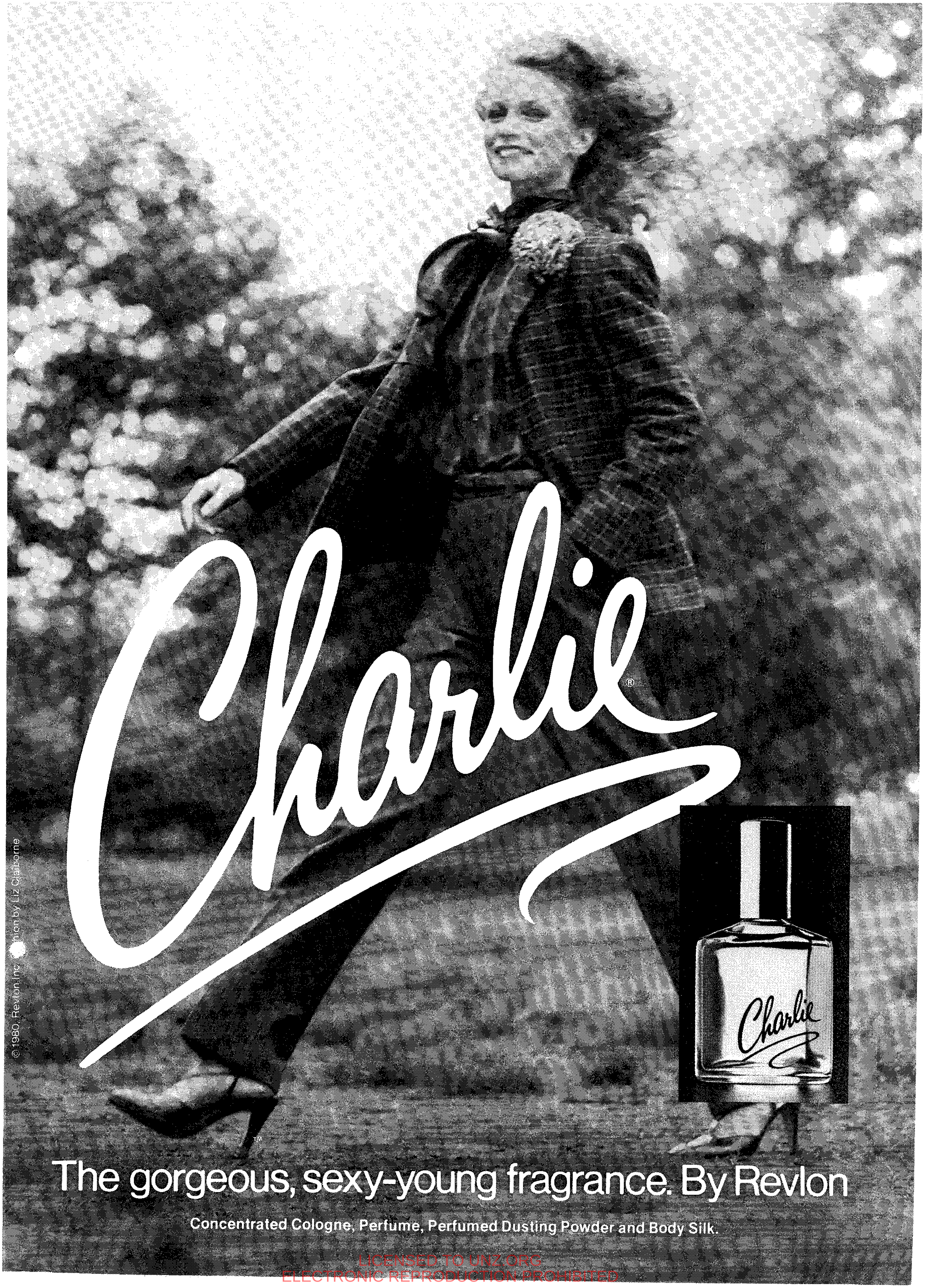

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Don Juan in Hell—A revival of Shaw's comedy, with Philip Bosco, Arlene Francis, Paul Sparer, and Ronald Drake. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 25.)

Emlyn Williams As Charles Dickens—A return engagement of Mr. Williams' durable one-man show. Preview Tuesday, Jan. 13. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 14, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 1. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical **GODSPELL,** conceived by John-Michael Tebelak and with music by Stephen Schwartz, will be the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 7. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 8, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 1. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fifth of July—We are back on the old Talley place, which we encountered last year in "Talley's Folly." Lanford Wilson writes with authority and with exceptional comic verve about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. Christopher Reeve and Swoosie Kurtz dominate the proceedings. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

42nd Street—A musical based on an old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it, with Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert usurping the roles of Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, and Ruby Keeler. Directed and choreographed by Gower Champion. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

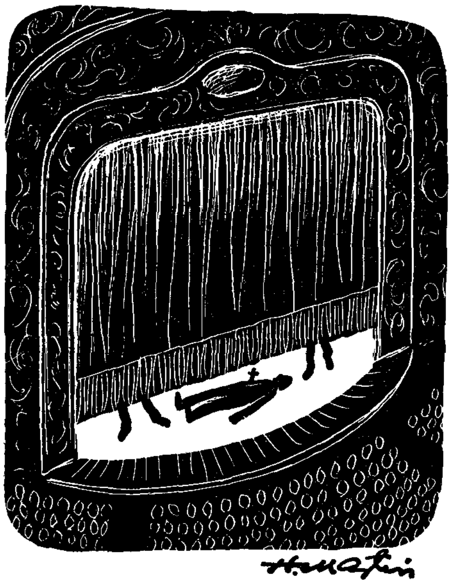
John Gabriel Borkman—A great play by Ibsen, which we rarely see performed. The present production is not a very lucid one, but Irene Worth, Rosemary Murphy, and E. G. Marshall are worth paying strict attention to. (12/29/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Last Summer at Bluefish Cove—A comedy by Jane Chambers, with an all-female cast. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave., S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Lesson from Aloes—The scene of Athol Fugard's new play is his native South Africa, and the time is the sixties. A white political activist, his wife, and a black friend of theirs are all victims of a government bent upon practicing evil in the name of good. The cast consists of Harris Yulin, Maria Tucci, and James Earl Jones, all of whom give sensationally effective performances. (12/1/80) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Lunch Hour—Jean Kerr has written some funny lines for two not very plausible couples to recite in the course of working out a conclusion to a totally implausible affair. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Phoenix Theatre—Christopher Durang's comedy **BEYOND THERAPY,** with Sigourney Weaver and Stephen Collins at the head of the cast. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 25.)

The Pirates of Penzance—The New York Shakespeare Festival's production of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, with Kevin Kline, Estelle Parsons, Linda Ronstadt, George Rose, and Rex Smith. The director is Wilford Leach. Previews Wednesday, Jan. 7. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 8. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Really Rosie—A lemon. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3226. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 2 and 7; Thursday, Jan. 8, at 7; Friday, Jan. 9, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2 and 5. Thereafter, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7; matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1 and 5:30.)

Tintypes—American dreams coming true around the turn of the century. A cast of five attractive young people sing old songs and make us believe that once upon a time the streets of New York were paved with gold. (11/3/80) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

To Grandmother's House We Go—A play by Joanna M. Glass, with Eva Le Gallienne and Kim Hunter as the stars. Clifford Williams is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Jan. 14. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 15. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Trial of Dr. Beck—A play by Hughes Allison. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 18.)

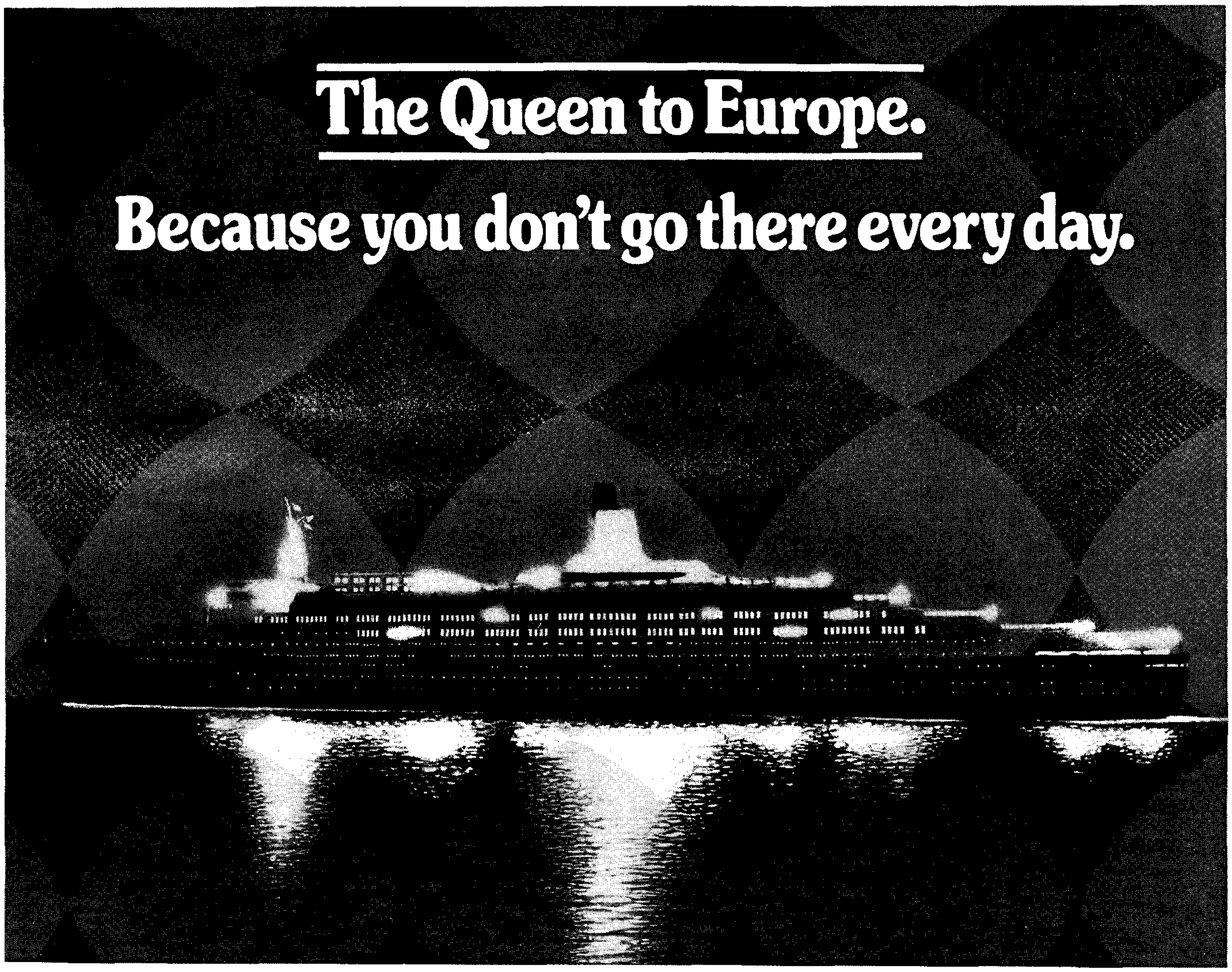
Trixie True, Teen Detective—A campy disaster. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about the rivalry between two brothers in Los Angeles and other matters is a semi-dud. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 11.)

The Winslow Boy—A respectable, summer-stock kind of production of Terence Rattigan's play based on the actual case of a thirteen-year-old boy who is falsely accused of stealing a five-shilling note. With Remak Ramsay as the barrister who defends him. (11/10/80) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Wish Me Mazel-Tov—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Final performances Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2 and 5:30.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject, and Phyllis Frelich and David Ackroyd play the leading roles. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Robert Reed, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Donal Donnelly, Carole Shelley, and Benjamin Hendrickson. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Patti LuPone, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss LuPone at the matinée performances. Starting Monday, Jan. 12, Derin Altay will replace Miss LuPone. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,608 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St.,



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TRAVEL AGENT__________

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **I OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES:** A sentimental comedy by Neil Simon, about a Hollywood writer down on his literary luck and a daughter who visits him and brightens his prospect. With Dick Latessa, Valerie Landsburg, and Bernice Massi. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 11.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical different from a Simon play only in that the triphammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Jan. 7: "Symphony in Three Movements," "Scotch Symphony," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 8: "Square Dance," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," "Sonatine," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 9: "Agon," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 10: "Scotch Symphony," "In the Night," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 10: "Scotch Symphony," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," "Eight Easy Pieces," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 11: "Apollo," "Fancy Free," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 11: "Square Dance," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 15: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-7635.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 16: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 17: "Scotch Symphony," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 17: "Apollo," "Pas de Deux," "In the Night," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

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DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—A three-week engagement—Wednesday evening, Jan. 7: "Allegro Brillante," "Adagietto No. 5," "Design with Strings," "The Beloved," and "Dougla." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 8-9, and Saturday and Sunday matinées and evenings, Jan. 10-11: "Four Temperaments," "Manifestations," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Jan. 13-14: Act II of "Swan Lake," "Greening," and "Troy Game." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 15-16, and Saturday matinée, Jan. 17: "Mirage," "Doina," "Le Corsaire," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 17: Act II of "Swan Lake," "Greening," and "Troy Game." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 25.)

PAULINE KONER DANCE CONSORT—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2; and Friday, Jan. 16, at 8: "The Beginnings," "The Farewell," and "Solitary Songs." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 8, Saturday, Jan. 10, and Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 18, at 2: "La Malinche," "Poème," "Cantigas," and "Flight." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 9, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2; Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Mosaic," "Wingborne," "Cantigas," and "A Time of Crickets." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

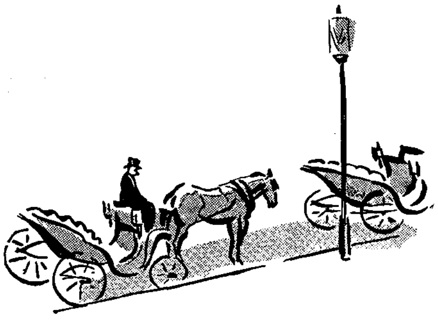
NATIONAL FOLK BALLET OF YUGOSLAVIA—A company of forty-five, in a single performance. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

PHOEBE NEVILLE DANCE COMPANY—A program of contemporary dance. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 7-10, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 11, at 3; Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8, a benefit performance, with guest artists Remy Charlip, Daniel Nagrin, Annebelle Gamson, and Meredith Monk; Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 15-17, at 8; and Sunday, Jan. 18, at 3. For tickets, call 477-1850.)

AYAKO UCHIYAMA—In a program of classical and contemporary Kabuki dance, with guest musicians. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. 832-1155. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 17-18, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)



ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant and a Chelsea fixture for years. Musicians pass through on weekends: Bassist **SAM JONES** leads a trio on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 9-10, and on the following Friday and Saturday (Jan. 16-17) bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** and drummer **CURTIS BOYD** will team up. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A relaxed upper East Side bar and restaurant with jazz musicians working on a bandstand in the very back of the place. Pianist **MIKE ABENE** works with alto saxophonist **JERRY DODGION** and a bassist through Saturday, Jan. 10; on Monday, Jan. 12, soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER** will arrive with a quartet to play, appropriately enough, the music of Sidney Bechet. Music from nine.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 8-10, folkie **HARRY CHAPIN** will be present; Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 14-17, saxophonist **TOM SCOTT** will head up an all-star R. & B. band that will include in its ranks guitarist **ERIC GALE,** drummer **STEVE GADD,** and pianist **RICHARD TEE.** Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. *Dining.*

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous (if you know something about jazz) pianists, bassists, and guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded New York bar and restaurant. **GEORGE CABLES** is at the piano accompanied by a bassist through Saturday, Jan. 10; on Monday, Jan. 12, pianist **RAY BRYANT** will begin performing with his bassist, **JIMMY ROWSER.** Music from nine-forty-five.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** has moved in to play hot chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar and guide his trio. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, has taken over for Bobby Short in the Café Carlyle. Mr. Shearing is assisted by bassist **BRIAN TORFF** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who sings a bit to her own piano accompaniment, can be found in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays. Her hours run from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A mostly dark-brown bar and restaurant. The star here is the elegant, retiring piano soloist **ELLIS LARKINS,** who plays nightly, except Sundays, from eight. (Patrons are requested *to whisper during his sets.*)

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on the current trends in rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 7, Jo Marshall, Manichee, and Open City; Thursday, Jan. 8, True Romance, China Davis, and Privates; Friday, Jan. 9, DNA and Ex-Husbands; and Saturday, Jan. 10, two dissonance-and-blues dance bands—**DEADLINE** and guitarist **SONNY SHARROCK'S** group. Sunday through Tuesday, Jan. 11-13, are showcase nights. Music long after nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—For people who live in Brooklyn,

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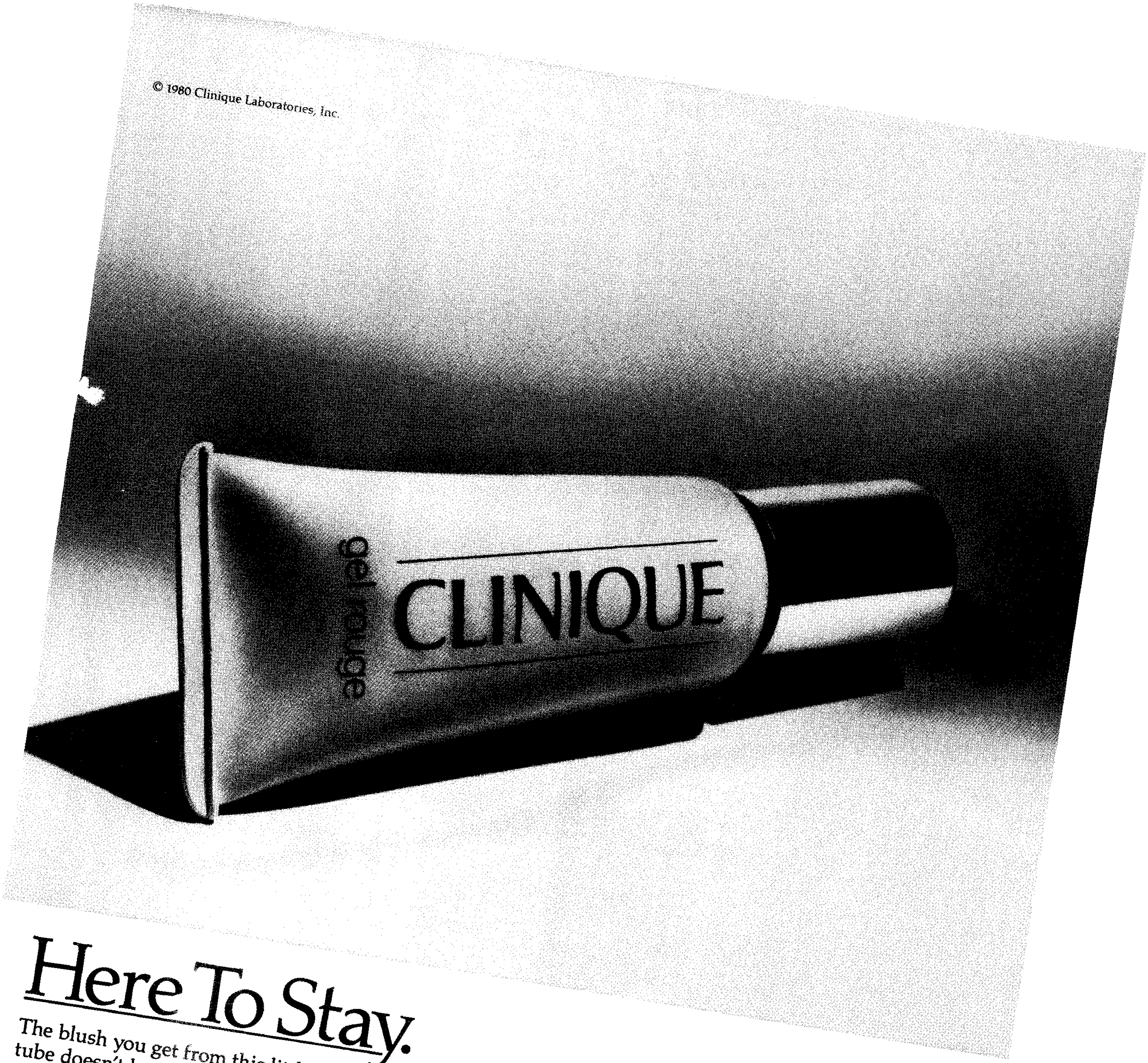

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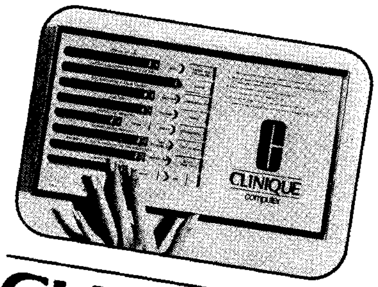

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Queens, or Chelsea but *love* Texas. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** *demonstrates the art* of the blues lyric for the uninitiated Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. The center-of-the-room microphone belongs to singer **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** on Sundays at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Jan. 11, saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** will lead a quartet from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Music through Sunday, Jan. 11, by the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** and his quartet; on Tuesday, Jan. 13, pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER** will bring in a quintet. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed *Mondays.*

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. Is it pretentious? Well, the mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by *Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt* Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday, Jan. 7, singer Vicki Sue Robinson; Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 8-11, **DAKOTA STATON,** a singer who comes across best in swinging, uptempo blues-tinged numbers; Monday, Jan. 12, trumpeter **CHARLES TOLLIVER;** Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 13-15, **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL,** a young a-cappella-soul quintet; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17, jazz singer Marion Cowings. Music from eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; Mon*days, guitarist* **AL GAFA,** *pianist* **ANDY LA VERNE,** and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** team up from ten; Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins at ten; and Saturdays from seven to ten and Sundays from five to ten stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is on hand.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. The pianists who perform here are not just diversionary dining-room players. Pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD,** a stride specialist, plays just about anything he can think of in a stride style. Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. **JILL MC MANUS,** a Wynton Kelly-inspired pianist, plays on Sundays and Mondays from seven to eleven.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **MARTY NAPOLEON** guides a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with them after nine.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the D.J.s spin a side by Defunkt or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. The bands: Factrix on Thursday, Jan. 8; the dB's and Randy Gun on Friday, Jan. 9; and ESG and Liquid Liquid on Saturday, Jan. 10. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish.

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Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. *(477-3077)—Comfortable, relaxed sur*roundings with pillow furniture that one can fall into after making the long three-flight climb. Flutist **JEREMY STEIG** will perform Friday and Saturday, Jan. 9-10; and drummer **CHARLI PERSIP** will head a quartet on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17. Music from nine, and if you hang around until two in the morning you'll hear even more jazz, played by saxophonist **MIKE MORGENSTERN** and his combo. On Sundays from nine to one, composer, arranger, singer, and guitarist **THIAGO DE MELLO** appears with his Brazilian-jazz band, Amazon, which features trumpet solos by **CLAUDIO RODITI.**

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just *thirty* paces east. A tradition-bound sextet, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. One good reason: pianist **ROLAND HANNA,** who is sometimes undulating and romantic, at other times clipped and percussive, but always a powerhouse of a pianist, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Saturdays. Two more good reasons are pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and his bassist, **BOB BODLEY,** who turn up on Sundays and Mondays. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, but authentic in its Texasness. The rock, country, rockabilly, blues, and jazz schedule includes country-rock drummer and singer **LEVON HELM,** who will be *performing with the* **CATE BROTHERS** *on Wednes*day, Jan. 7; soul singers **SAM & DAVE** on Thursday, Jan. 8; Texas Jewish folkie Kinky Friedman on Sunday, Jan. 11; swamp-rocker **DR. JOHN** on Monday, Jan. 12; folkie Livingston Taylor on Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 13-14; and veteran folkie **ERIC ANDERSEN** on Thursday, Jan. 15. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—Freda Payne, whose singing experience covers jazz, soul, and musical-comedy material, is here singing with her backing crew. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A vintage rock club that attracts young people in T-shirts, in button-down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jackets. The lineup: Zain Grey, Luigi & the Wiseguys, and Hostage on Wednesday, Jan. 7; Karnival and Pleasers on Thursday, Jan. 8; Contortions and Beast on Friday, Jan. 9; Contortions and Sally, Dick & Jane on Saturday, Jan. 10; Drongoes, 911, and Peptide on Monday, Jan. 12; and Marlow, Thin Ice, and 2nd Thoughts on Tuesday, Jan. 13. Music from well after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**CARRIE SMITH,** *who possesses a substantial,* resounding voice and last year paid tribute in this club to Bessie Smith, has begun another tribute, this one to the late gospel singer Sister Rosetta Tharpe. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On most Mondays, Woody Allen plays celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet from nine-thirty to midnight; in color. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Music from about ten until two.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-oyster bar. **AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sex*tet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to* two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. Singers Will Rambeau and Davitt Sigerson trade sets on Thursday, Jan. 8; Jim *Dawson will sing his folksongs on Friday and* Saturday, Jan. 9-10; and singer and guitarist **KENNY RANKIN** will be on hand on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase. Snacks.

Palsson's, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590)—The latest jazz club to be decorated in dark-brown tones and smoked-glass mirrors is this extremely relaxed, long and narrow second-story room. The absolutely topnotch jazz: Baritone saxophonist **PEPPER ADAMS** and his quartet on Wednesday, Jan. 7; tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** drummer **DANNIE RICHMOND,** and pianist **KENNY KIRKLAND** Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 8-10; bassist **RON CARTER'S** trio on Sunday, Jan. 11; pianist **MIKE NOCK'S** trio Monday through *Wednesday, Jan. 12-14; and pianist* **KENNY BARRON'S** trio Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 15-17. Jazz from about ten. Dining.

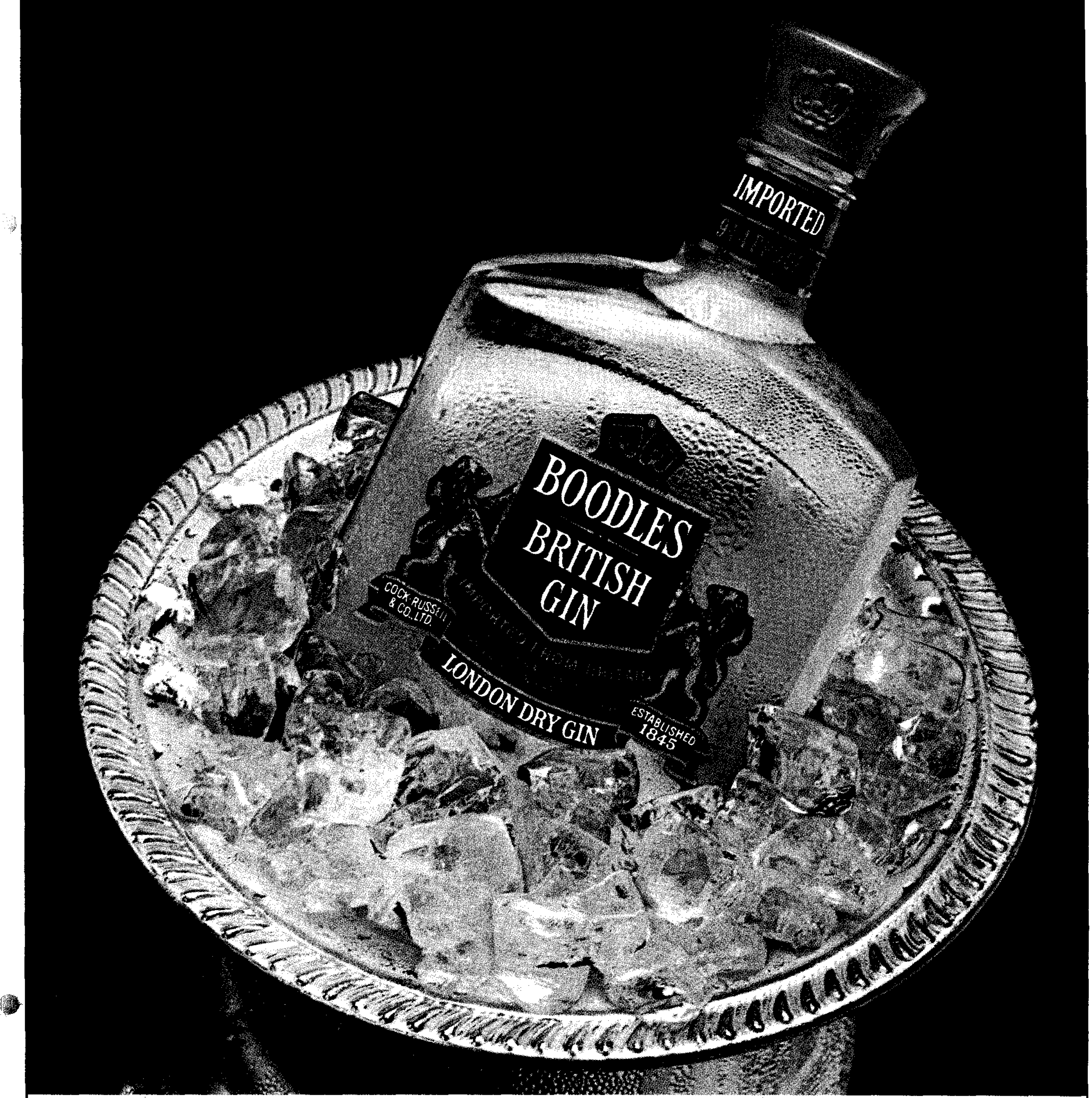
Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which func*tions as a sort of passageway connecting the* hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! What dance music, what a bounce septet! The **SY OLIVER** organization plays Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Jimmy Mack & the Jumpers and Soldier on Friday, Jan. 9; New England on Saturday, Jan. 10; Moonbeam on Monday, Jan. 12; Flo & Eddie on Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 13-14; and **NRBQ** on Thursday, Jan. 15. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—"Rhapsody in Gershwin," an uninspired tribute, runs through Saturday, Jan. 10, with Annie Jo Edwards, Maureen Brennen, Ed Evanko, and Ira Hawkins, comprising the singing and hoofing cast. On Monday,

For champagne tastes.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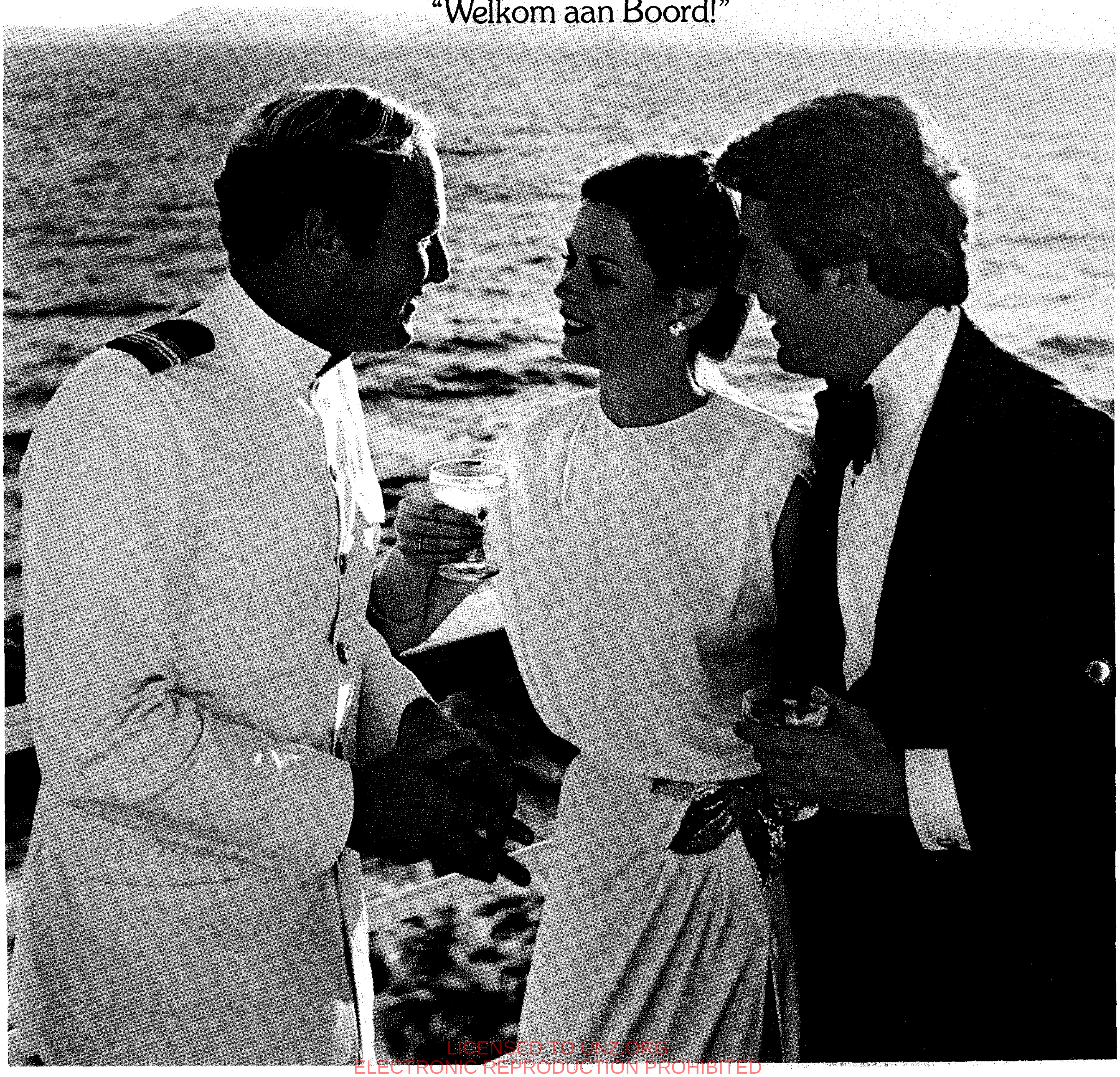

Jan. 12, *another* tribute, "From Rodgers and Hart with Love," with Mimi Hines and Larry Kert, will get under way. Mondays through Thursdays shows begin at nine-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays they begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Salt Peanuts, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—Named for a bebop tune by Dizzy Gillespie and located in the far western reaches of Tribeca, where many of the lofts are still used by business and industry. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 8-10, drummer **ART TAYLOR** collaborates with pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.;** starting Monday, Jan. 12, the Harry Whitaker quintet will take up residence. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. On Wednesday, Jan. 7, drummer **BOB MOSES** works with bassist **STEVE SWALLOW** and saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN;** Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 8-11, bassist **TERUO NAKAMURA** will lead his sextet; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 13-14, will belong to guitarist **YOSHIAKI MASUO,** a standout sideman with Sonny Rollins several years ago and now a wonderfully bluesy soloist with his own band; and on Thursday, Jan. 15, Latin-jazz flutist Dave Valentin will bring in his group. Music from ten to two. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in bentwood chairs, and mostly piano-bass duos. The current impressive piano-bass roster: **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVIERA** through Sunday, Jan. 11; and **JIMMY ROWLES** and **MICHAEL MOORE** starting Tuesday, Jan. 13. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**JON HENDRICKS** and his singing family sing through Saturday, Jan. 10; on Tuesday, Jan. 13, the **CHARLES SULLIVAN-HAROLD VICK** quintet will come in for a five-night stint. Sundays are allocated to singer **CHRIS CONNOR.** Music from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—A long, high-ceilinged jazz room that is modern and comfortable but spare; the atmosphere and the acoustics are reminiscent, in spite of all the comfort, of the old Five Spot. Percussionist **AZZEDIN WESTON** (son of pianist and composer Randy) leads a quartet on Wednesday, Jan. 7; Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 8-10, pianist **VALERIE CAPERS** will head a trio; and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 15-17, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will be present with a quartet. On Mondays, drummer **STEVE MC CALL** and a quartet can be heard, and Sunday *nights* are given over to drummer **LOUIS HAYES,** bassist **CLINT HOUSTON,** and pianist **HAROLD MABERN.** Music most nights from nine-thirty, and from eight-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A first-rate schedule of moving blues and soul most nights at nine and midnight. Dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup includes Wayne Kramer *and* the Stompers on Wednesday, Jan. 7; Bones and Donna Fury & the Splits on Thursday, Jan. 8; the Fools and Private Lines on Friday, Jan. 9; Chris Spedding & Snips on Saturday, Jan. 10; and Gentz on Tuesday, Jan. 13. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club that is presenting tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH'S** quartet through Sunday, Jan. 11; on Tuesday, Jan. 13, tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** will play his own mystical, spiritually enlightened brand of bebop. On Monday, Jan. 12, **FRANK FOSTER'S LOUD MINORITY** will fill the big-band slot. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Harris Simon has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight *until* two.

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West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. **RUSSELL PROCOPE,** who was a member of the Ellington *reed section* for years, has his own way of remembering the leader: he gently guides a quartet, which is named Ellingtonia, through many Ellington-Strayhorn tunes. Mr. Procope's group will work through Sunday, Jan. 11. On Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 12-13, two more Ellingtoniacs—**SONNY GREER,** Ellington's longtime drummer, and **BROOKS KERR,** a young talented pianist and admirer—will be present. Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 14-18, trumpeter **JABBO SMITH** will head up his Rhythm Aces. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Henry Threadgill Sextet—At 450 W. 31st St., twelfth floor. Wednesday, Jan. 7, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 13-14, at 9 and 11. For information, call 947-0808.

Bob James, Harvey Mason, and Mark Colby—With Patti Austin. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

String Trio of New York—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., *three blocks south of Canal St.,* at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8.

Kirk Nurock, Harvie Swartz, and Jay Clayton—New Music Loft, 246 Eighth Ave., at 23rd St. 624-3250. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 10-11, at 8.

The Police—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The first in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case Mar*tin* Charnin) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday and Monday, Jan. 11-12, at 8.)

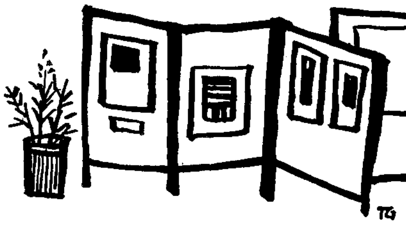
Odetta—American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 7. For information about tickets, call 873-7507.

Peter Allen and the Rockettes—Need we say more? (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 15-17, at 7:30.)

Olatunji & Friends—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8.

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays, Jan. 7 and 14, at 9: Sonny Sharrock. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:30: Lee Edelberg, Yutaka Saiki, Masahiko Kono, and Eric Paulin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 9: Charles Tyler Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 16, at 8:30: Fred Frith and Phil Minton. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30: Rudolph Grey, Charles Tyler, and Beaver Harris. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

Irving Plaza—Friday, Jan. 9: Tom Robinson's Sector 27 . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 16: Junior Walker & the All-Stars. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl. at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows begin after 11:30.)



Benefit Concert—Frank Sinatra, Sarah Vaughan, Rich Little, and Count Basie and his orchestra in a program to benefit the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 997-0105.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Milet Andrejevic—Representational paintings, a good number of them Central Park scenes. Through Jan. 28. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-73)—Twenty-three box constructions and nine collages. Through Jan. 31. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. A Cornell retrospective is currently at the Museum of Modern Art.)

Gillian Jagger—An installation of fragmented, rocklike sculptures (they are cast in polished Rockite). Through Jan. 28. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Joanna Krasner—Collage paintings. Through Jan. 24. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Yuri Kuper—Large watercolor and tempera renditions of time-worn surfaces—doors, for the most part. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Knox Martin—Sculptures and paintings. Through Wednesday, Jan. 14. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Jack Roth—Color-field paintings. Through Jan. 22. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Geoffrey Swindell—Small, delicate pottery with fragile patterns, handmade by a Welsh master of the art. Through Friday, Jan. 9. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Piet Zwart (1885-1977)—Calendars, catalogues, advertisements, and photographs by the Dutch designer and typographer. Through Friday, Jan. 9. (Ex Libris, 160A E. 70th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St.: About fifty works in a variety of styles and mediums, selected from the gallery stock. Some of the artists represented are Milton Avery, Mary Cassatt, and Anthony Toney. Through Jan. 31. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., with entrance on 80th St.: Monotypes by Kenneth Callahan, Joe Lasker, Andrée Ruellan, and Linda Sokolowski. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. . . . **SALANDER-O'REILLY,** 22 E. 80th St.: Drawings by Marsden Hartley, watercolors by George Ault, and other works on paper by Dan Christensen, Kikuo Saito, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 10.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Bernard Chaet—*Still-lifes and landscapes in* watercolor. Through Jan. 31. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Claudio—The stark white architecture of Greece, with the Aegean in the background, is the subject of most of these acrylic paintings by a Brazilian artist. *Through Saturday,* Jan. 10. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

Richard Fleischner / Ezra Stoller—Drawings and photographs, both related to a sculpture the artist recently completed in Woodlawn, Maryland. / Photographs of architecture, 1939-80. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Don Hazlitt—Painted cardboard-and-papier-mâché constructions. Through Jan. 31. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Paintings from the last decade of his career, including the familiar colorful abstract thunderclaps; also a small number of modestly representational landscapes and interiors from the thirties. Through Tuesday, Jan. 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Andrew Hudson—A series of figure sketches in pastel and acrylic on canvas. Through Jan. 29. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jess—Large montages composed of clippings from a wide variety of sources—saccharine

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

figures in advertisements, Winslow Homer reproductions, antique steel engravings, Bruegel prints, anatomical charts. Through Friday, Jan. 16. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jeffrey Lew—Paintings (all depicting books) in which oil is combined with glass, mica, and fish scales. Through Jan. 24. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ethel Magafan—Large-scale paintings of mountains in the West. Through Jan. 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

George McNeil—Expressionist figurative paintings. Through Feb. 7. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Peter Saul—Greatly heightened, almost comic, and definitely bawdy paintings illustrating subway crime, Three Mile Island, earthquakes. Works on paper: "Arsonist" and "Rapist." Through Jan. 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Harriet Shorr—Oil paintings in which flowers are deftly distributed on solid-color (more or less) backgrounds—anemones, tulips, peonies, gladiolus, orchids—sometimes along with a piece of jewelry. Through Wednesday, Jan. 14. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Randy Stevens—Paintings and pastels. Through Jan. 24. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Carl Nicholas Titolo—Paintings of landscapes, interiors, dancing figures, in this artist's usual vein. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

William T. Williams—Abstract paintings. Through Jan. 31. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **blum helman,** 20 W. 57th St.: Three paintings each by Richard Diebenkorn, Ellsworth Kelly, Roy Lichtenstein, and Frank Stella make up the inaugural exhibit in this gallery's new quarters. Through Jan. 31. . . . **esman,** 29 W. 57th St.: Paper sculptures of ballet figures by Alexandra Exter, and paintings and works on paper by El Lissitzky, Liubov Popova, and other Russian avant-garde artists from the period 1912-28. Through Jan. 31. . . . **hamilton,** 20 W. 57th St.: Aluminum sculptures by Robert Murray and paintings by David Hare, Joan Snyder, and John Torreano: Through Jan. 24. . . . **heidenberg,** 50 W. 57th St.: A black-and-white show that contains some impressive nuggets—drawings by Matisse, Adolph Gottlieb, Larry Rivers, and Tom Wesselmann, for instance, and sculptures by Bolotowsky and Louise Nevelson. Through Saturday, Jan. 10.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Eunice Golden—Reclining male nudes seen against quilt-like patterns. Through Jan. 21. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Stanley Lewis—Paintings and drawings. Through Jan. 21. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Alexis Smith / Mary Heilmann—An all-gallery work, inspired by John Dos Passos's "U. S. A." Involved are paper collages incorporating pictures and texts from the master writ, and three-dimensional constructs of various things seen in the collages. / Abstract paintings on shaped canvases. Through Jan. 24. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Jim Sullivan—Large figurative paintings by an artist who combines swift draftsmanship with thickly laid-on acrylic buildups. Through Thursday, Jan. 15. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

James Turrell—A light installation that makes use of the gallery's skylight as well as track lights. Through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Works by eleven emerging artists chosen through the Center's screening process. Included are decorated papier-mâché schools of fish by Armand Conine; small, skillful pencil drawings with a wry humor by Mark Tansey; and outsize watercolors of some regal swans by William Garbe. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Open Wednesday, Jan. 7, until 8.) . . . **nosei,** 100 Prince St.: Drawings and paintings on paper by American and Italian artists who fall in the category known as New Image: Troy Brauntuch, David Salle, Ernesto Tatafiore, and Sandro Chia are among them. Through Wednesday, Jan. 14. . . . **thorp,** 419 West Broadway: Twenty or so artists, among them Eric Fischl, John Lee, and David True, are represented in this show of contemporary drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 10.

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Eve Arnold—A show of color photographs of China taken in 1979 has been mounted by the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Henri Cartier-Bresson / Brassaï—A small group of vintage prints from the thirties and forties *are compared with those same works printed* in the seventies. / Nineteen photographs in the "Secret Paris of the Thirties" series. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

John Havinden—Prints dating from 1929 to 1939 by an avant-garde British photographer. First one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 24. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

André Kertész—About twenty photographs showing winter in New York. Through Thursday, Jan. 15. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7; Sundays, 11:30 to 6.)

Gjon Mili / Robert Bourdeau—*A retrospective of* the works of a *Life* photojournalist responsible for introducing high-speed electronic flash units into the craft. / Contact prints of Utah mountains, the British Isles, and Canada. Through Jan. 18. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Lucas Samaras—Polaroids: large-scale and not-so-large, some of them manipulated, and all showing Samaras with nude models. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Philip Trager—Fifty black-and-white photographs of Manhattan architecture. Through March 1. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

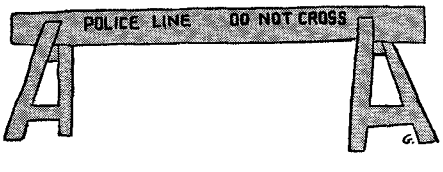
Jerry N. Uelsmann / Charles Pratt (1926-76)—Montages, many stemming from a visit to Japan. / Wilderness photographs by an artist whose work appeared in *Audubon* and *Natural History*. Through Jan. 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Nineteenth-Century French Photographs—Portraits by Nadar, landscapes by Gustave Le Gray, architectural studies by Edouard-Denis Baldus, and other daguerreotypes and photographs dated 1880 and earlier. A loan from the Bibliothèque Nationale, at the Metropolitan Museum; see below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A survey of Korean art represented by more than three hundred items, among them Buddhist statuary, including a gilt-bronze Maitreya; *Koryo* celadon; *Yi* ceramics and paintings; and two gold crowns (about fifth century) recently excavated from royal tombs at the north mound of the Great Tomb at Hwangnam. Starts Saturday, Jan. 10. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. . . . **photography:** Nineteenth-century French photographs. Through Feb. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Joseph Cornell retrospective consisting of two hundred assemblages in boxes and seventy-five collages. Through Jan. 20. A complementary show is at Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ "The Symbolist Aesthetic," a show of drawings, prints, and other works by late-nineteenth-century European artists (Gauguin, Ensor, Munch, Redon). Through March 10. . . . **photography:** "American Children," an exhibit of sixty photographs from the museum's collection; the works cover a hundred-year period starting with the eighteen-sixties. Starts Thursday, Jan. 8. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)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Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of German Expressionist paintings, drawings, and prints, centering on that movement's leading exponents—Nolde, Kirchner, Heckel, Marc, Kandinsky, Kokoschka, and Beckmann. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Edward Hopper, beginning with schoolboy drawings of locomotives and horse-drawn wagons, going on to his earnest art-student studies, and culminating in such masterpieces as "Early Sunday Morning," "Coast Guard Station," and "Lighthouse at Two Lights." The painstaking preliminary sketches for many of the renowned paintings are also shown. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty paintings and collages by Ad Reinhardt, from the permanent collection. Through Feb. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Dinner Party," Judy Chicago's sculptural tour de force of a table with place settings for thirty-nine celebrated women, real and fictional. Through Feb. 1. Admission to this exhibit by ticket only; first come, first served. . . . ¶ "American Drawing in Black and White: 1970-80," works by such artists as Johns, Dine, and Motherwell. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ A show of furniture, ceramics, and other objects of twentieth-century American design. Stickley, Noguchi, Eames, and others are represented. Through Feb. 8. . . . **photography:** Eve Arnold showing prints on China 1979. Through Sunday, Jan. 11. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—The origins and various guises of the "wild man"—the mythical figure so popular in medieval art—are explored in this show of some sixty objects: a woodcut of a werewolf by Lucas Cranach the Elder, a pair of gilded-and-enamelled ewers (once belonging to the Order of Teutonic Knights), a Swiss tapestry entitled "Wild Folk Working the Land." Through Sunday, Jan. 11. (Open daily except *Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Satur*days, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A treatise on functional domestic wares, both historical (a fifteenth-century alcove bed, a prototype of Buckminster Fuller's 1937 "Dymaxion" bathroom) and ecumenical (chopsticks, a fifty-piece Tiffany place *setting). Through Feb. 22.* . . . ¶ A display of more than fifty plans for Central Park drawn up by the architectural firm headed by Frederick Law Olmstead and Calvert Vaux. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—*An exhibition of* books, manuscripts, and other matter from the Lilly Library of Indiana University. The collection has works on the sciences (a first edition, 1833, of Beaumont's "Observations on the Gastric Juice . . ."), history (a first printed draft of the Constitution), and literature (manuscript copies of Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" and "Oil!," Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence," and Ian Fleming's "From Russia, With Love"). Through Feb. 7. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts and fifty single leaves. Through Feb. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Small Folk," an exhibit of folk art made for children—stuffed animals, doll furniture, sleds, rocking horses, quilts. The earliest item is a 1771 checkerboard game. Through Feb. 1. A companion show is at the New-York Historical Society; see below. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W. at 77th St.—"Small Folk," a display of American art works and other data that relate to children of the seventeenth century through the nineteenth: paintings of children, samplers and other hand-designed records of their vital statistics, infant furniture, and devices used to instill religion and an education. Through Feb. 1. This exhibit dovetails with one at the Museum of American Folk Art; see above. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Dia Art Foundation, 6 Harrison St., at Hudson St. 925-8270. Exhibition hours: Thursdays, 4 to 8; Saturdays, 2 to 6.—"The Magenta Lights," an installation by Marian Zazeela in which colored lights are reflected from suspended mobiles. On Wednesdays and Sundays at 6, concurrent four-hour piano improvisations ("The Well-Tuned Piano") by the composer La Monte Young. (Live on Sundays, taped on Wednesdays.) Through Feb. 28.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Gina Pane (performance), Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8:30; Beverly Feldmann (performance), Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8:30; an exhibit of videotapes by Ann Sulkovsky, through Saturday, Jan. 17.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6. Performances start at 8:30.—Marta Renzi & Dancers, Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 8-11; Jim Pomeroy (performance), Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 13-14; Anthony Davis (music), Friday, Jan. 16; an exhibit of photographs and videotapes of advertisements, arranged by Barbara Kruger; starts Thursday, Jan. 8.

P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—A group exhibition of watercolors as well as individual shows by such artists as Christo (sculpture), Catherine Porter-Scully (paintings), and Barbara Kruger (photographs). Through Jan. 25.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Dialogues des Carmélites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and Jerome Hines; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 8, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen, Brenda Boozer, Jean Kraft, Rosalind Elias, Allan Monk, Louise Wohlafka, and Loretta Di Franco; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 9, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Gwyneth Jones, Tatiana Troyanos, Spas Wenkoff, Donald McIntyre, and Matti Salminen; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2: "Dialogues des Carmélites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and Jerome Hines; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Isola Jones, Geraldine Decker, Carlo Bini, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Julia Migenes-Johnson, Richard Cassilly, Cornell MacNeil, Brian Schexnayder, and Philip Creech. David Stivender conducting both. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Lucia Popp, Zdzislawa Donat, David Rendall, Dale Duesing, Allan Monk, John Macurdy, Betsy Norden, Patricia Craig, Ariel Bybee, Isola Jones, and James Atherton; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Gwyneth Jones, Tatiana Troyanos, Spas Wenkoff, Donald McIntyre, Matti Salminen, and Timothy Jenkins; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Lucia Popp, Zdzislawa Donat, David Rendall, Dale Duesing, Allan Monk, John Macurdy, Betsy Norden, Patricia Craig, Ariel Bybee, Isola Jones, and James Atherton; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Galina Savova, Joann Grillo, Batyah Godfrey, Carlo Bini, and Mario Sereni; and "Pagliacci," with Julia Migenes-Johnson, Richard Cassilly, Pablo Elvira, Allan Monk, and Philip Creech. Giuseppe Patanè conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 17, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Gwyneth Jones, Tatiana Troyanos, Spas Wenkoff, Donald McIntyre, Matti Salminen, and Timothy Jenkins; James Levine.

Bronx Opera Company—A double bill of comic operas consisting of Weber's "Abu Hassan" and Moussorgsky's "The Fair at Sorochinsk," both in English. Staged by Nicholas Muni and Linda Brovsky, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 265-4100.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Erich Leinsdorf conducting an Elgar-Bruckner program on Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8; Friday, Jan. 9, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8; and Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 7:30 (all with Lorne Munroe, cello). . . . ¶ James Levine conducting a Berlioz-Brahms program on Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8; Friday, Jan. 16, at 2; and Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 7:30 (all with Sol Greitzer, viola).

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Hamao Fujiwara and Curtis Macomber, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

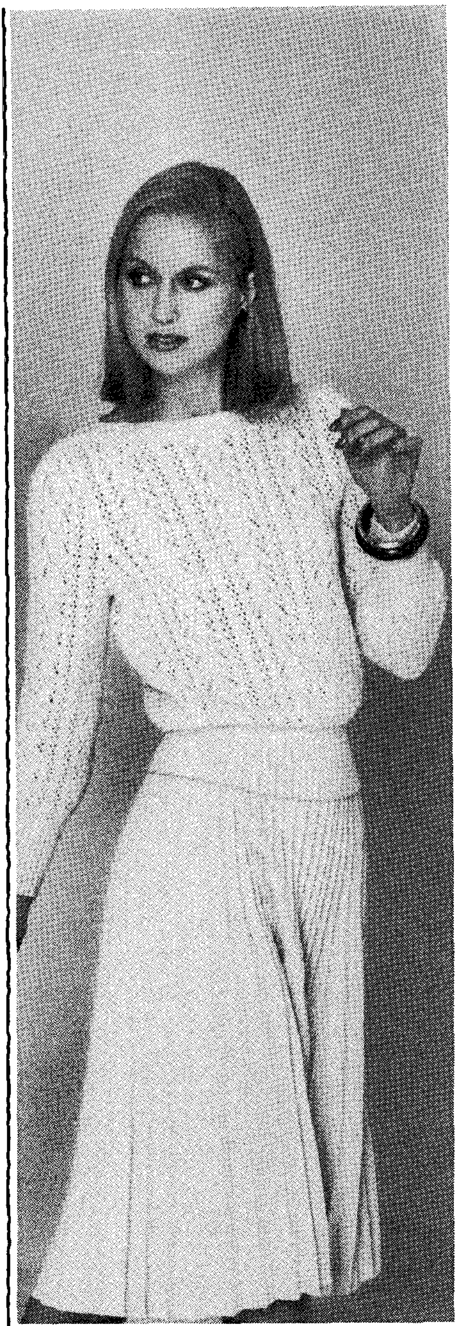
Paillard Chamber Orchestra—Jean-François Paillard conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 581-5197.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting, with William Whitehead, organ. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

American Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Sergiu Comissiona conducting—Sunday, Jan. 11, at 3: A varied program, with György Pauk, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 16, at 8: A program of music from Japan, with Keiko Abe, marimba, and Yuriko Kuronuma, violin.

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting—A program including the New York première of works by Charles Ives and Roger Sessions, plus Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Ellen Shade, soprano; RoseMarie Freni, mezzo-soprano; Misha Raitzin, tenor; Arthur Woodley, bass-baritone; the Brooklyn Philharmonia Chorus; and the C. W. Post Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 12, at 8.) . . . ¶ The second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four programs, this one devoted to music involving computers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8. . . . Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 636-4120.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Con-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 18, at 3.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of Renaissance and twentieth-century music from France and Italy. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Franz Farnberger directing. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music at the Y—Jaime Laredo and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Samuel Rhodes and Michael Tree, viola; and Sharon Robinson and Joel Krosnick, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Andrzej Wasowski—Piano, in a performance of the complete Chopin mazurkas. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The first in a series of four concerts presenting the complete quartets of Bartók and Mendelssohn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The third and fourth in a series of eight concerts of music from medieval and Renaissance times. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 8, and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8.) . . . ¶ A program of Spanish Renaissance music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 18, at 2.)

Calliope: A Renaissance Band—Lucy Bardo, Lawrence Benz, Allan Dean, and Ben Harms, who among them play more than a dozen early instruments. With Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

League-ISCM—A program of music by Michael Eckert, Barbara Kolb, Edwin London, Olly Wilson, and Ramon Zupko, performed by Alea III, a chamber ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

All-Beethoven Concert—Jens Nygaard conducting the Jupiter Symphony Chamber Players, with Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Joel Krosnick, cello; Jane Bryden, soprano; and Mary Alderdice and Mr. Nygaard, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Orpheus Trio—Paula Robison, flute; Scott Nickrenz, viola; and Heidi Lehwalder, harp. With Dong-Suk Kang, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 9-10, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2.)

Concord String Quartet—The second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2.) . . . ¶ A varied program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 3.)

Kim Kashkashian—Viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; André-Michel Schub, piano; and the Gabrieli String Quartet. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert. . . . ¶ Same program at Alice Tully Hall on Sunday, Jan. 11, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 12-13, at 7:30.)

Peter Frankl—Piano, in a Bartók-Beethoven program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano. (WQXR Auditorium, New York Times Building, 229 W. 43rd St. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8. A limited number of free tickets are available thirty minutes before concert time on a first-come, first-served basis, in the lobby of the New York Times Building.)

Galimir String Quartet—Chamber music. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2.)

Harvey Phillips—Tuba, with Stephan Harlos, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2:30.)

Music Before 1800—The last in a series of recitals will be performed by the Classical Quartet. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

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Marilyn Horne—Soprano, in a recital postponed from Dec. 16. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

James Van Demark and André Watts—Double bass and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

I Amici—A Mozart-Glazounov program presented by a six-member chamber ensemble. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Monday, Jan. 12, at 8. For tickets, call 582-4690.)

Music New to New York—A program of works by Kirchner, Knussen, and Kolb, with Sheila Schonbrun, soprano. Paul Fromm will provide commentary during the evening; Mr. Kirschner will be the conductor. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Monday, Jan. 12, at 8. For tickets, call 777-3240.)

Jan DeGaetani and Gilbert Kalish—Mezzo-soprano and piano in the first in a series of three joint recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Paul Schenly—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Daniel Epstein—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Steven Lubin—Fortepiano, with Anthony Newman, also fortepiano, and the Mozartean Players (a twenty-one member orchestra performing on authentic antique instruments) in an all-Mozart program. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Boris Bloch—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Vocal Chamber Music Series of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Barbara Hendricks, soprano; John Aler, tenor; Theodore Arm and Ida Kavafian, violin; Kim Kashkashian, viola; Timothy Eddy and Fred Sherry, cello; Alvin Brehm, bass; Paula Robison and Carol Wincenc, flute; Stephen Burns, trumpet; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord, organ, and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Marthe Errolle—Soprano, in a benefit recital. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Aston Magna—Albert Fuller, harpsichord; John Solum, flute; Jaap Schröder and Linda Quan, baroque violin; David Miller, baroque viola; and Fortunato Arico, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

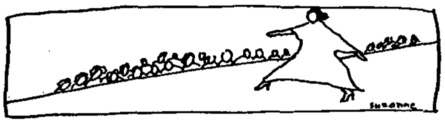
Music for a While—The first in a series of three concerts, this one a performance of Guillaume de Machaut's medieval entertainment "La Fontaine Amoureuse," with Judith Davidoff, viola da gamba; Christopher Kenny, countertenor; Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; LaNoue Davenport, recorder; and John Genke, actor. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8. For tickets, call 582-6464.)

Oxana Yablonskaya—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Leo Smit—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Gabrieli String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-5197.)

"Early Twentieth Century Contemporary Works"—A program of music by Shostakovich, Bartók, Ravel, and Ives, performed by Janis Rozena-Peri, soprano; Julius Eastman, baritone; Frederick Wise, cello; and others. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8. For tickets, call 777-3240.)



MISCELLANY

Continuum—A program of new music from the Soviet Union, performed by Marilyn Dubow and Geoffrey Michaels, violin; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; and a chamber orchestra conducted by Joel Sachs (who will also act as piano soloist). (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Indiana, Thursday, Jan. 8, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 7:35. . . . **rutgers university athletic center** (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Phoenix, Friday, Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Saturday, Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Jan. 16. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-201 935-8888.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Friday, Jan. 9, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Sunday, Jan. 11, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Tuesday, Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Jan. 17. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 18. The Interborough Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 10. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, March 14.

Soccer: Closed-Circuit TV—The final match for the World Cup soccer championship, televised from Uruguay. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2.)

Tennis—Volvo Grand Prix Masters: Björn Borg, José-Luis Clerc, Jimmy Connors, Ivan Lendl, Gene Mayer, John McEnroe, Harold Solomon, and Guillermo Vilas. (Madison Square Garden. Round-robin matches, Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 14-16, at 1:30 and 7:30; semifinal singles matches, Saturday, Jan. 17, at 1; semifinal doubles matches, Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8; and final singles matches and final doubles matches, Sunday, Jan. 18, at 3. For information about tickets, call 755-2810.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 17. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8, from Friday, Jan. 9, through Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Gerard Malanga and Leslie Ullman reading from their own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.) Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Jan. 8, at 2: Seventeenth-century Dutch Old Master paintings, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. J. Seward Johnson. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 8, immediately following the Johnson sale: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 10:15: American and European paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 10. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 2: Old Master and nineteenth-century drawings and watercolors. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 9, at 10: Old Master paintings, from the estate of Marjorie Wiggin Prescott. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 9, immediately following the Prescott sale: Old Master paintings, from many sources. . . . **phillips,** 525 E. 72nd St. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 11: Furniture and decorations. Exhibition hours: Monday, Jan. 12, from 10 to 7, and Tuesday, Jan. 13, from 10 to 5.

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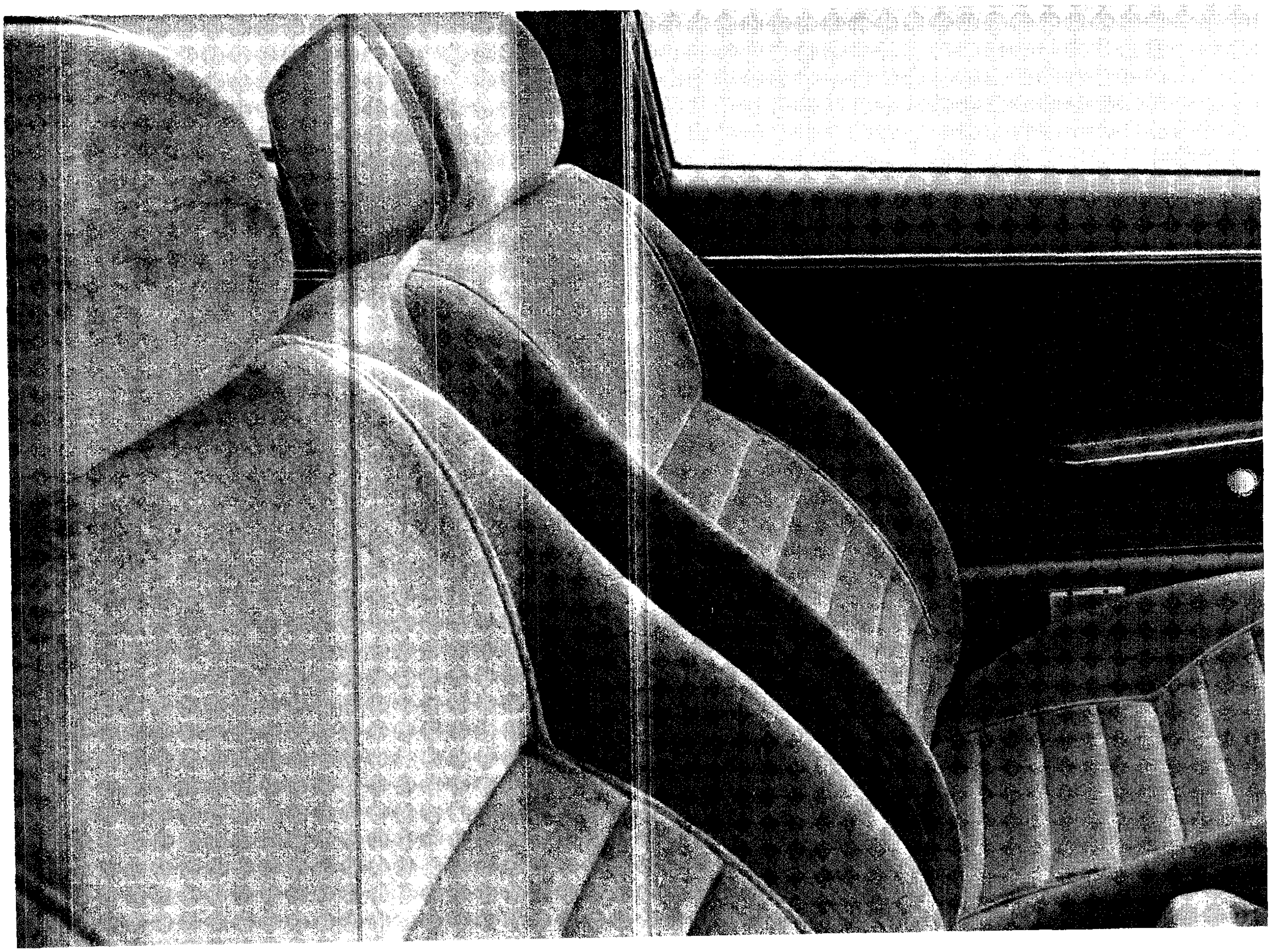

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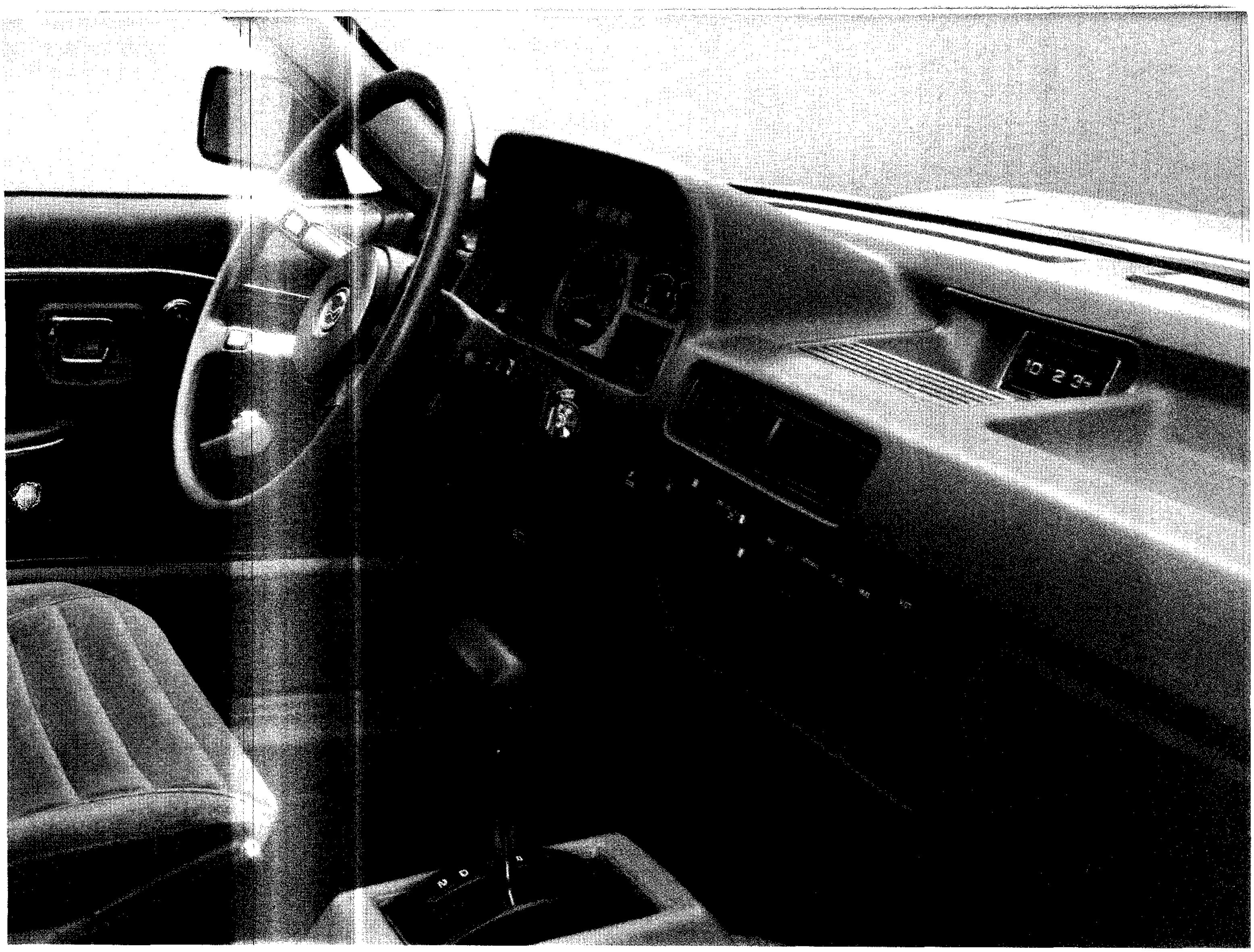

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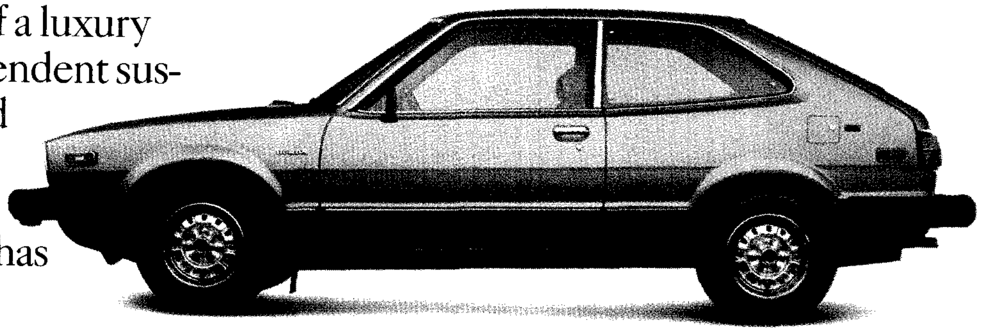

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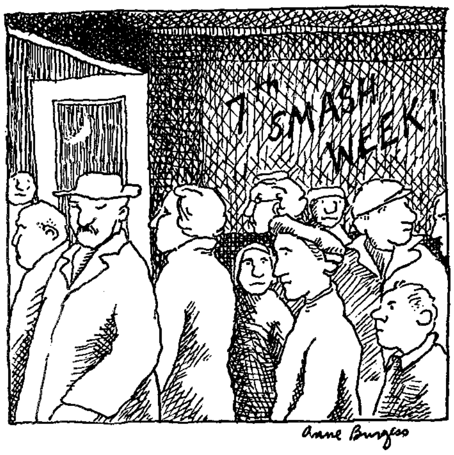
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 21. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Empire of Passion." (No performances on Monday, Jan. 12.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Jan. 13: "La Cage aux Folles."
Jan. 14: "The Little Foxes" and "Ball of Fire."
Jan. 15: "The Real Glory" and "Ball of Fire."
Jan. 16: "The Cowboy and the Lady" and "The Real Glory."
Jan. 17: "The Pride of the Yankees" and "The Cowboy and the Lady."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 8: "Private Benjamin" and "Gilda Live."
Jan. 9-15: "It's My Turn" and another feature, to be announced.
From Jan. 16: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Stir Crazy."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Popeye."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Jan. 15: "First Family."
From Jan. 16: "Altered States."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Seems Like Old Times."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Jan. 8: "Flash Gordon."
From Jan. 9: "Hangar 18."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"9 to 5."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"The Formula."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"The Mirror Crack'd."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Inside Moves."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Tribute."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Any Which Way You Can."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Breaker Morant."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Stir Crazy."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Change of Seasons."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Altered States."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Raging Bull."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Seems Like Old Times."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"First Family."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Tell Me a Riddle."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Competition."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Jan. 15: "Private Benjamin."
From Jan. 16: "Stardust Memories."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Any Which Way You Can."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 8: "Ordinary People."
From Jan. 9: "Hangar 18."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Popeye."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Stir Crazy."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Formula."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Flash Gordon."
Theatre 2: "9 to 5."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Mirror Crack'd."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Any Which Way You Can."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Raging Bull."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Elephant Man."
Theatre 2: "Ordinary People."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 8: "Flash Gordon." From Jan. 9: "Resurrection."
Theatre 4: "Flash Gordon."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Jan. 15: "The Aristocats."
From Jan. 16: "Fish Hawk."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Jazz Singer."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Mirror Crack'd."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"A Change of Seasons."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tess."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Mon Oncle d'Amérique."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Ordinary People."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Raging Bull."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Jan. 13: "Every Man for Himself."
From Jan. 14: "Les Bons Debarras."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Jan. 13: "Bye Bye Brazil."
From Jan. 14: "Every Man for Himself."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Ordinary People."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 8: "Any Which Way You Can." From Jan. 9: "It's My Turn."
Theatre 2: "The Elephant Man."
Theatre 3: "First Family."
Theatre 4: "Stir Crazy."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"La Cage aux Folles."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Mirror Crack'd."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 15: "Ordinary People." From Jan. 16: "It's My Turn."
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 15: "The Elephant Man." From Jan. 16: "Mountain Family Robinson."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 8: "Private Benjamin." From Jan. 9: "Hangar 18."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "9 to 5." (†)
Theatre 2: "First Family." (†)
Theatre 3: "Private Benjamin." (†)
Theatre 4: "Raging Bull." (†)
Theatre 5: Through Jan. 8: "Raging Bull." (†) From Jan. 9: "Resurrection." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Elephant Man." (†)
Theatre 3: "Airplane!"
Theatre 4: "The Aristocats." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"A Change of Seasons." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Altered States." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Popeye." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Seems Like Old Times." (†)

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Any Which Way You Can." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Stir Crazy." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Jan. 8: "Flash Gordon." (†)
From Jan. 9: "Hangar 18." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"The Mirror Crack'd." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Formula." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 7: "Oscar Wilde" (1960), directed by Gregory Ratoff, with Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson, and John Neville; and "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford.
Jan. 8: "Jailhouse Rock" (1957), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Elvis Presley, Judy Tyler, Dean Jones, and Mickey Shaughnessy; and "Tickle Me" (1965), directed by Norman Taurog, with Elvis Presley and Jocelyn Lane.
Jan. 9-10: "How I Won the War" (1967), directed by Richard Lester, with Michael Crawford and John Lennon; and "Magical Mystery Tour" (1969), with the Beatles.
Jan. 11: "Rosemary's Baby" (†); and "Don't Look Now" (1973), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.
Jan. 12: "Juliet of the Spirits" (†); and "The Devil and the 10 Commandments" (1963), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier.
Jan. 13: "Sandakan #8" (1974), in Japanese, directed by Kei Kamai; and "The Lower Depths." (†)
Jan. 14: "The Lady Eve" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, and Charles Coburn; and "Sullivan's Travels" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Veronica Lake, Joel McCrea, and William Demarest.
Jan. 15: "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1967), directed by John Schlesinger, with Julie Christie, Terence Stamp, Peter Finch, and Alan Bates.
Jan. 16: "Romeo and Juliet." (†)
Jan. 17: "Forbidden Planet" (†); and "The Time Machine" (1960), directed by George Pal, with Rod Taylor, Alan Young, Yvette Mimieux, and Sebastian Cabot.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 7: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "THX 1138" (1971), directed by George Lucas, with Donald Pleasence, Robert Duvall, and Maggie McOmie.
Jan. 8: "Suspicion" (1941), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine; and "Elephant Walk"

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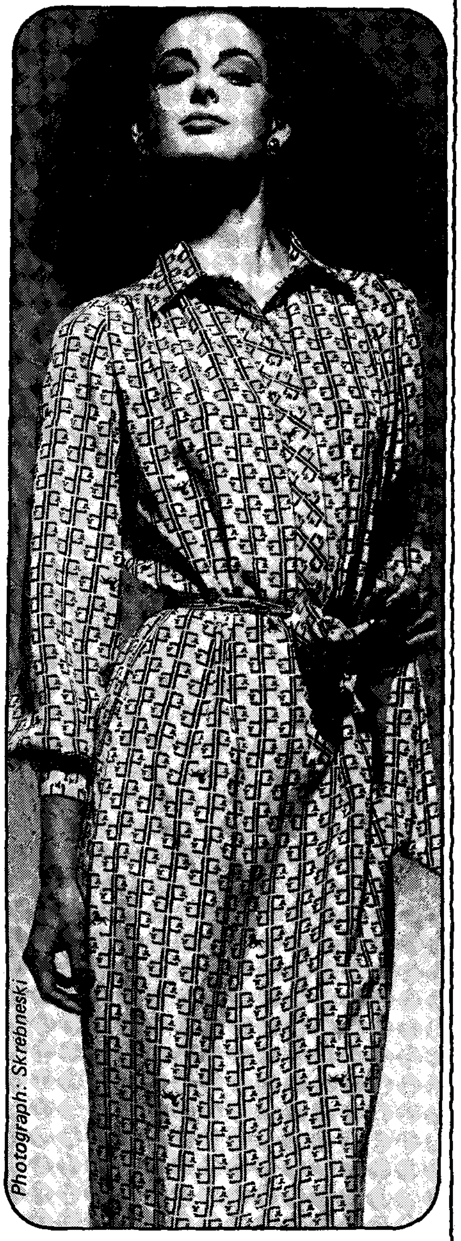

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(1954), directed by William Dieterle, with Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews, and Peter Finch.

Jan. 9: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson; and "Urban Cowboy" (1980), directed by James Bridges, with John Travolta, Scott Glenn, Debra Winger, and Madolyn Smith.

Jan. 10: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975), directed by Milos Forman, with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson.

Jan. 11: "Flying Down to Rio" (†) and "Follow the Fleet." (†)

Jan. 12: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "In Celebration" (1975), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Alan Bates.

Jan. 13: "Orpheus" (1949), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer; and "Les Parents Terribles" (1949; "The Storm Within"), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Marcel André, Yvonne de Bray, and Jean Marais.

Jan. 14: "Viridiana" (†); and "Sign of the Virgin" (1969), a Czech film, directed by Zbynek Brynych.

Jan. 15: "Pandora's Box" (†) and "La Femme Infidèle." (†)

Jan. 16: "Days of Heaven" (1978), directed by Terrence Malick, with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "If . . ." (†)

Jan. 17: "The Last Wave" (1978), directed by Peter Weir, with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975), directed by Peter Weir, with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 8: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Rita Hayworth, and Everett Sloane; and "Mr. Arkadin" (1955), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Michael Redgrave, Patricia Medina, and Akim Tamiroff.

Jan. 9-10: "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977); and "Women in Revolt" (1972), directed by Andy Warhol and Paul Morrissey, with Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, and Jackie Curtis.

Jan. 11-12: "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin, with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970), directed by Harold Prince, with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

Jan. 13: "Remember My Name" (1979), directed by Alan Rudolph, with Geraldine Chaplin, Anthony Perkins, Berry Berenson, and Moses Gunn; and "Natural Enemies." (†)

Jan. 14-15: "Peeping Tom" (†) and "The Red Shoes." (†)

Jan. 16-17: "Handle with Care" (1977; "Citizens Band"), directed by Jonathan Demme, with Paul Le Mat, Candy Clark, Marcia Rodd, and Ann Wedgeworth; and "Caged Heat!" (1974), directed by Jonathan Demme, with Juanita Brown and Roberta Collins.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Jan. 8: "Black and Blue" (1980), a concert film, with Black Sabbath and Blue Oyster Cult.

Jan. 9-15: "Dark Star" (1974), directed by John Carpenter, with Brian Narelle; and "Attack of the Killer Tomatoes" (1978).

From Jan. 16: To be announced.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Through Jan. 9: "Divorce—Italian Style" (1962), in Italian, directed by Pietro Germi, with Marcello Mastroianni; and "Bellissima" (1953), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Anna Magnani and Walter Chiari.

Jan. 10-12: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bhowani Junction" (1956), directed by George Cukor, with Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger, and Bill Travers.

Jan. 13-15: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953), directed by Howard Hawks, with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

From Jan. 16: "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1967), directed by John Schlesinger, with Julie Christie, Terence Stamp, Peter Finch, and Alan Bates.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Jan. 10: "To Have and Have Not" (1944), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan; and "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains.

Jan. 11-13: "My Fair Lady." (†)

Jan. 14-17: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966), directed by Mike Nichols, with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis; and "Strangers on a Train." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Jan. 7: "General della Rovere" (1959), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Vittorio De Sica; and "Bread, Love, and Dreams" (1954), in Italian, directed by Luigi Comencini, with Gina Lollobrigida and Vittorio De Sica.

Jan. 8: "Rock, Rock, Rock" (1956) and "Mr. Rock 'n' Roll" (1957), both films with Alan Freed.

Jan. 9-10: "The Case Against Ferro" (1976), in French, directed by Alain Corneau, with Yves Montand and Simone Signoret; and "Daughters of Darkness" (1971), directed by Harry Kumel, with Delphine Seyrig, Daniele Ouimet, and John Karlen.

Jan. 11: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974), in Italian, directed by Franco Brusati, with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "To Forget Venice." (†)

Jan. 12: "Small Change" (1976), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Geory Desmouceaux; and "Rich Kids" (1979), directed by Robert M. Young, with Trini Alvarado and Jeremy Levy.

Jan. 13: "Lady in a Jam" (1942), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Patric Knowles, and Eugene Pallette; and "Private Worlds" (1935), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Charles Boyer, Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, and Joan Bennett.

Jan. 14: "Bell' Antonio" (†) and "White Voices." (†)

Jan. 15: "A King in New York" (1957), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and four Chaplin shorts—"Work" (1915), "Laughing Gas" (1914), "The Fireman" (1916), and "His Prehistoric Past" (1914).

Jan. 16-17: "Let There Be Light" (1945), a documentary, directed by John Huston; and "Independence Day" (1976), directed by Bobby Roth.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 7: "City Lights" (1931) and "Modern Times" (1936), both silent films, directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

Jan. 8: "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (1939), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Gracie Allen and Warren William; and "The Cat and the Canary" (1939), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, John Beal, and Douglass Montgomery.

Jan. 9-10: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

Jan. 11: "42nd Street" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Dancing Lady" (1933), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Fred Astaire, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable.

Jan. 12: "The Awful Truth" (†); and "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas, Thomas Mitchell, and Spring Byington.

Jan. 13: "Gilda" (1946), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready; and "Affair in Trinidad" (1952), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, Valerie Bettis, and Juanita Moore.

Jan. 14: "Ninotchka" (1939), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann; and "Two-Faced Woman" (1941), directed by George Cukor, with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett.

Jan. 15: "Pépé le Moko" (1937), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio; and "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.

Jan. 16: "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (†); and "Lost Horizon" (1937), directed by Frank Capra, with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton.

Jan. 17: "I'm No Angel" (1933), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Mae West, Cary Grant, and Edward Arnold; and "She Done Him Wrong" (1933), directed by Lowell Sherman, with Mae West and Cary Grant.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 8 at noon: A program of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 2:30: "Lena Rais" (1979), in German, directed by Christian Rischert; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 6: "1 + 1 = 3" (1979), in German, directed by Heidi Genee; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 8: "Auschwitz Street" (1979), a German documentary about the Nazi concentration camp, directed by Ebbo Demant; and "Irreconcilable Memories" (1980), a German documentary about the Spanish Civil War, directed by Klaus G. Volkenborn, Karl Siebig, and Johann Feindt. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at noon: A program of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 2:30: "1 + 1 = 3." . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 6: "Lena Rais." . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at noon: "Mickey" (1918), a silent film, directed by F. Richard Jones, with Mabel Normand, George Nichols, and Minnie Ha Ha. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 2:30: "Hunger Years" (1980), in German, directed by Jutta Brückner; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 5: "Irreconcilable Memories." . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at noon: "Mickey." . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 2:30: "At the End of the Rainbow" (1979), in German, directed by Uwe Friessner; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 5: "Cabiria" (1914), an Italian silent film, directed by Giovanni Pastrone and Enrico Guazzoni; Italian and English intertitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at noon: "Northwest Visionaries (1979), a documentary, directed by Ken Levine. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 2:30: "The Children from No. 67" (1980), in German, directed by Usch Barthelmess-Weller and Werner Meyer; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 6: A program by Ken Jacobs. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at noon: "Northwest Visionaries." . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 2:30: "Cabiria." . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 6: "Willie" (1980), directed by George Ebrahimian. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at noon: A program of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 2:30: "Hunger Years." . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 6: "At the End of the Rainbow." . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 8:30: "Ticket of No Return" (1979), in German, directed by Ulrike Ottinger, with Magdalena Montezuma; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at noon: A program of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 2:30: "Execution—A Study of Mary" (1979), in German, directed by Elfi Mikesch, English subtitles; and "Ticket of No Return." . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 6: "The Last Years of Childhood" (1979), in German, directed by Norbert Kückelmann; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at noon: "Prince of Foxes" (1949), directed by Henry King, with Tyrone Power, Wanda Hendrix, and Orson Welles. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 2:30: "The Children from No. 67." . . . Jan. 17 at 5: "Palermo or Wolfsburg" (1980), in German, directed by Werner Schroeter; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An installation of eighteen video works by William Anastasi, who will be present on Jan. 8 at 2. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (8 on Tuesdays). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Jan. 7 at 8: A program of silent films by Georges Méliès. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 8: A video program. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 8: A program of films by Harry Smith. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 2: A video program. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 8: "N.12 (Heaven and Earth Magic)" (1958-61), directed by Harry Smith. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 8: "Sausalito" (1948), directed by Frank Stauffacher, and "Wavelength" (1967), directed by Michael Snow. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 8: "Kino-Glaz" (1925), a Russian silent film, directed by Dziga Vertov. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 3: A video program by David Cort. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 8: A 1969 film by Michael Snow, and "Der Firmling" (1934), directed by Karl Valentin. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 8: A program of films by Joseph Cornell, Sidney Peterson, and Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 8: A program of films by Walter Ruttmann, Helen Levitt, Christopher Young, Dwinell Grant, Marie Menken, and others. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 2: A program of video films by Peter Agostino. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8: A program of films by Maya Deren, Bruce Baillie, and Larry Jordan.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ALTERED STATES—With William Hurt, directed by Ken Russell. (Gemini 2, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; starting Jan. 16.)

ANY WHICH WAY YOU CAN—With Clint Eastwood, Sondra Locke, Geoffrey Lewis, William Smith, Harry Guardino, and Ruth Gordon; directed by Buddy Van Horn. (D. W. Griffith, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, and Movieland. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Jan. 8.)

THE ARISTOCATS (1970)—A full-length animated film from the Disney studios about cats and a fortune and an evil butler. Mildly entertaining. (Embassy. . . . ¶ Guild; through Jan. 15.)

THE AWFUL TRUTH (1937)—A classic screwball comedy about one of old Hollywood's favorite subjects: the divorced couple who almost bed down with new mates but get back together. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are the sparring partners, and Ralph Bellamy plays just about the same role he later played in "His Girl Friday." Irene Dunne's way with a quip is to smile brightly and wring it dry, but she's in top form here. Joyce Compton plays the night-club performer whom Dunne parodies, and the cast includes Esther Dale, Cecil Cunningham, and Alex D'Arcy. Leo McCarey's direction is first-rate; in a memorable sequence toward the end, Grant tries to persuade a door to open without visible assistance. Viña Delmar did the screenplay, from Arthur Richman's 1922 play. (There was a forgettable remake in 1953 called "Let's Do It Again.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 12.)

BALL OF FIRE (1942)—The romantic collision of Sugarpuss O'Shea, a burlesque dancer (Barbara Stanwyck), and Bertram Potts, a fuddy-duddy professor (Gary Cooper), is played as if it were terribly bright, but it's rather shrill and tiresome. Howard Hawks directed, but Brackett and Wilder did the script, and Wilder's influence seems strong. The professor's colleagues have corny cute names and carry on like people left over from a stock-company Viennese operetta. The cast includes Dana Andrews, Dan Duryea, and Allen Jenkins, and, as the professors, Oscar Homolka, Henry Travers, S. Z. Sakall, Tully Marshall, Leonid Kinskey, Richard Haydn, and Aubrey Mather. Gene Krupa and his band are also on the screen. Gregg Toland did the cinematography for this expensive Samuel Goldwyn production. (Art; Jan. 14-15.)

BELL' ANTONIO (1960)—Antonio (Marcello Mastroianni, in perhaps his most delicate, muted performance) is a Sicilian Don Juan whose life is destroyed by the conflict between sacred and profane love. He is expected to profess the Church's belief in purity while acting out his father's belief that sexual prowess is the measure of a man, but Antonio really believes in purity and love. And so, although he is a great ladies' man with "loose" women or women of a lower social class, he is impotent with the pure, highborn girl whom he loves and marries. In Pier Paolo Pasolini's adaptation of Vitaliano Brancati's novel, Antonio, who is incapable of making love when he is in love, represents the whole pattern of social and religious decadence; he is the victim of the system. This proud, handsome hero is never for an instant comic; what is so often treated from the outside as a subject for comedy is here treated from the inside—from the point of view of the humiliated, desolate man. All his life, Antonio will long to possess the ideal, and the very intensity of his longing for idealized love will defeat him. Mauro Bolognini directed this gentle satirical study of virility and social position in a Catholic culture. With Pierre Brasseur as the strutting rooster of a father, Rina Morelli as the mother, Claudia Cardinale as the pure bride, and Tomas Milian as the cousin. In Italian. (Thalia; Jan. 14.)

THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN (1933)—This story about a cool, straitlaced girl from New England (Barbara Stanwyck) who is sexually drawn to the Chinese warlord who kidnaps her was the opening attraction at Radio City Music Hall. Tall, Swedish Nils Asther was a very peculiar Oriental, but he was certainly dazzlingly elegant and a highly exotic love object—too exotic, maybe, for moviegoers of the time, because, despite the tensions of the daring interracial romance, the picture was not a box-office success. One of the most shadowy and atmospheric (and least cloying) of Frank Capra's films, it suggests the influence of von Sternberg's "Shanghai Express" (1932). The screenplay by Edward Paramore was adapted from a story by Grace Zaring Stone. Cinematography by Joseph Walker. With Gavin Gordon, Walter Connolly, Toshia Mori, and Richard Loo. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 16.)

LES BONS DEBARRAS—With Marie Tifo, Charlotte Laurier, and Germaine Houde; directed by Francis Mankiewicz. (Cinema Studio 1; starting Jan. 14.)

BREAKER MORANT—An Australian film, with Edward Woodward, directed by Bruce Beresford. (Cinema I.)

BYE BYE BRAZIL—A Brazilian film, with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker, directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (Cinema Studio 2; through Jan. 13.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/28/79.) (New Yorker 1. . . . ¶ Art; through Jan. 13.)

CALIGULA—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

A CHANGE OF SEASONS—With Shirley MacLaine, Bo Derek, and Anthony Hopkins; directed by Richard Lang. (Gemini 1, 57th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 5.)

THE COMPETITION—With Richard Dreyfuss, Amy Irving, and Lee Remick; directed by Joel Oliansky. (Loews Tower East.)

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY (1938)—Merle Oberon and Gary Cooper in a good-natured, if skittish, affair about an heiress who marries a cowhand. Directed by Henry C. Potter. (Art; Jan. 16-17.)

THE ELEPHANT MAN—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes.

Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Jan. 15.)

Empire of Passion—Directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, Jan. 12.)

Every Man for Himself—This 1979 picture, which Jean-Luc Godard calls his "second first film," has been widely hailed as a return to his great, innovative work of the sixties. It's wonderful to feel the pull of Godard's images again, but the movie may also make you feel empty. The setting is a nameless Swiss city, where the lives of the three main characters are loosely intertwined—Jacques Dutronc is a video filmmaker, Nathalie Baye is the woman who is leaving him, and Isabelle Huppert is a practical-minded prostitute. It's about money and people selling themselves—their minds or their bodies. Godard's political extremism has been replaced by a broader extremism—total contempt, colored by masochism. He's saying, "Everything is for sale." It's simplistic cynicism, like that of the barroom pundit who tells you that every man has his price. The look of the picture isn't inhuman, even though what it's saying is; that's its poignancy. Godard shows us the soft shadings of what might have been. He also tickles the audience with a variety of jokes about the joylessness of sex, but he's too despairing to be really funny. In French. (11/24/80) (Cinema Studio 1; through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio 2; starting Jan. 14.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—This Claude Chabrol film is an exquisitely detailed, impeccably acted, stunningly directed suspense story about adultery and passion among the bourgeoisie. Yet there isn't a breath of life in it. You observe Michel Bouquet's foxy little performance as the cuckold, the glossy beauty of Stéphane Audran (she looks like a rich, chic Jeanne Hébuterne) as the wife, and Maurice Ronet's assured professionalism as the seducer, and you see the points being made about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. But the expertise is so tired, so masterly and perfectly slick, that the film looks as if Chabrol polished it until he ran out of spit. With Michel Duchaussoy. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 15.)

First Family—With Gilda Radner, Bob Newhart, and Madeline Kahn; directed by Buck Henry. (Loews New York 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Jan. 15.)

Fish Hawk—With Charlie Fields, directed by Donald Shebib. (Guild; starting Jan. 16.)

Flash Gordon—It's like a fairy tale set in a discothèque in the clouds. Up there, the arch-fiend Ming the Merciless (Max von Sydow) toys with Earth until three Earthlings—Dr. Zarkov (Topol), the golden-haired Flash Gordon (Sam J. Jones), and the cuddly Dale Arden (Melody Anderson)—go up in a rocket and crash-land at Ming's palace in Mongo. This picture has some of the knowing, pleasurable giddiness of the fast-moving Bonds. The images are flooded with the primary colors of comic strips—blue and, especially, red at its most blazing; the designer, Danilo Donati, and the cinematographer, Gil Taylor, make the colors so ripely intense that they're near-psychedelic. Ming's daughter, the tiny, voluptuous Princess Aura (Ornella Muti), wiggles and slinks through the palace wearing a shimmering scarlet jump suit; she's a flaming nympho and a perfect little emblem of camp. There's a wonderful, fairy-tale form of Russian roulette, when Flash and Timothy Dalton (as the dashing Prince Barin) take turns putting a hand into the crevices of a gnarled tree trunk, risking the fatal bite of the resident monster. The director, Mike Hodges, gets right into comic-strip sensibility and pacing. With Brian Blessed as Prince Vultan, the leader of the hawk men (who have huge wings), and Mariangela Melato and John Osborne. From a script by Lorenzo Semple, Jr.; produced by Dino Di Laurentiis; music by the rock group Queen. (1/5/81) (R.K.O. 86th St., and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Rivoli; through Jan. 8.)

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Flying Down to Rio (1933)—The romantic leads in this R.K.O. musical were Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Raul Roulien, but it is famous for being the movie in which Ginger met Fred. (They were intended for comic relief.) The dances, including "The Carioca" and the airborne number that Ken Russell imitated in "The Boy Friend," were choreographed by Dave Gould; the songs, by Gus Kahn, Edward Eliscu, and Vincent Youmans, include "Orchids in the Moonlight" and "Music Makes Me." Thornton Freeland directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 11.)

Follow the Fleet (1936)—Astaire and Rogers at their most buoyant. In this one, Astaire and Randolph Scott are (implausible) shipmates, and Rogers and Harriet Hilliard are (implausible) sisters. (From Hilliard's enervated performance, one would never guess that she would go on to be a TV star.) The material, derived from the play "Shore Leave" (which had earlier become the musical "Hit the Deck"), isn't as sophisticated as in the best-known Astaire-Rogers movies, but the corniness is pleasant enough, the numbers are mostly playful and fresh, and the Irving Berlin score includes "Let Yourself Go," "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket," and the big finale, "Let's Face the Music and Dance." The cast includes Astrid Allwyn as the villainess bitch, and Betty Grable, Lucille Ball, and Tony Martin. Mark Sandrich directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 11.)

Forbidden Planet (1956)—The best of the science-fiction interstellar productions of the fifties lifted its plot and atmosphere from Shakespeare: the magical island of "The Tempest" becomes the planet Altair-4, where the sky is green and the sand is pink and there are two moons. The magician Prospero becomes the mad scientist Morbius (Walter Pidgeon); Prospero's daughter, Miranda, who knows no man except her father, is Altaira (Anne Francis); and (though this is less clear) the sprite, Ariel, becomes Robby, the friendly robot. Caliban has become a marvellously flamboyant monster out of Freud—pure id. It's a pity the film, directed by Fred Wilcox, didn't lift some of Shakespeare's dialogue; the language is flat. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 17.)

The Formula—With George C. Scott, Marlon Brando, and Marthe Keller; directed by John G. Avildsen. (Manhattan 1, 86th St. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

Gilda Live—Gilda Radner and Don Novello (Father Guido Sarducci), in a filmed version of the show given last year on Broadway. Since that show began on TV, we are at two removes from the original, and the distance is, alas, visible and regrettable. Directed by Mike Nichols. (4/14/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 8.)

Hangar 18—With Darren McGavin, Robert Vaughn, and Gary Collins; directed by James L. Conway. (Eastside Cinema, U.A. East, Olympia, and Rivoli; starting Jan. 9.)

If . . . (1969)—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. With Malcolm McDowell. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 16.)

Inside Moves—With John Savage, directed by Richard Donner. (Baronet.)

It's My Turn—With Jill Clayburgh, Michael Douglas, and Charles Grodin; directed by Claudia Weill. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 9-15. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Jan. 16.)

The Jazz Singer—With Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Ziegfeld.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 12.)

Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Plaza.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Bette Davis's tight, dry performance was probably a mistake; her Regina is so villainous that this version of Lillian Hellman's play about a Southern family of predators doesn't have the temperament and drive that Tallulah Bankhead gave it on the stage. But it's a handsome movie melodrama, well contrived and showily acted. William Wyler directed; with Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Patricia Collinge, Richard Carlson, Charles Dingle, and Dan Duryea, overdoing the whinnying weakling. (Art; Jan. 14.)

The Lower Depths (1957)—Kurosawa's version of Gorky, transposed to a Japanese lodging house in the early nineteenth century. A very great film. The inhabitants, blown by the whims of a corrupt landlord, include a run-down Kabuki actor, a thief, a whore, a retired samurai, an invalid old lady. Mifune plays the thief, who has an eye for the landlady's sister. The perfect ensemble acting was arrived at by a method in the tradition of the Moscow Art Theatre, which first mounted the play; before they started shooting, the cast and crew rehearsed for forty days with full costume, makeup, and lighting. Stanislavski would have approved of this film, and Gorky would have found it authentically comic. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 13.)

The Mirror Crack'd—With Angela Lansbury as Agatha Christie's Miss Jane Marple, directed by Guy Hamilton. (Manhattan 2, Waverly, Festival, New Yorker 2, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Mon Oncle d'Amérique—With Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre; directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Paris.)

My Fair Lady (1964)—The Lerner and Loewe musical staggers along in this large production, directed by George Cukor and designed by Cecil Beaton. Audrey Hepburn is an affecting Eliza, though she is totally unconvincing as a guttersnipe, and is made to sing with that dreadfully impersonal Marni Nixon voice that has issued from so many other screen stars. Perhaps Rex Harrison had already played Higgins a bit too often. (Regency; Jan. 11-13.)

Natural Enemies (1979)—A hollow effort to understand the lives that lead to tabloid headlines like "Father Kills Children, Wife, Self." Directed by Jeff Kanew, the movie stars Louise Fletcher and Hal Holbrook, neither of whom is at her or his best. It somehow misses any authentic note, familiar or unfamiliar, derived from the real-life despair of couples. The result is an hour and forty minutes of monotone enigma. (11/19/79) (Cinema Village; Jan. 13.)

9 to 5—With Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton, and Dabney Coleman; directed by Colin Higgins. (Sutton, R.K.O. 86th St., and Criterion Center.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and, as their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows

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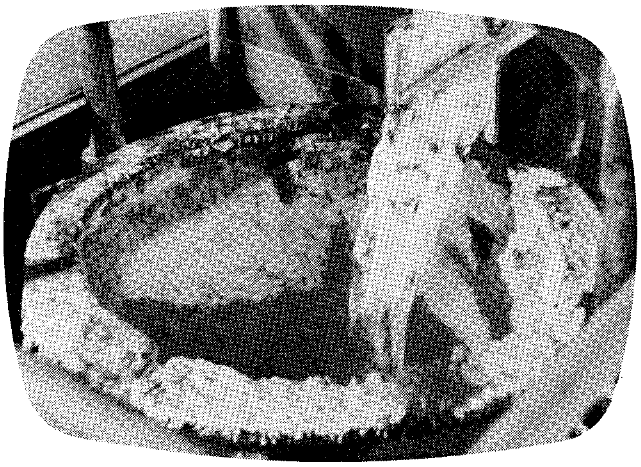

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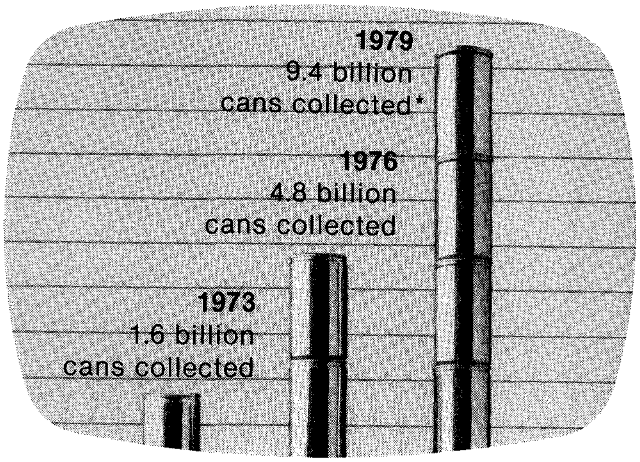

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talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (Quad Cinema, Cinema 3, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Jan. 15.)

Pandora's Box (1929)—Louise Brooks, a great—almost impersonal—beauty who set styles in the flapper period, and whose straight hair and bangs were imitated all over the world (and were used as the model for the Dixie Dugan comic strip), left Hollywood in 1928 at the height of her career and went to Germany for the role of a lifetime. G. W. Pabst had selected her to play Lulu in this film, adapted from the Wedekind plays "Erdgeist" and "Die Büchse der Pandora" (the same source material that Alban Berg used for his opera "Lulu"). Pabst, one of the giants of the screen, is perhaps most famous for his treatment of sex, violence, and abnormal psychology, and Wedekind's sex tragedy provided startling material. Lulu is the sexually insatiable female, the archetype of voracious, destructive woman. She has no moral sense and no interests beyond sensuality; when a man is exhausted, she leaves him. The film is episodic; it's in an expressionist style, with rapid cutting and surprising kinds of almost violent visual tension. For sheer erotic dynamism, the backstage scenes on the opening night of the show Lulu is in have never been equalled. Moving through the chiaroscuro, Louise Brooks, with her straight back and strong shoulders, seems to have her own form of sexuality—preconscious yet intuitively all-knowing. She's like a cool, beautiful, innocently deadly cat that people can't keep their hands off. With Fritz Kortner as Dr. Schön, Francis Lederer as his son, Alice Roberts as the lesbian Countess Geschwitz, and Gustav Diessl as Jack the Ripper. Adaptation by Ladislaus Vajda. (The Wedekind material was first filmed in 1919 with Asta Nielsen; the most recent version was probably the 1962 "Lulu," with Nadja Tiller.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 15.)

Peeping Tom (1960)—Michael Powell, of the Powell and Pressburger team that made "Black Narcissus" and "The Red Shoes," did this thriller about a psychotic who kills women and photographs their last agonies. It was a controversial film at the time—and some considered it repellent. It has also been an influential film, and its reputation has grown with the years. With Karl Boehm and Moira Shearer. (Cinema Village; Jan. 14-15.)

Popeye—Sometimes the components of a picture seem miraculously right and you go to it expecting a magical interaction. That's the case with "Popeye," with Robin Williams as the squinting sailor, and Shelley Duvall as the persnickety Olive Oyl, and Robert Altman directing, from a screenplay by Jules Feiffer. The picture doesn't come together, though, and much of it is cluttered, squawky, and eerily unfunny. But there are lovely moments—especially when Olive is loping along or singing, and when she and Popeye are gazing adoringly at the foundling Swee'Pea (Wesley Ivan Hurt). The songs—an uneven collection—are by Harry Nilsson. With Paul Dooley as Wimpy, Paul L. Smith as Bluto, and, as Pappy, Ray Walston, whose rambunctious Broadway pizzazz cheapens everything. (1/5/81) (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1.)

The Pride of the Yankees (1942)—With Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright, Walter Brennan, Dan Duryea, and Babe Ruth; directed by Sam Wood. (Art; Jan. 17.)

Private Benjamin—A women's-liberation service comedy, in which Goldie Hawn plays a spoiled honeybunch—a rich blond Jewish girl from Philadelphia—who becomes a real woman in the Army. The script goes from one formula to the next, and it reworks the pranks of generations of male service comedies, but the director, Howard Zieff, refurbished the stale material with smart small touches, and Goldie Hawn has such infectious, frothy charm that she manages to get laughs out of ancient routines about a tenderfoot going through the rigors of basic training. Her likableness makes the picture moderately amusing until the last third, when she gets involved with a dream prince (Armand Assante) who turns out to be a thickheaded chauvinist, and she has to be liberated all over again; the picture seems to be stuck in a revolving door. This is the sort of feminist movie in which almost every man is an insensitive boor or a fool, yet the heroine gets what she wants by manipulation and the shrewd use of sexual blackmail—which we're meant to find adorable. Basically it's just Daffy Duck TV sit-com. With Albert Brooks, Eileen Brennan, Harry Dean Stanton, Hal Williams, Toni Kalem, Damita Jo Freeman, Mary Kay Place, P. J. Soles, and Robert Webber, and Sam Wanamaker and Barbara Barrie as the heroine's parents. Written by Nancy Meyers, Charles Shyer, and Harvey Miller. (11/10/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Jan. 15.)

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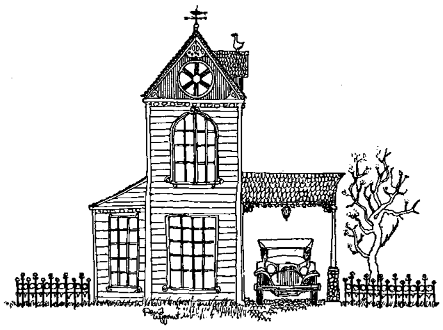
Raging Bull—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (Beekman, Greenwich Playhouse 2, Paramount, and Criterion Center.)

The Real Glory (1939)—With Gary Cooper, David Niven, and Broderick Crawford; directed by Henry Hathaway. (Art; Jan. 15-16.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a young girl who puts on an enchanted pair of slippers that will not let her stop dancing; the film's story is, of course, the same story. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people as romantically as Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet" (see below) does, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high kitsch. (Cinema Village; Jan. 14-15.)

Resurrection—Ellen Burstyn dies, has an "out of body" experience, then returns with the gift of healing through the power of love. The picture is even and smoothly tasteful—a vat of nondenominational caramel custard. Lewis John Carlino was commissioned to write the script for Burstyn, and he shaped it to her; she bestrides the movie, glowing with love and wholesome humor. (Her simulation of beatific ordinariness is a little frightening.) The director, Daniel Petrie, does some very polished, fluid work, but you're always aware of the planning and the calculation. Mysticism doesn't come easy to him. Carlino's script, which attempts to combine holistic healing and feminism, is an amazing fusion of old corn and modern cant. With Sam Shepard, who brings the film some sexy tension as a hell-raising kid whom Burstyn heals after he has been stabbed in a drunken fight, and Richard Farnsworth, Roberts Blossom, Lois Smith, Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood, and Pamela Payton-Wright. And as Burstyn's grandmother, Eva Le Gallienne wrinkles her nose and lifts her head so she can look out of her half-blind eyes, and she spouts homilies as if she'd lived her whole life onstage. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; Maurice Jarre did the music. (12/22/80) (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Center; starting Jan. 9.)



Romeo and Juliet (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli goes in for strenuous knockabout stuff—for brawling, cavorting young men and for revels and roistering that have an awful way of suggesting the supers at the opera trying to keep the stage "active." In this bowdlerization, he loads on what academic bowdlerizers used to take out; this lusty, rambunctious film even provides a fashion show in codpieces—two-toned, with fringe and bows and laces. The one element Zeffirelli removes that the other bowdlerizers also removed is Shakespeare's language. Only about half the play is left, and what's there doesn't build up the rhythm of a poetic drama. Heard in isolated fragments, the lines just seem a funny way of talking that is hard to understand. The movie was sold on its "youth appeal" and on teen-agers playing teen-agers. But you can always make a movie with kids playing kids; the feat would be if the kids could read Shakespeare. Here, the lines are unintelligible because the actors' faces and bodies aren't in tune with the words. Olivia Hussey (Juliet), her childish eyes wide open and her mouth open, too, and Leonard Whiting (Romeo), his hair cut like a suburban hippie's, are not really bad; they're rather sweet. But they're as banal in their youth and innocence as the high-school students in "Peyton Place;" like the lovers in "West Side Story," they have been made ordinary kids in trouble. In Shakespeare's version, Romeo and Juliet played together at poetry and at love; they made love through poetry, matching each other's conceits. Here the actors seem dear little children playing at the director's notion of teen-age sex hunger. Then, suddenly, Nino Rota's music is poured on in emotional torrents and the movie is filled with weeping and lamentation and carrying-on. Romeo flings himself to the floor while Juliet, hair streaming, bangs herself against the wall. All this violence and hysteria appear to come out of nowhere, because these little child lovers, with their baby talk, hardly seem to have the sensuality or the grand passion to go mad this way. The movie gets so bizarre and excessive in a nineteenth-century melodramatic fashion that it begins to be rather fascinating; it supplies an operatic love-death for a romantic teen-age audience. With John McEnery as a freaked-out Mercutio, Michael York as Tybalt, Pat Heywood as the Nurse, Milo O'Shea, Natasha Parry, and, for the prologue, Laurence Olivier's voice. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 16.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller twinges. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 11.)

Seems Like Old Times—With Chevy Chase, Goldie Hawn, and Charles Grodin; directed by Jay Sandrich. (34th St. East, Loews New York 1, and Loews State 2.)

Stardust Memories—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsize thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (72nd Street East; starting Jan. 16.)

Stir Crazy—With Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder, directed by Sidney Poitier. (Gramercy, Cinema II, Loews Orpheum 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and National.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Hitchcock's bizarre, malicious comedy, in which the late Robert Walker brought sportive originality to the role of the chilling wit—dear, degenerate Bruno. It's intensely enjoyable—perhaps the best of Hitchcock's American films. The murder plot is so universally practical that any man may adapt it to his needs: Bruno perceives that though he cannot murder his father with impunity, someone else could; when he meets the unhappily married tennis player Guy (Farley Granger), he murders Guy's wife for him and expects Guy to return the favor. Technically, the climax of the film is the celebrated runaway merry-go-round, but the high point of excitement and amusement is Bruno trying to recover his cigarette lighter while Guy plays a fantastically nerve-racking tennis match. Even this high point isn't what we remember best—it's Robert Walker. Not often do we think about a performance in a Hitchcock movie; usually what we recall are bits of "business"—the stump finger in "The 39 Steps," the windmill turning the wrong way in "Foreign Correspondent," etc. But Walker's performance is what gives this movie much of its character and its peculiar charm. It is typical of Hollywood's brand of perversity that Raymond Chandler was never hired to adapt any of his own novels for the screen; he was, however, employed on "Double Indemnity," "The Blue Dahlia," and this movie (which is based on a novel by Patricia Highsmith). Chandler (or someone—perhaps Czenzi Ormonde, who's also credited) provided Hitchcock with some of the best dialogue that ever graced a thriller. With Marion Lorne as Bruno's doting, dotty mother, and Leo G. Carroll, Ruth Roman, Patricia Hitchcock, Laura Elliott, and Howard St. John. (Regency; Jan. 14-17.)

Tell Me a Riddle—With Melvyn Douglas, Lila Kedrova, and Brooke Adams; directed by Lee Grant. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Tess—With Natassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson; directed by Roman Polanski. (Little Carnegie.)

To Forget Venice—Bared breasts, purging floods of tears, a dead canary, a naked man in a bridal veil, a beautiful dying diva, a gaga maidservant, homosexual couples of both sexes, extended flashbacks depicting the joys and pains of childhood, extended simultaneous impressions of Visconti and Bergman, and too many helpings of zabaglione—such are the rewards of this overheated, pretentious Italian morality film, which omits nothing except any evidences of spontaneous gesture or human speech. The picture, which is by Franco Brusati, was named the Best Italian Film of 1979 in its native country. As Dante said, "*Figurati un po'!*" ("Go figure it!"). With Mariangela Melato, Erland Josephson, and Hella Petri. In Italian. (2/4/80) (Thalia; Jan. 11.)

Tribute—With Jack Lemmon, Robby Benson, and Lee Remick; directed by Bob Clark. (Coronet.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 14.)

White Voices (1965)—The old joke about the man who pretends to be a castrato while seducing every woman in sight. This expensive-looking Italian-French coproduction works hard at ribaldry and falls flat; the imbecilic virility jokes are interspersed with real knee-whackers about goats and dung and chamberpots. Those bounding around the eighteenth-century sets include Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, Paolo Ferrari, Jeanne Valerie, Barbara Steele, Leopoldo Trieste, Jacqueline Sassard. Directed by P. F. Campanile and Massimo Franciosa. In Italian. (Thalia; Jan. 14.)

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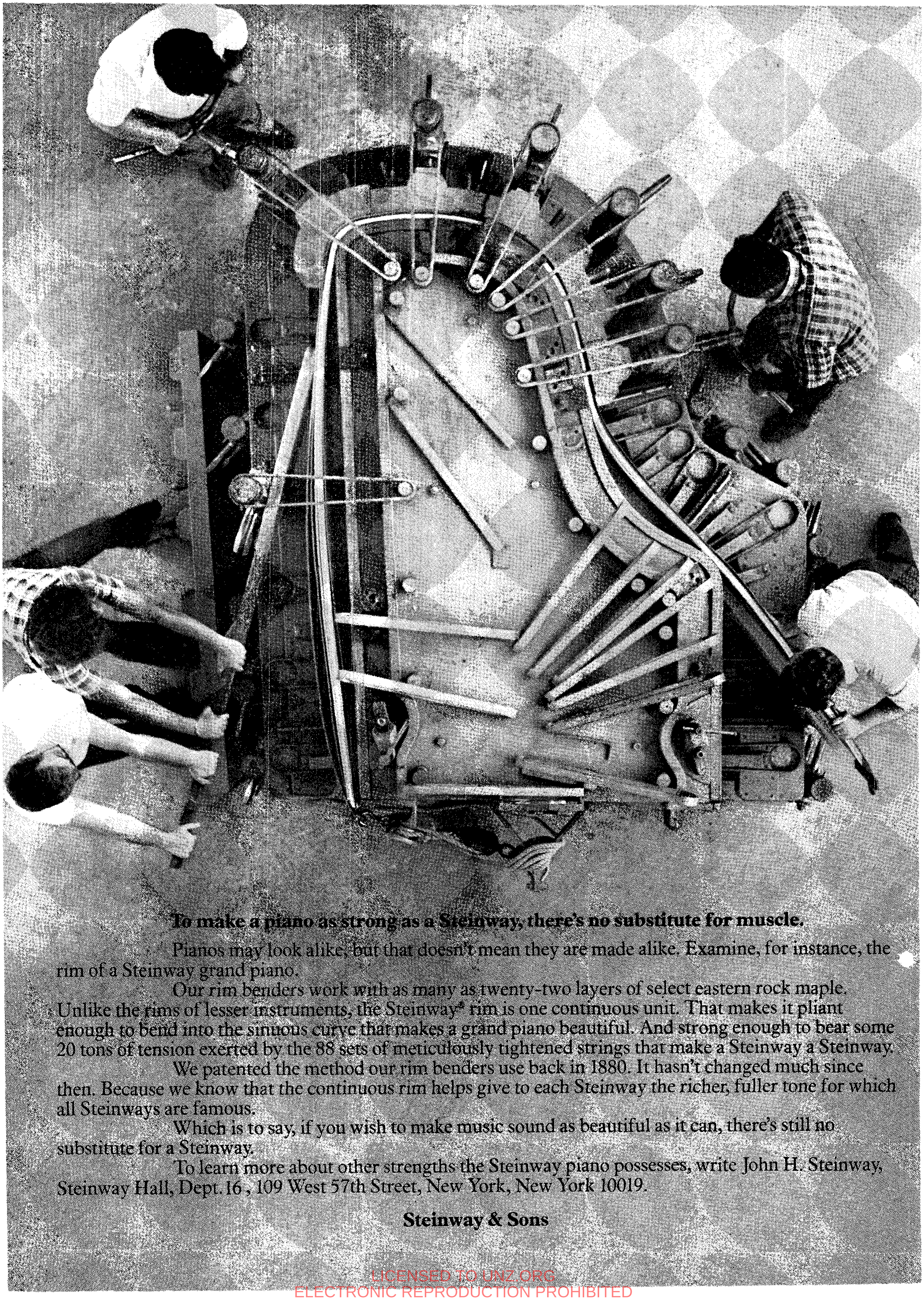

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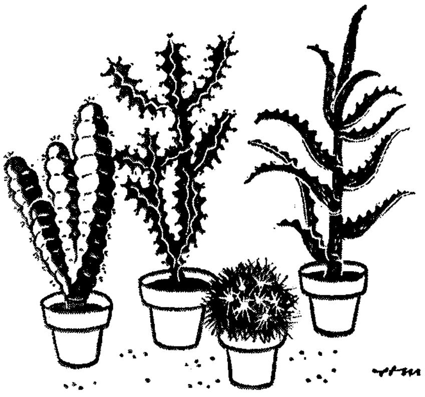
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ALEC WILDER's dying on Christmas Eve would have given him rueful amusement, for he did not celebrate Christmas—or his birthday (he would have been seventy-four in February) or any day except the day the skunk cabbage first came up in the spring. This was not because he had Scrooge tendencies. He simply considered such events artificial. In the same way, he abhorred cant, snobbery, fakery, egocentricity, fawning, pomp, social climbing, cleverness, and fashion. Nor could he abide bad taste, selfishness, unkindness, greed, rudeness, jealousy, or vanity—although, like any sound practicing moralist, he was guilty of them all at one time or another. He found the twentieth century in general cheap and trivial and mindless. He yearned for some sort of Kilvertian life, in which he could parcel out his time into composing his music, riding on steam trains, building gardens, writing letters, making up and solving word puzzles (at which he was expert), reading (Eudora Welty, E. F. Benson, Sylvia Townsend Warner, Peter De Vries), and endlessly talking and laughing. His longing for a pastoral nineteenth-century existence was so strong that most of what he accomplished was nineteenth-century in nature. And yet, for a man so impatient with his own times, he gave those times a great deal. He wrote hundreds of popular songs, the best of them ("The Sounds Around the House," "Blackberry Winter," "Who Can I Turn To?") gentle, graceful melodies, close to lieder in their elegance and subtlety, and matching the best of Jerome Kern and George Gershwin and Harold Arlen, who was his god. He was the first composer to attempt to break down the barrier between jazz and formal music, by writing a series of outrageously titled octets ("Jack, This Is My Husband," "The House Detective Registers"), for oboe, clarinet, bass clarinet, bassoon, flute, harpsichord, bass, and drums, which are a larking mixture of jazz rhythms and timbres and formal forms and instrumentation. During his last twenty-five years or so, he was a prolific composer of chamber music—beautiful, unfashionable, highly melodic chamber music, which reveals his love of Bach and Ravel and Debussy, and which was coveted by such great performers as Harvey Phillips and John Barrows and Bernard Garfield. He wrote for every instrument in the orchestra, and in surprising combinations: trios for oboe, clarinet, and bassoon, and for clarinet, horn, and piano; suites for three guitars, for trombone choir and clarinet choir, and for horn, tuba, and piano. When he was blocked and could not compose (about every second year), he wrote prose, some of it Shavian, some of it Dickensian. He wrote thousands of letters, he wrote short stories, he wrote a still unpublished but reportedly hilarious backstairs history of the Algonquin Hotel, and he wrote a masterwork, "American Popular Song: The Great Innovators." In it he set down acute, witty judgments of nearly a thousand of the worthiest songs published in the first half of the century. If originality is the filling of an empty space, what "American Popular Song" did was entirely original.



He gave away almost everything that came into his hands—books (bought in great numbers at Scribners bookstore), recordings, awards, gifts, photographs of himself, pens and pencils, and even his music, much of which he wrote for friends and protégés. Commercialism revolted him, and he never made much money. Yet he managed to live a reasonably comfortable nomadic life, at the Algonquin; at the One Eleven East Avenue Hotel in Rochester, the city where he was born; in Key West; and in the homes of friends. He once described this way of life in a letter:

> Though I don't feel the least bit freakish, I suppose that to even the most understanding, tolerant people . . . I must seem distinctly odd. I keep forgetting that I do very few of the things which constitute conventional living. I don't go to the theatre, movies, concerts, parties. I don't look at television or listen to radio. I have no property or stocks or insurance. I have no family but a niece and nephew I never see and a brother to whom I am as close as to a mild-mannered short-order cook. I see no friends constantly, only when I'm in their city. . . . I have no memorabilia, clippings, reviews, photographs, records, printed or manuscript music. I keep only the letters of one man. I refuse to contemplate the past or the future. I have no plans, no ambitions or infatuations. . . . I assume that the worst is likely to occur at any moment and therefore celebrate not so much feeling well as not feeling sick. . . . Since I have reduced my needs and interests to a minimum, there will be that much less to die.

He wrote letters by the dozen when he was blocked, and they were bits and pieces of himself. Whether they were philosophical or funny or hyperbolic or lyrical, they were always *Alec.* They seemed written in bas-relief. You could hear his booming trombone voice in them, his shouting laugh, his "No! I don't believe it!" when he was told something that tickled him. (He was an excessively shy man who camouflaged his disability with a lot of noise.) You could see him—the long, warm, tired, handsome face, the flying hair, the glittering coal eyes, the heedless uniform of sports jacket, gray flannels, and brown loafers. The concentration in his letters reminded you of his selfless concentration when he listened to other people's music, which he did with his eyes clamped shut, his mouth downturned, his chin held in the fork of a thumb and forefinger. He once wrote of the guitarist Jim Hall, "There is to me a strange difference [between Jim Hall and other jazz musicians]. It is as if he were so marvelously disciplined as to be able to choose his notes from a long accumulated and even hoarded *wisdom*—that kind of wisdom that is reached by having intelligently absorbed from his whole life experience. . . . His choices [of notes] seem to be transmuted from memories of joy, misery, mistakes, realizations, humilities, and wonderments."

Alec Wilder rightly considered a sense of humor the ability to poke fun at yourself, and he did that constantly, in the flesh and in his letters. He loved to tell the story of the stranger who approached him in the Algonquin lobby and praised him with such reverence that it made him feel weak-kneed and ridiculous. Immediately afterward, when he was climbing into a cab to go to the airport, he asked the bellman helping him what he was laughing at, and got this reply: "He thought you were Thornton."

Here is a typical self-snicker from a letter:

> In my fathomless (less in depth than incomprehensibility) brain, I can summon up rose trellises, tow-headed children, rocking chairs, and raffish-eyed birds which shout "Good morning!" And in that multi-circuited mess there is the shape of a slate which I wiggle designs on and wipe clean whenever new space is needed.

He had a talent for aphorism:

> I am not well-informed, but I know too much.

He could be unashamedly poetic—a Robert Louis Stevenson who really dug children, because he was, in many ways, still a child himself:

> The slice of sky I once cut out and gave to a three-year-old who carried it off to a hiding place . . .

From time to time, nostalgia seized him, the unflappable realist:

> I suppose as the years increase, one requires more and more sideshows, sleight-of-hand moments, meaningless but cheery interruptions, nonsense phone calls, expectations such as being invited to . . . visit in Sylvia Townsend Warner's English village home.
>
> Oh, how splendid it would be to look up and see a joyous group of faces, the kind one constantly saw in the twenties, foolish, innocent . . . girls' faces that were more like fiction than fact.

As Alec Wilder himself was.

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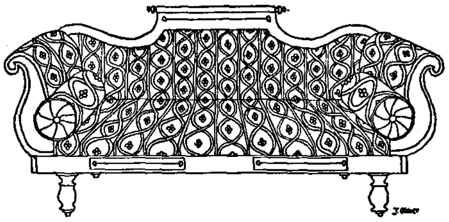
Perennials

REHEARSAL: We dropped by the Uris Theatre to attend a rehearsal of the New York Shakespeare Festival's new version of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance" and can report that it is shaping up as the very model of a modern, acoustically reinforced Broadway musical. All big musicals are miked and mixed these days, because producers prefer a modern sound and stage voices aren't what they used to be, but this "Pirates," which was originally presented outdoors at the Delacorte Theatre last summer, is a unique experiment in using amplification to bring up to date the musical character of a nineteenth-century score. Although Gilbert's words have survived the change intact, the orchestra that Sullivan wrote for has been replaced by a contemporary pop ensemble, conducted by William Elliott and consisting of brasses, woodwinds, electronic keyboards, percussion instruments (xylophones, vibraphones, cymbals, boobams, a trap set, timpani, and a concert bass drum), and—with a nod to tradition—two string basses. Two of the leading singers—Linda Ronstadt and Rex Smith—come from the superamplified world of pop music, where a microphone is regarded as an extra vocal cord. Four other principals—Kevin Kline, Estelle Parsons, Tony Azito, and George Rose—have been trained for the stage but display light singing voices that can use an acoustical boost. What results from this unlikely mixture of styles is a choreographed farce that is sung and acted in a beguilingly naturalistic manner, with every syllable coming through clearly and every bit of musical punctuation reverberating through the hall like the inner voices of a Wagnerian score.

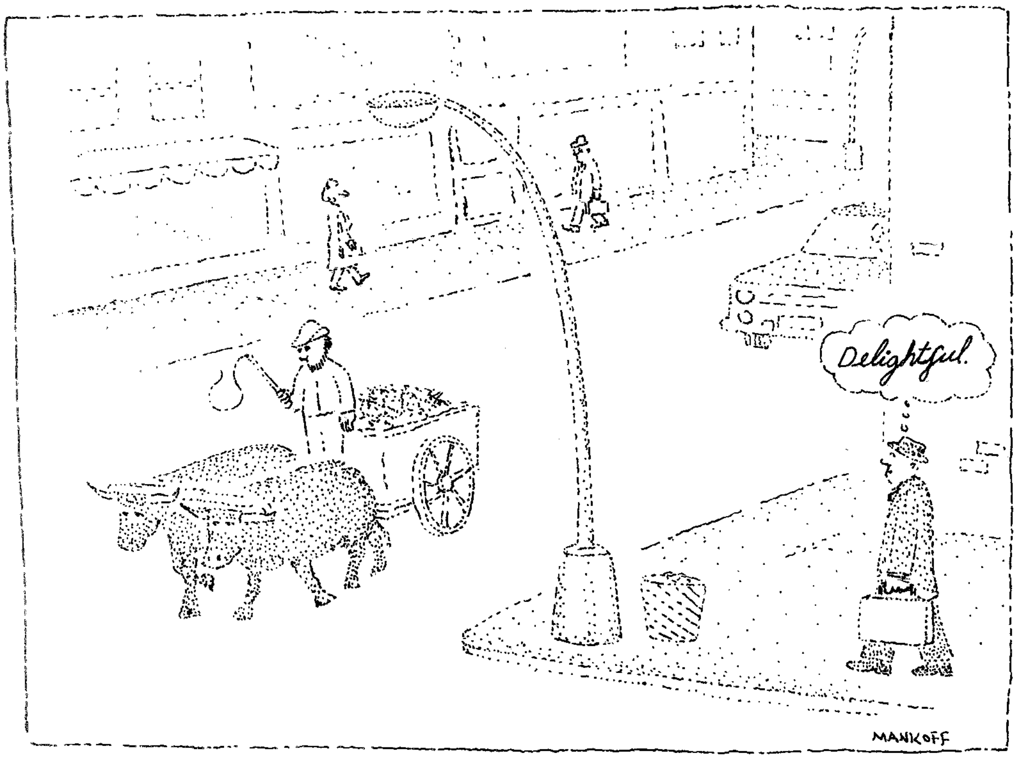


To create these complex aural effects, we learned when we arrived at the rehearsal, takes seventy-two microphones, three dozen loudspeakers, a mixing console, a sound mixer, a sound designer, and lots of very hard work. The "Pirates" stage—an octagonal wooden platform that has steps on two sides leading down to a ramp that runs along the outer edge of the orchestra pit—bristled with spiderlike black standing microphones. There was a row of "foot mikes" at the front of the platform, and a second row of them farther front, along the outer edge of the ramp. There were "shotguns"—long, thin microphones that resemble rifle barrels—pointed down at the playing area from two large hanging banks of lights on either side of the stage. And there were also microphones hidden in a Rousseaulike seascape at the back of the platform and still others in two offstage vocal booths, where groups of singers were stationed to augment the sound of a dancing chorus. Each instrument in the orchestra was miked individually (the sounds were mixed and balanced at the console), and each of nine solo voices in the cast was equipped with a "wireless"—a tiny mike clipped to the chest and attached by, of all things, a wire to a small transmitter containing batteries and an antenna. Don Ketteler, the sound designer, told us that the wireless sets—which are checked and equipped with new batteries before every act—were very tricky to handle. "What we aim for is a little beyond simple reinforcement," he said. "We try to get a sound that is as pleasant and forceful as possible, and we have to be able to locate—for the audience—each sound image in its proper place onstage."

We left Mr. Ketteler studying some new combinations on the console and walked down to the front of the auditorium, where we found Wilford Leach, a tall, scholarly man, who is the director of the show, and the famous pop singer Linda Ronstadt, a small, bouncy brunette, who plays the heroine, Mabel, discussing her first-act entrance.

"I think I've fixed my cadenza," said Miss Ronstadt, who has short, shaggy hair and large, inscrutable brown eyes, "but could we try the entrance in the preview tonight without that big fanfare?"

"We can try it with the small fan-



Suddenly a delightful Continental custom is sweeping America!

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fare," said Mr. Leach soothingly. "But that doesn't help much, because the applause you get when you come in always covers up part of the cadenza."

"Well, if there's stunned silence tonight I'll go right on," Miss Ronstadt said, with a smile.

"There may be a better way to get you on," said Mr. Leach, "and let the audience applaud when you've finished singing."

As Mr. Leach turned his attention to the acoustical problems posed by a rapidly moving female chorus, we asked Miss Ronstadt how she had changed her vocal technique to handle a different kind of music.

"It's not altogether a new way of singing for me," she said. "I've always had pretty good diction; in pop work you emphasize consonants and sibilants. Here, too, I have to hit the consonants very hard. Acoustically, there's no problem, because I'm used to microphones and very large sports stadiums, and I'm used to singing by braille—by the feel in my throat—with the deafening din of a rock band behind me. I always knew I had a soprano, but pop stuff uses mainly texture and chest tones, and the thing I'm working on at the moment is the technical organization that moves your voice from one register to another. Actually, I have two—or maybe even three—voices: a pop one, which comes from the chest; an in-between one; and a soprano, which goes up to high F."

A few minutes later, the orchestra hit a muted fanfare and Miss Ronstadt made her first-act entrance, singing a florid coloratura cadenza that sounded like Rossini and ended with the words "'Tis Mabel." Then she stopped to allow for applause and asked the conductor to give her a downbeat for the next line.

"Linda," said Mr. Leach, "will you try it again, holding off your entrance until the 'bel'? Let me see what it looks like."

Miss Ronstadt repeated her entrance, singing the entire cadenza offstage and appearing through some painted trees on the last syllable. The effect was instant theatrical magic, and everyone in the theatre applauded. "That eliminates the problem of applause covering the cadenza," said Mr. Leach. "Let's try it tonight."

When the rehearsal was over, we asked Mr. Leach how he had arrived at his unorthodox approach to Gilbert and Sullivan. "These musical pieces—like the plays of Shakespeare—have become encrusted with a lot of notions about how they ought to be played," he told us. "But the aesthetic factors are different now from what they were in the eighteen-eighties, and while you can restore the traditional way of doing a play, you can't restore the traditional audience that experienced it. 'Pirates' was popular theatre in its day, and I thought that it should be recreated to reach the same kind of popular audience. So we started by concentrating on the material and trying to respond directly to it, in order to recapture the kind of rough vitality that is characteristic of any new work of art. We have used the individuality of pop voices to duplicate the impact that the original work had on the original audience, and we thought it appropriate to use a kind of contemporary sound in the orchestration. But most of the music is still sung in the original key, and all the actors have been told to play their roles with absolute sincerity, as if we were back in 1880 and this were a brand-new work. What I tell the cast *constantly* is 'If you just trust the material and don't *comment* on it, the effect will be much funnier.' Sincerity and innocence are the essence of comedy. What we're also trying to create, through the use of sound technology, is a new kind of theatrical intimacy, which exists only in this theatre at this moment in time. The technology is imperfect, but we do as much as we can to make it invisible yet expressive. Everything I've ever done in the theatre comes out of regarding problems not as limitations but as ways in which you are forced to come up with solutions that require ingenuity. A problem is not a problem. The problem is how to make it a virtue."

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STILL WONDERFUL: Frank Capra, the gentleman and filmmaker, came to New York the other day, from his home in Southern California, to see a movie. The movie was "It's a Wonderful Life." Because Frank Capra directed this film in 1946, he had already seen it quite a few times. Never before, however, had he seen it during one of Christopher Little's and David White's "It's a Wonderful Life" celebrations. In 1970, when Little, a photographer, and White, a writer, were still college students, they discovered "I.A.W.L." (Jimmy Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, Henry Travers, comic climax) on the late show. Every year since then, around Christmastime, they have invited over a couple of dozen friends who believe that there is nothing wrong with unbridled sentimentality, and that "I.A.W.L.," therefore, is a wonderful movie. The most recent party was the tenth-anniversary showing, and, because Little and White had decided that this should be the final "I.A.W.L." party, they wrote a letter to Frank Capra inviting him to attend. He wrote back, "Nothing would make me happier than to be with you guys on the night when you will be running our favorite film. I will be there."

The party took place a couple of nights before Christmas in a loft in Chelsea, where Little lives with his wife, Betsy Kittredge. A large movie screen had been set up in one area of the apartment, and a sixteen-millimetre projector was threaded with the first reel of Capra's own print of the film. A few inches of leader broke off the reel while it was being threaded, and Little and White seized this for their "I.A.W.L." memorabilia collection. These archives contain, among other things, two autographed copies of Frank Capra's autobiography; two autographed copies of "The Greatest Gift," the short story, by Philip Van Doren Stern, upon which "I.A.W.L." was based; testimonial letters from "I.A.W.L." aficionados; and surface-to-air photographs from Ralph Wolfe's wedding. Ralph Wolfe, an architect who lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, is a veteran of eight "I.A.W.L." celebrations. When he and Betty Gilbreath got married, in Connecticut, in 1979, Patrick Curley and Jane Bayard (nine "I.A.W.L." parties each) arranged for a chartered airplane to fly over the wedding site trailing a banner that said "RALPH AND BETTY: IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE."

Frank Capra arrived ahead of most of the guests, accompanied by his son Tom, a film producer who lives in New York. The elder Capra settled into a chair in the Littles' living room and immediately relaxed. He wore a white sports coat, a white V-neck sweater, a white turtleneck, and coffee-brown slacks. He is eighty-three years old now and has a thick white mustache, thick white eyebrows, and what appears to be a permanent suntan. In person, Frank Capra seems like most of his movies—soulful and optimistic—and he looked as if he were prepared to withstand two hours at the head of a receiving line. Christopher Little explained, however, that an effort had been made to keep the guest list down. "We have to limit this to the dependable hard-core," Little said. "You've got to be a little ruthless. You need people you can rely on. This afternoon, when we were setting up the projector, it was giving us all sorts of trouble. We need to feel confident that in the worst possible case—total mechanical failure—we have on hand a crowd of spectators who can act out the entire movie line for line."

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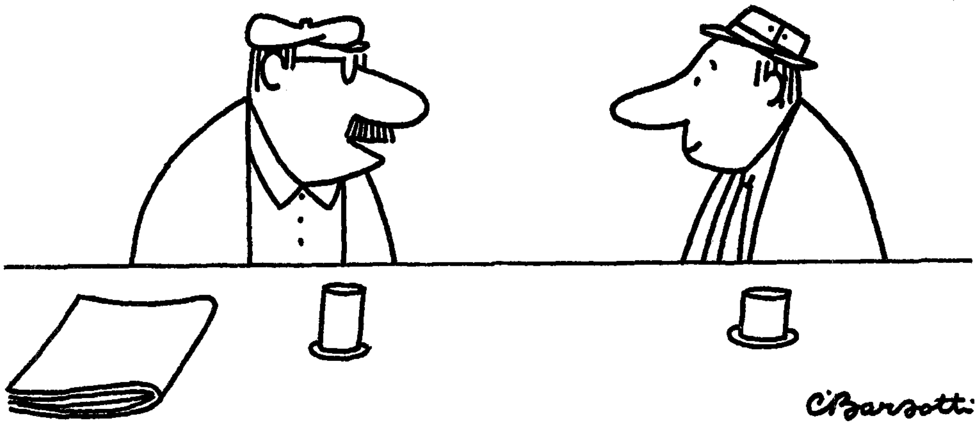
THE TYLER B. HAVISTRAWS
AS SEEN IN THE HOME SECTION OF THE N.Y. TIMES
STEVENSON

Soon after nine o'clock, by which time twenty-five guests had arrived, everyone took a seat in the screening area of the loft, and David White made a brief speech. He ran through a capsule biography of Frank Capra (born in Palermo, Sicily, in 1897; grew up in Los Angeles; three Oscars, in 1934, 1936, and 1938, for "It Happened One Night," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," and "You Can't Take It with You," respectively), and then he said, "Frank Capra is a piece of American culture and therefore a piece of each one of us—a part of why we laugh when we laugh and why we weep when we weep. Personally, although I have just met him, he's a man who is very dear to me, because he's made some wonderful movies. And, on an even more personal note, I'd like to say that this party is proof that miracles do occur, because I've wanted to meet Frank Capra for a long time, and tonight



"I'm a fixture here."

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I've said hello and shaken his hand—and that's a miracle."

Frank Capra rose from his chair and said, "I'm just delighted to be here, just delighted. This is one of the proudest moments of my life. I can't tell you how pleased I am that you want to see something that I made. I won't say more than that."

The lights were turned out, and Tom Capra started the film projector. There is always quite a bit of crying during an "I.A.W.L." party; it's that sort of story. Because this evening was pitched in a particularly high emotional key, the sounds of muffled nose-blowing—originating in the vicinity of Ralph Wolfe—began during the first of the film's four reels. After each reel, the lights went on and Frank Capra graciously conducted an impromptu seminar. People wanted to know "How did you cast this?" and "Did you know when you were making it that you had something very special?" and "Was anyone else considered for the Lionel Barrymore role?" and "Did Jimmy Stewart and Donna Reed actually fall in love during the filming?" and "How many takes did you need to get the telephone scene?"

When the last reel ended, by which time the sounds of weeping had become choruslike, there was applause, more sincerely grateful remarks by Frank Capra, and more questions from the floor. Once, to illustrate a point, Frank Capra said, "I must tell you one story about Lionel Barrymore. Have I got time?"

Christopher Little said, "You've got all night long."

The Exercise

PART ONE: It was noon, it was in the Terrace Room of the Plaza Hotel, there was Chris Evert Lloyd, the world-class women's tennis champion, there were some executives of an Italian sportswear company who had just flown in from Italy, there were lots of sports reporters from the electronic and print media, there was food (a buffet of beef bourguignonne, seafood crêpes, shrimps, rice, cold stringbeans, asparagus in prosciutto, and various French-related desserts), there were some tables, round, with white tablecloths, and on these tables there were some half-dead yellow mums.

"Chris," a man said.

"Hi," Chris said.

"I am sure these questions will be rather redundant to you," said a newswoman. "But I am going to ask them anyway."

"Will this five-year-exclusive contract interfere with your career?" a man asked.

"I am not doing much," Chris answered.

"Do you foresee gradual retirement?" a man asked.

"I envision a family one day," Chris answered.

"What were the factors involved in this decision for your career?" a man asked.

"How do you feel about Tracy Austin?" a woman asked.

"It's an Italian company," Chris said. "I think those Italians really know what they are doing. I really have a good feel for things."

A large, middle-aged, overweight man who had lost most of the hair on his head but had a nice bushy mustache played with the ends of his mustache as he asked the bartender for a Bloody Mary. Then, turning to his friends, four men who looked more or less like him, he said, "I think Oakland will beat the Giants." Then he reached into a bowl that was filled with salted nuts and, taking a handful, put them all into his mouth at once.

A man—a man not referred to above—went up to a lectern and said a few words about welcome, sportswear, a sportswear company, and Chris Evert Lloyd, in Italian-accented English. Another man—a man also not referred to above—then joined him and said more words about welcome, a sportswear company, and Chris Evert Lloyd, in Italian, and the other man translated what he said into Italian-accented English.

Chris Evert Lloyd then joined the two men at the lectern. One of them gave her a dozen red roses. "I am really excited about wearing Ellesse clothes, because they are really beautiful," she said. "I don't know if you've seen the line. They're No. 1 in Europe, and I hope they'll be No. 1 in the U.S. It's the best. It deserves to be the best."

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PART TWO: After reading the above, can you tell (a) that Chris Evert Lloyd, the world-class women's tennis champion, has just endorsed a line of sportswear manufactured by an Italian sportswear manufacturer? (b) how Chris Evert Lloyd feels about Tracy Austin? (c) whether most Italians speak English with an Italian accent or don't speak English at all? (d) if, according to United States government statistics, the large, middle-aged, overweight man will have a health problem soon? (e) if Chris Evert Lloyd can have visions? (f) what Chris Evert Lloyd means when she says, "I have a really good feel for things"? (g) if Chris Evert Lloyd trusts only Italian sportswear manufacturers, and not the average Italian walking down a street in Milan?

Would you have liked Chris Evert Lloyd more or less if she had been a geophysicist, a water tower, or an elephant hunted mercilessly for its valuable ivory tusks?

After reading the first paragraph, did you say to yourself, quietly or out loud, "Gee, wish I'd been there"?

If you were offered a large amount of money, would you refuse to endorse sportswear made in Italy?

If you were offered a large amount of money, would you refuse to endorse *anything*?

FASHION

PROUST *did* write "*La frivolité est un état violent.*" Last summer, as I walked along the streets I noticed that most young girls and women had pierced ears. But, then, so did the majority of older women. And most women wore earrings, although some of them must have been clips or screw-backs. I didn't think about it much, but when I did I always thought that the world of women was divided into two: those who pierced their ears and those who didn't.

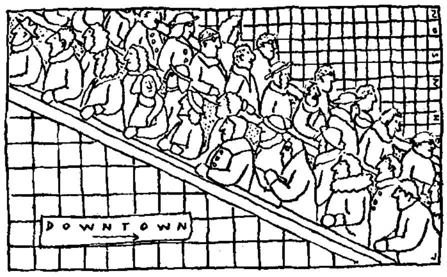
The mothers of my generation did not have their daughters' ears pierced, because it wasn't "modern." And also because it appeared to be a useless mutilation, once screw-backs and clips had been invented. But to wear earrings with screw-backs you have to wind the screw until it pinches, and clips are either tight, and thus painful, so that you have to take them off between the end of the first act and intermission, or else they are too loose and tend to slip off. And all the while my generation watched our mothers wear those giant opalescent cultured pearls so well, without the distraction of that ugly piece of metal, be it platinum or gold, that joins the front of the earring to its screw-back. In fact, they wore them as if the pearl had sprung full-blown from the seashell of the ear and come to rest upon its rim.

I have never worn earrings, except for a pair of diamond shell clips in the evening. One of them pinched to the point of biting; the other slid off. I had them adjusted a couple of times, to no avail. And now, all of a sudden, all my women friends were having their ears pierced, and were ornamenting themselves at reasonable prices, because though clips have to be large, in order to clip, earrings for pierced ears can be small and still serve their purpose. One friend told me that she had her ears pierced so that she could "swim in diamonds." Another friend said that she had a collection of small earrings and, if I were to pierce my ears, would give me a pair.

One stormy September dusk in Venice several years ago, in a giant hotel room we shared with a view of Santa Maria della Salute, my closest friend from childhood and I were changing to go to Harry's Bar, when she said, "*Ah! C'est l'heure des bijoux!*" Whereupon she drew a small lacquered box secured with a wide rubber band from her overnight bag, opened it, and spilled a miniature garden of single semiprecious flowers onto the bed: lapis, turquoise, amethyst, topaz. She had had just one of her ears pierced, in the manner of Parisian artisans of the nineteenth century, who wore a thin gold hoop in their right ear.

That was all well and good in Venice, but back in New York, when I told a friend that I was thinking of having my right ear pierced, she wasted no time in telling me that one pierced ear with a hoop through it proclaimed the homosexual, either male or female. This surprised me, because I had known a wave of single-ear piercing among the golden youths of Europe. Most of them wore a gold hoop through their right ear; the German boys wore a pearl. Then I noticed a homosexual teller at the bank. His right ear was pierced twice, for good measure: a gold hoop and a stud. Although this is an age in which both fantasy and asymmetry are encouraged, I did not want them at that price.

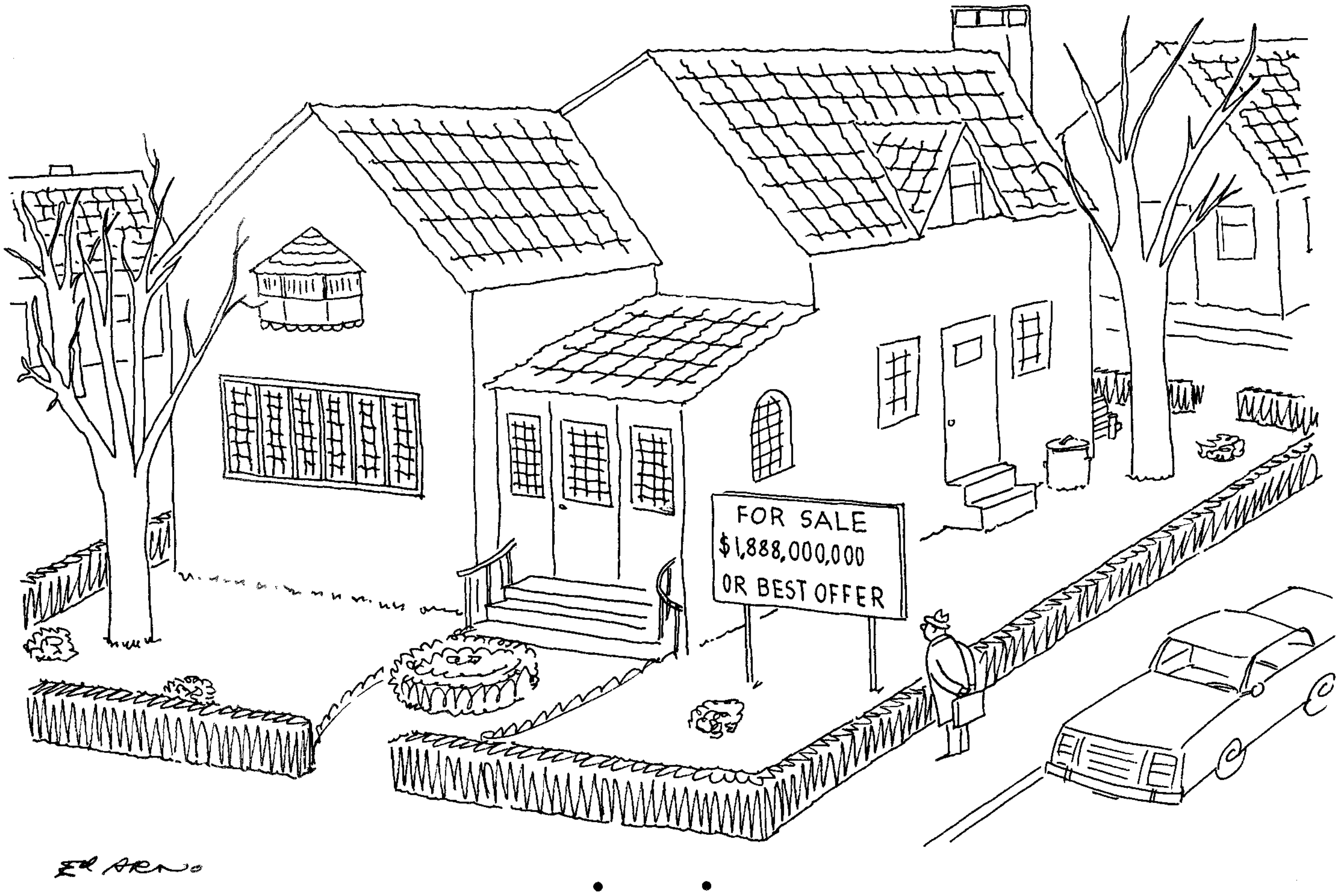
On the other hand, I knew that Romany men were still said to wear one gold earring, and I also remembered what had happened when I met the actor Zachary Scott many years ago at a New York cocktail party. Tall, sunburned, very dark, with pure, wide angles in a face created for photography, he wore a dinner jacket and a thin gold hoop in his right ear. Of course I asked him about it, and he told me that he had been around the world single-handed in a sailboat; that very few men had accomplished that feat; that they had formed an exclusive club; and that they wore a single gold earring. I carried that story intact all this time, and then one day it struck me as pure fabrication. So I called up his widow, Ruth Ford, and when I told her the story she laughed a long, deep, delighted laugh, filled with good memories, and said, "Of course it was pure fabrication. He told me he had had it done on a fishing trip with friends in Mexico. Naturally, everyone always asked him about it. I only hope that he told *me* the truth. He said a Mexican fisherman had put the earring through his ear." And she laughed her remembering laugh again. Then she said, "Wait a minute—I have something on my bulletin board that might interest you. Something about the fashion in earrings at the court of Louis XIV. Wait a minute." After a long silence, she returned. "I can't find it," she said. "My memory is like a sieve. I don't know what women did without pierced ears, do you? Can you remember going to the theatre and having to take your earrings off because they hurt, and holding them in your lap, and being afraid of losing them? Of course, having married a man who wore an earring, I had to have my ears done. A friend did it for me—put a piece of ice behind the ears and froze them, and it worked out just fine. I'll call you back if I find that clipping. My memory is like a sieve."



WITH September coming to a close, with the subtle change of season, before the leaves began to turn and the air announced something different, I awoke one bright Saturday morning longing for the intangible, which, traditionally, used to be settled by buying a hat. But nobody wears a hat anymore, except for a fur in the dead of winter. Suddenly I decided that I wanted to be able to wear large pearls in my ears, the way my mother did. No sooner thought than done. I called a friend, who gave me a midtown address—a little jewel shop on Lexington Avenue. Having waited close to a half century, I did not have a minute to lose. I took a taxi.

There was a guard standing inside the locked door. Once in the shop, I saw a blond woman in glasses adjusting something in the right ear of a little girl who was seated in a high chair. Her parents stood close by. The little girl grinned. She had curly black hair, olive skin, a neat fringe of black lashes, and two gold hoops in her ears. Her mother said to her, "*Tu es une beauté.*" Her father looked at her and melted. The blond woman in glasses said, "*On dirait une petite bohémienne.*" The father helped the little gypsy off the high chair, and the three of them went out.

About to change my mind, I asked



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the blond woman if she pierced ears. I asked her in French. "*Ah! Je ne peux rien faire aujourd'hui, Madame*," she said. "*Je suis toute seule ici, et je n'ai pas d'alcool.*" I told her she could leave me with the guard, but she said she could not, so I offered to go myself. She must have liked the idea, because she immediately gave me an address a block away. So I walked to a narrow Aladdin's cave of a drug-and-notions store, attended by several young Chinese. I asked one of them where the alcohol was to be found, but apparently he not only did not know where it was, he did not know *what* it was, because he repeated ceremoniously and slowly, "Rubbing alcohol, rubbing alcohol"—only it came out different. Then he dashed sideways into a narrow opening and down a flight of narrow stairs. Another young Chinese stood by, but did not offer assistance, so I located the rubbing alcohol myself and paid for it. I brought it back to the blond lady in glasses, who told me her name was Jacqueline. Hesitantly, I told her that her ears had been pierced too low. (She wore milky little pearls.) "Don't look at me," she said. "I didn't do them."

I asked her if it was going to hurt. "*Pas du tout*," she said. "*Je fais ça au pistolet.*"

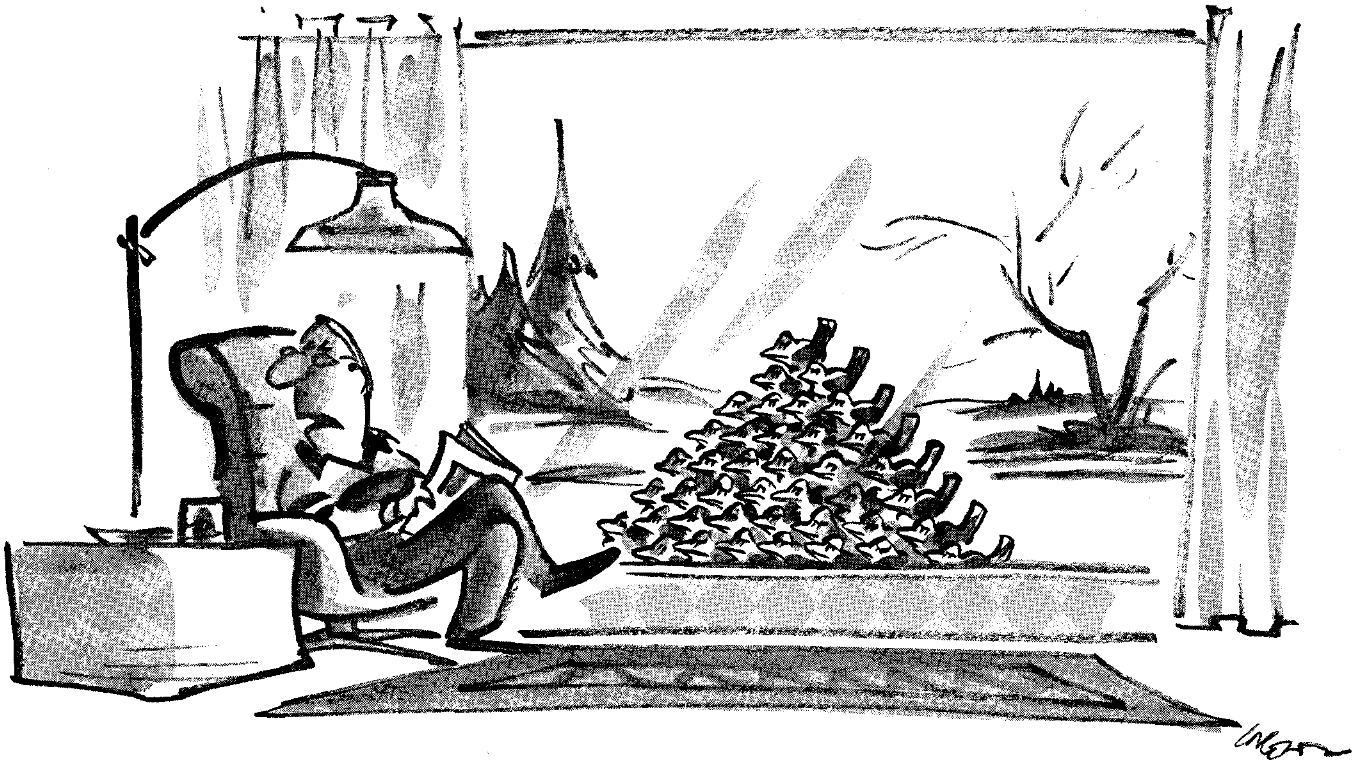
This sounded ominous, so I asked to see the weapon. It looked halfway between a stapling gun and a pistol. I hoisted myself up on the high chair, which gave me a touch of dentist anxiety, while she carefully marked the center spot on my earlobe with a kohl pencil. Then she told me to choose between four pairs of earrings. Tiny glassy stones in baby pink or blue, tiny gold studs, microscopic fake pearls. I chose the pearls. (These earrings all had stems of surgical steel covered in 24-karat gold. Gold, being noncorroding, is the preferred metal.)

Jacqueline told me to keep very still, as if posing for a long exposure. The stapling gun went "click;" my ear registered a pinprick. "*Et voilà!*" she said. "*Vous avez une oreille très fine; on dirait qu'elle est faite en papier.*" I asked her to explain to me how it was done before going on to the left one. First, of course, the site is cleaned with alcohol. Then the earring, which comes from the manufacturer in a sterile cassette, is inserted into the gun. Finally, the stem of that earring is *shot* through the lobe of the ear. (The lobe is nothing but a flap of flesh—subcutaneous tissue and skin with no muscle or cartilage—and therefore has not much feeling. Earlobes are interesting, because of inherited characteristics. Some people don't have them at all. Blofeld, Ian Fleming's arch-villain, had his removed.)

Then we did the left. In accordance with the rules of nature and asymmetry, the left lobe turned out to be a good deal thicker than the right. The whole procedure had taken but a few minutes, and the total cost was nine dollars and ninety-nine cents—the cost of the unspeakable pearl earrings. Jacqueline then told me to cleanse my earlobes two to three times a day with alcohol or peroxide, and wait for a month before going on to other earrings.

I WAS still curious about earrings at the court of Louis XIV, so I called up Stella Blum, the curator of the Costume Institute at the Metropolitan Museum.

"Oh, you had yours *done*," she said. "I'm still *resisting*. The *ear:* such a lovely place to decorate. Of course, the fashion must be prehistoric. Africans put plugs in their ears. They still do. The ears are there to be *adorned*, just



"Doris, did you refill the bird feeder?"

• •

as the neck is to be *adorned*. Any part of the body that can hold anything *up* is there to be *adorned*. I lost a beautiful earring once. And what do you do with *one* beautiful earring?"

As far as Louis XIV was concerned, Stella Blum told me to come to the library of the Costume Institute. Once there, I was alone except for a woman huddled in sweaters and shawl. (I wore a summer dress and sandals.) The library was at a polar temperature that day, which must have been good for the books. There, in the chilled space of an hour, in a book called "Accessories of Dress," by Katherine Morris Lester and Bess Viola Oerke, I learned that the ancient Egyptians, whose history goes back to 4000 B.C., wore earrings. Many have been found, but it is difficult to date them. Mostly they were simple gold or silver hoops. Sometimes a pendant in the shape of a lotus or a drop was added. In the time of Moses, on the voyage to Canaan, the Jews donated their earrings to Aaron, and he had them melted toward the Golden Calf. The early Greeks wore earrings not simply to ornament themselves but to ward off evil spirits as well. Young men, women, and children often wore one earring in their right ear. The single pearl earring appeared following the height of Greek civilization. Plato left a pair of "golden earrings" in his will. The Romans had a taste for very elaborate Etruscan earrings. Pliny wrote that the greatest expense in dress was lavish earrings. In turn, Seneca said that these earrings were of such extravagant price that a single pair was equal to the revenue of a grand estate. The Romans were the first to popularize setting precious stones into their earrings, *en cabochon*—that is, polished but not cut. The Celts are believed to be the first Northerners to wear earrings. The vogue literally went under wraps during the Middle Ages, because heads were wrapped and veiled. Still, the peasantry continued to wear earrings. In the early seventeenth century, portraits and miniatures reveal men of fashion wearing earrings. Sir Walter Raleigh wears one in a portrait in the National Portrait Gallery in London. The Duke of Buckingham was said to wear diamonds. Then came the inscrutably curious fashion of wearing strings tied into the punctured earlobe. Marlowe wrote in one of his plays:

> Yet for thy sake I will not bore
>   mine eare
> To hang thy durtie silken shoo-tires
>   thru.

Charles I wore earrings to his beheading. On the scaffold, he removed them ceremoniously and handed them to an attendant. About fashions in earrings at the court of Louis XIV I found out only that his peerless reporter, Mme. de Sévigné, was quite mad about pearls. Marie Antoinette owned a pair of unbelievable diamond earrings, in which the stones were set in a single, long cascade: diamonds that fell like water. Earrings, as a fashion, never flagged until the end of the nineteenth century, and they were revived in 1900, when the screw device was patented, relegating ear-piercing, for the time being, to the past.

So that was that. And still a month to wait and dream that someone with presence of mind would think of giving me two giant Japanese pearls, one an opalescent warm white, the other a cool, bluish silver-gray.

—NATACHA STEWART

•

It has reached the point where there is very little new that can be said about the genius of Bruce Springsteen. There is no one currently active in rock-n-roll that can put on the show he does night after night. Springsteen came to the Capital Centre last night for the first of two sold-out shows and totally mesmerized a house of rabbit followers.—*Washington Star.*

And hound dogs are not easily mesmerized.

RUMOR

Billy's wife died in November and his colleagues in the History Department, his neighbors, and even some of his graduate students kept him busy through the holidays and most of that winter. By early spring, though, when he was feeling most alone and he most wanted company, his only regular visitor was Enoch Dawes. Five years older than Billy, Enoch was retired from the state university in northern Virginia where Billy taught. Enoch came to the house every Sunday night with a recorded opera. Together, they went through six or eight sides of Verdi, or Rossini, or Puccini, and drank tequila.

One Sunday, they got particularly drunk, and Enoch put a cigarette burn in the cushion of Billy's silk-covered divan. "Look, do you think that matters?" Billy said to Enoch, who was being contrite. "I'm happy to see signs of life in this place, even if they're only your cigarette scars." To show how little concerned he was about the ornaments in his home, Billy dropped and broke a piece of pottery, a crackle-glazed jug that his dead wife had brought from Mexico.

Spring quarter, Billy's course load was down. He taught only one section —a seminar that met on alternate Wednesdays. His short biography of Trotsky's exile years needed a final typing to be completed for the university's press. Even if he treated his academic duties overscrupulously, even if he drew out the simplest jobs, even if he held students in conference after he'd answered all their questions, still his days were officially over by early afternoon. From the History Department building he carried a mostly empty attaché case across the Quadrangle of the campus and down Oxford Street to his brick house. There he made gunpowder tea in a battered pot and roamed from parlor to living room to dining room. It was his habit, while there was still late sun coming through his pink-and-yellow draperies, to switch on all the downstairs lamps.

"The gee-dee faculty here," Enoch said, visiting Billy one Wednesday afternoon. "I knew some of them in the department almost thirty years, through wars and sex scandals and whatever you can name, and I could never break the politeness barrier. Creighton's been Chairman since water, and he dodged me like I was malaria. He blushed when I'd corner him, and roll his eyes for a close exit. He ground his molars."

"That's the fight-or-flight syndrome," Billy said.

"I saw the flight. I wanted some fight," Enoch said. He sat on a window seat, frowning petulantly. He was completely bald, top and sides, and not so much fat as soft and doughy-looking. He had the soft voice of a middle-aged woman.

"Claire used to tell me that Creighton had misplaced his ontological center," Billy said. Claire was his dead wife.

"Oh, yes," Enoch said. "He left it just east of Savannah, Georgia, thirty years ago. I wish he'd go back for it and stay."

"I don't want his job, Enoch," Billy said. "I'm fifty-eight years old."

"Still and all, he wants to see you tomorrow, and if he offers you the position and you refuse, I'll never talk to you again."

"Get back down to earth," Billy said. "His job!"

The next morning, Billy went, under an umbrella, through sheets of cold March rain and arrived at Creighton's office with soaked shoes and pants cuffs.

"You won't drink *instant* coffee, will you, Billy?" Creighton said, because Billy had a reputation as a food artist with a fussy palate.

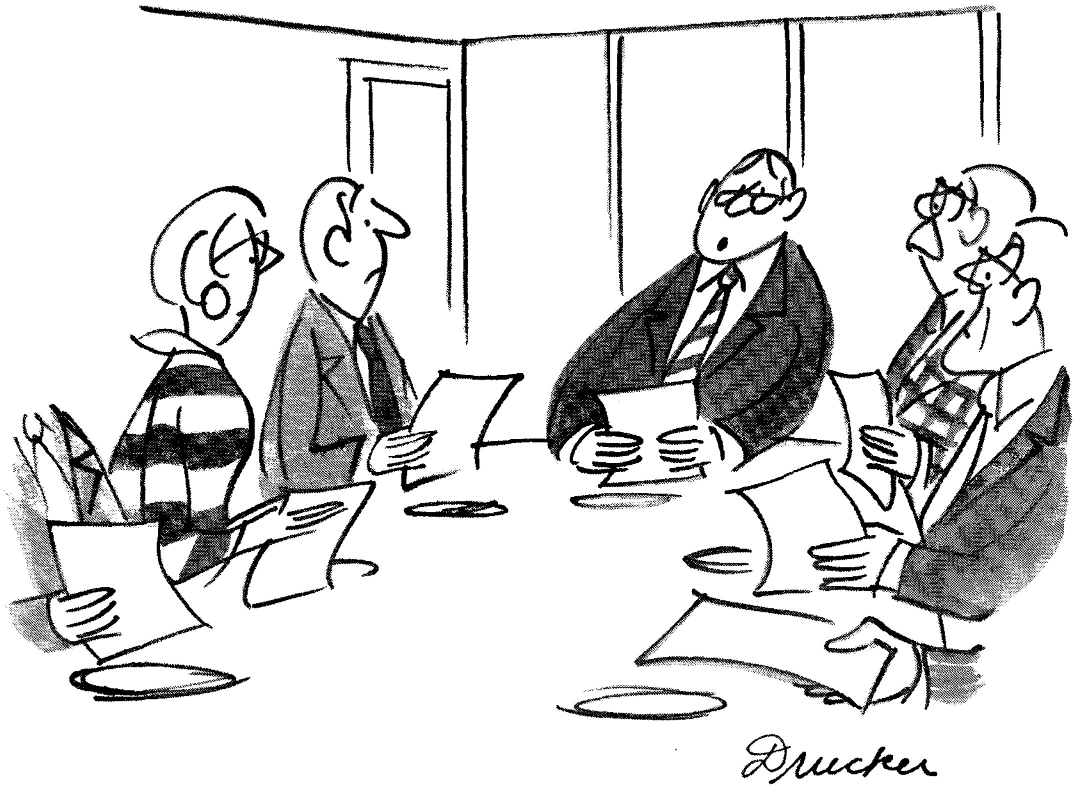
"I'm fine, Dick," Billy said, and Creighton smiled. Creighton was frail-looking, with ruts on both sides of his mouth and deep seams in the flesh around his eyes. He wore a sack suit over a heavy lavender sweater.

"All's well with you and your people?" Creighton asked.

Billy nodded. He removed his raincoat and sat on a busted low-slung couch against a back wall, because if he sat in the visitor's chair at the room's center Creighton would stroll around it and spend most of the interview behind him. As it was, Creighton stood in a corner.

"It's the damnedest thing that I'm going to tell you. Mrs. Prewitt—our whiz kid?—seems to be blacking out in her classes, and, you can imagine, scaring her undergraduates."

Rose Prewitt was the department's



"Another option for 1981 is to do absolutely *nothing**."*

newest appointee, Enoch Dawes' replacement. She was twenty-seven, a Rhodes Scholar from Boston, and her doctoral thesis, brought out by a large publishing house, had received encouraging reviews.

"Start again. I've been having trouble hearing people lately." Billy cupped his right ear in his hand.

"No, I'm sure you got it right. She's been passing out or falling asleep."

"Oh, well. Falling asleep happens to me every day," Billy said.

Creighton turned into the corner and clasped his fingers behind his head. "What I've been hearing is that she arrives unprepared, speaks into her blouse front—when she *does* speak—and pretty much goes immediately to sleep."

"Oh, come on, Dick," Billy said.

"What occurred to me, of course, is illness. Or drugs. But I didn't just say that and you didn't hear me not saying it. You know her, don't you?"

"No," Billy said. "I've been to the same meetings with her that you've been to. That's all."

"Good. Then you might like to have her over to your place. For one of your meals? And her husband, if you can get him. *Mister* Prewitt, whom no one's ever seen. Would you object to feeding them your wonderful food? And then telling me if you think she's sick, or just sick of us after only two quarters. Is that an awful thing to ask? I don't think so."

Billy checked office hours and at eleven o'clock found Rose Prewitt on the third floor of the history building. She was behind a gray metal desk so heavily piled with books that she could not be seen until he had circled the room.

"Hallo," she said, looking up at him from a *People* magazine. On the sill of the room's tall, pointed window, a portable radio played some sort of rock-and-roll music. Rain splashed on the window.

"Busy?" Billy said.

"No, no. My kid from Kenya phoned and cancelled, as he does every Thursday. He's one I love."

Billy made his invitation for dinner Friday evening, and Mrs. Prewitt explained why that was impossible for her. "There's a movie on television I want to see, and everyone tells me that you don't own a television."

"Well, Rose, I'm going to press you on this, because I'm lonely and because you've never tasted my *adobo*, and I've been marinating pork for *adobo*. Saturday? Or the following Monday?"

BAR GIAMAICA, 1959-60

(A GROUP PHOTOGRAPH NEVER TAKEN)

Grace is the focal point,
the tip ends of her loosed hair
Like match fire in the back light,
Her hands in a "Here's the church . . ."
She's looking at Ugo Mulas,
Who's looking at us.

Ingrid is writing this all down, and glances up, and stares hard.

This still isn't clear.

I'm looking at Grace, and Goldstein and Borsuk and Dick Venezia
Are looking at me.
Yola keeps reading her book.

And that leaves the rest of them: Susan and Elena and Carl Glass.
And Thorp and Schimmel and Jim Gates,
and Hobart and Schneeman

One afternoon in Milan in the late spring.

Then Ugo finishes, drinks a coffee, and everyone goes away.
Summer arrives, and winter;
the snow falls and no one comes back
Ever again,
all of them gone through the star filter of memory,
With its small gravel and metal tables and passersby . . .

—CHARLES WRIGHT

• •

"I feel as though I'm back in high school, Billy, dodging prom invitations."

"That sinks the duck. You may drop dead," Billy said, and smiled pleasantly.

"I phrased that wrong," Rose said. "Of course, Saturday's fine. I'll come and eat marinated *adobo*—whatever that is—if you still want me." She stood up, and Billy was surprised at how short she was, and how beautiful. She was a beautiful girl, but there was something faintly dropsical in her dark features. Her black eyes had heavy lids. Her straight nose was fixed over a lazy, full-lipped mouth. Her cheekbones were sharp, but her jowls were a little weighty for a young woman.

d. ehrenberg

"It will be nice," Billy said. "Will your husband come? I don't think I've ever met him."

"Robin is his name," Rose said. "Let's go find some coffee. You have time? I'm dead on my feet."

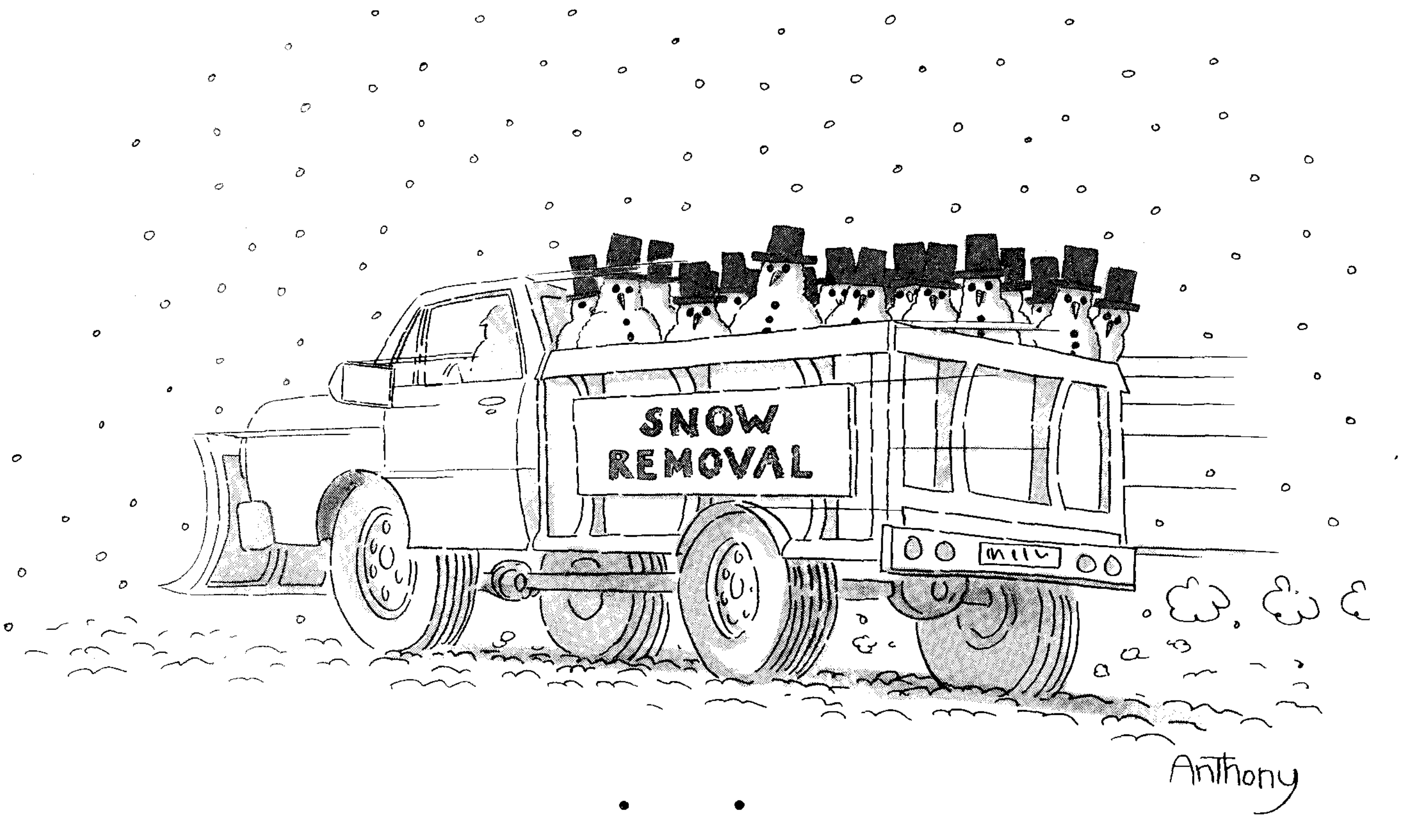
ENOCH DAWES peeled and chopped onions in Billy's big kitchen while Billy cut apart a five-pound chicken. Enoch looked powdered and pale in the strong kitchen lighting. He said, "My God, if they're going to persecute anyone for dozing in class, they should start with the kids. I had eight-o'clocks where the room was like a dorm at midnight. I mean, audible snoring."

"No persecution here," Billy said.

"Investigation, then," Enoch said. He was weeping grandly over the onions he hacked.

Billy's tone was cautionary. "Now, Enoch," he said. "This isn't to be an investigation but only a bit of problem-solving. A problem-solving dinner."

"Let Creighton solve his own problems. Are you supposed to check her veins for tracks?"



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"Now, now," Billy said.

"What's *he* like?" Enoch said, and sniffled.

"Her husband? Nobody knows a thing about him, except me. I know that his name is Robin."

"A terrorist on the lam. A burn victim," Enoch said.

"No, I'd guess he just hates faculty teas and sherry parties and faculty functions in general. We're both on his side there, aren't we?"

"I like teas," Enoch said.

Billy sharpened his cutting knife on a piece of stone and wiped the blade with a towel. He said, "What do we offer them to drink? She dresses like a fruit-juicer. Do we put out ashtrays? Do you remember if she smokes?"

"I was the last smoker left in higher education, and we can give them very terrible wine and make a production of the decantation. If they don't wrinkle their noses when they sip it, we're home free."

"And bring Marian," Billy said, meaning Enoch's wife. "Damn it, you bring her." Billy removed his plaid apron and then took the cigarette from Enoch's lips and ashed it in one of the sinks and replaced it.

"If you want to kill all the sport, I *will* bring Marian. She's still a hill person from Kentucky, though, and she'll start right in and say to Rose Prewitt, 'Child, are you sick or a junkie or what?' And there will go the whole point of everything."

THE Prewitts were forty minutes late. Marian Dawes was outraged on Billy's behalf, but Enoch had muzzled her against complaining. She was in a silver dinner dress and she drank short glasses of watered bourbon to calm herself. Enoch was matching her intake without seeming to do so. He sipped little mouthfuls of straight Polish vodka, and sat with his monogrammed velvet slippers pressed together. He and Marian were on the divan.

Billy, in navy blazer and tartan slacks, strolled in from the kitchen in time to see a kiss that Enoch planted on Marian's mouth. "You don't fool me with that. I know your marriage is on the rocks," Billy said.

"At last our secret's out, after twenty years," Marian said.

The front door opened and a tall young man stepped into the foyer, and then immediately stepped back outside and closed the door. Billy put down his wineglass and buttoned his coat. The door chimes sounded.

"Now, *who* on earth could that be?" Enoch said, and stood.

"Fifty minutes late," Marian said.

"Don't bite," her husband told her as Billy welcomed the Prewitts.

The tall young man said, "I was so panicked about being late I forgot to knock and broke right in. Hi."

"My husband, Robin," said Rose Prewitt. She was in a good wool dress and hose and tall heels. Her hair was held in a bun by two chopsticks.

"Hi, hi," Robin said to Enoch and Marian. His eyes were red. His face was long, and his dark hair was brushed so that it stood straight up from his head.

Marian said to him, "Why, you're Andrew Jackson when he was young, aren't you?"

Billy took their wraps and finished the introductions. Under an imported raincoat Robin wore a pullover that had holes at both elbows and he had on washed-out dungarees. "Gosh," he said, admiring Billy's living room.

"What great paintings," Rose Prewitt said.

Marian said, "Billy's wife ran an art gallery in Acapulco, don't you see. So give him no credit for all the good taste."

"She's right, she's right," Billy said. "Look around a little, and give me your drink orders."

Robin said, "Hey, I'm sure we've ruined your dinner, so we'll skip cocktails."

"I'd love a tomato juice or a clam juice," Rose said.

"Hey, we've probably *ruined* his

dinner being so late already, Rosie," Robin Prewitt said.

Billy ignored him. He cupped his ear and said, "What would you love, Rose? I got the first part, I think."

"Tomato juice," Marian Dawes said loudly, to Billy.

"O.K. Well, then I'll have a big gin with an ice cube," Robin said.

"One of those," Billy said. He went to stow the coats and fix drinks.

Enoch Dawes led the Prewitts on an abbreviated tour of Billy's downstairs and then settled them into chairs. He waitered for them, offering a tray of canapés. Robin Prewitt tried to spread some pâté on a round cracker. The cracker snapped under the knife and fell into three pieces on the Oriental runner by his chair. "I'm doing great," he said to his wife. He tried again, broke another cracker, and got a daub of goose liver on one of Enoch's velvet slippers.

"Billy rigs his snacks this way," Enoch confided to Robin. "He loves to see things crumble."

"Well, I'm sure crumbling," Robin said.

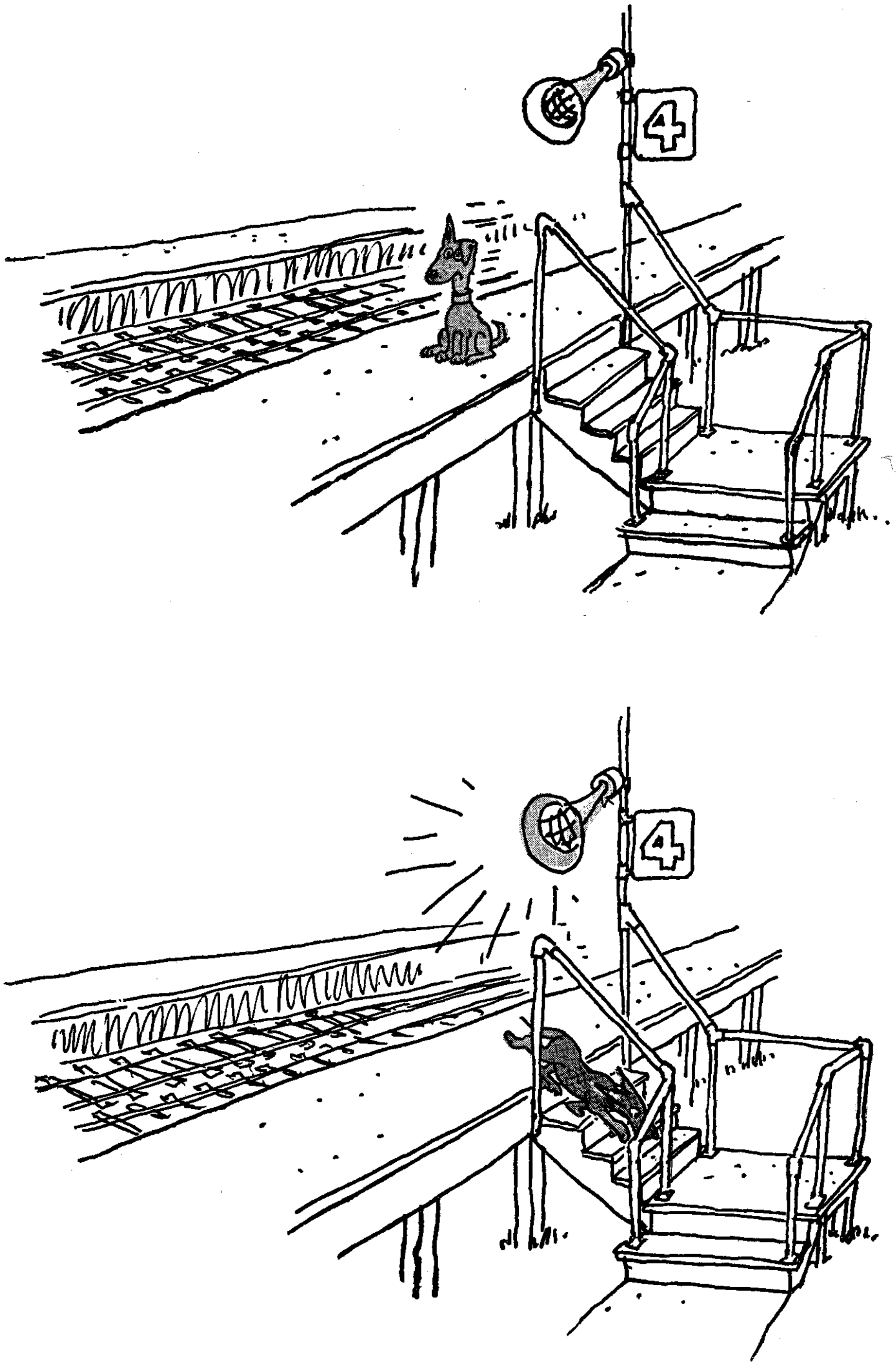
"You-all are from Boston?" Marian asked.

"Aha. Yes," Robin said.

"You have to come all the way from there tonight?" Marian asked.

Rose Prewitt looked puzzled. Robin said to her, "I think we're being chided for tardiness. We had a flat tire is what happened. I had to change the tire and then stop and wash up."

He raised his hands, which were long and very clean. Enoch, who was putting down the canapé tray and had his back to the Prewitts, glared ferociously at his wife.



"Threplek neck rack four . . ."

• •

AFTER the dessert, Billy poured coffee at his seat at the head of the table. He passed out the full cups, handling them by their saucers. Enoch Dawes spilled half of his coffee on the table linen, and apologized in a miserable tone. "What ever can I do? After that beautiful meal. I feel awful. What can I do, Billy?"

"Nothing," Marian Dawes said. She blotted the spill with her napkin.

"Relax," Billy said. "I know how to chase out coffee stains."

"It was the best food I've ever eaten," Robin Prewitt said. "I swear it."

"The dessert was called what? Mango Flambé?" Rose Prewitt asked.

Billy nodded.

"The *best*," Robin Prewitt said.

"Billy is the best cook here in Virginia, besides myself," Marian said.

"I want you to come to our place, soon," Robin said. "It's a hovel, but I'm saying right now that I want you to come and try some of Rose's chili. And I mean this. Will you come? Marian? Billy?"

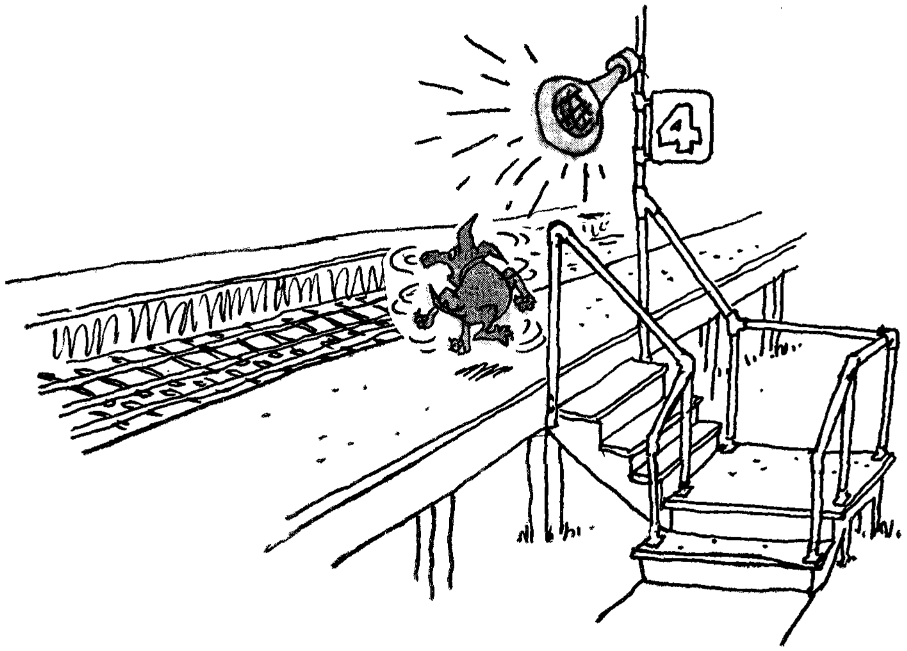
"We must," Enoch Dawes said. He turned and took one of Rose Prewitt's hands in both his powdery hands. He said, "Welcome into our lives."

"Very much," Rose said, and then blushed.

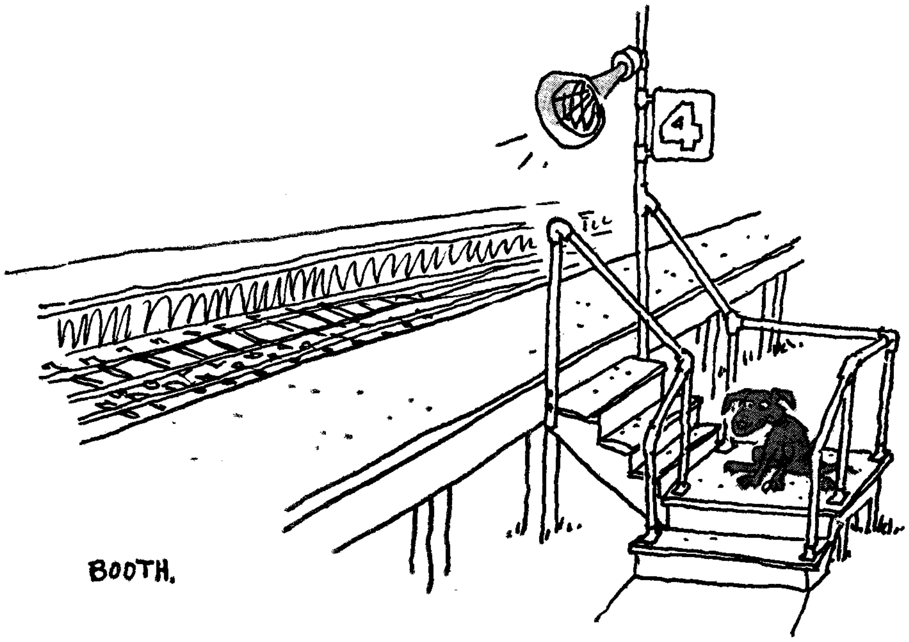
"Good," Marian Dawes said. "All friends. Now, lower the boom on them, Billy. Tell them why they're really here."

"Oh, pooh," her husband said.

Billy became agitated. He sat straight in his chair.



“Bleeeeeeee-zoop! . . . Scratch . . . Attenshumb, blzk!”



“Thank you.”

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“Sometimes, Marian . . .” Enoch said.

Robin Prewitt asked, “What's up?” His voice and his expression were full of good-natured curiosity.

Rose Prewitt moved her chair back from the table and uneasily crossed her legs.

Billy fidgeted.

Enoch spoke. “Dr. Creighton is a little worried about Rose. That's all. He thinks she may be unhappy with us. Or maybe he doesn't think that, and just wanted to show off Billy's cooking skills. Maybe he's worried about *Billy*. Anyhow, this dinner tonight was his idea.”

“Oh, for heaven's sake,” Robin Prewitt said. “I don't care whose idea dinner was. It was a great idea.”

“Well, I think that's so,” Enoch Dawes said. “And I'd like to do this again, at our place on Raleigh Street, next Saturday night, at seven. That invitation comes from Marian and me, not Dick Creighton.”

“Perfect,” Robin Prewitt said.

“That's not all, is it, Billy?” Rose Prewitt said.

“No,” Billy said.

“Complaints?”

“Concern. Only concern,” he said.

“My drifting off in class, in mid-sentence?”

“Essentially, yes.”

“Why didn't the bastard have me into his office and ask me personally?” Rose said.

“Because he's a bastard,” Marian Dawes said.

“Rosie, this was so nice, who could be mad?” Robin said. “I'm not mad. Listen, Rose was in a car wreck—a bad one that did some people in. Strangers . . . But it mashed some vertebrae in her back, and she's all better, but occasionally she has to take a painkiller. A local quack had her on Percodan for about ten minutes, but we got hipped to that, and she saw a guy at home, in Cambridge, last Christmastime, who put her on another pill that's much better for her. It's harmless, but it does make her a little logy sometimes and can even induce a mild sort of narcolepsy . . . but only very rarely. She's mostly a very brave lady, in a lot of agony a lot of the time, who only uses her medication once in a blue moon. She can show you the prescription bottle in her purse if you want to report back to this guy, whoever he is . . .”

“Good God, never,” Enoch Dawes said.

“You poor little bird,” Marian said to Rose Prewitt.

“Well, I hope Creighton wants to eat his own necktie in shame when I tell him this,” Billy said.

Rose Prewitt looked very uncomfortable. Her husband said, “Billy, this is awful of me, I know, but could you shoot that brandy bottle around one more time?”

“I'M a lesbian and I view history a little differently from most apprentice historians.”

“There is no history,” Billy said. “There are only people and their views. You are therefore free, Janet.”

The girl in Billy's office disarmed him with a dazzling smile. “I don't need you to free me. It's a state I've been enjoying for quite some time now.”

Billy puckered his lower lip and swivelled his chair toward a side wall and then back again. "You're brilliant, Janet. The best kid who has ever come through *the department* and you're destined for immortality. . . . Now, what have I just done to you?"

"Now I'm not free anymore," Janet said. Her mouth was serious and straight, but the smile stayed in her eyes.

"You smart Indian," Billy said.

The girl dropped her cigarette on Billy's floor and twisted a foot on top of it. She gathered her purse and books. Billy stood and popped open his office window. It was early June, hot, and the campus green below was crowded with sunbathing students.

He walked Janet into a hall that had linoleum floors and walls painted a lemon-yellow enamel, and that smelled of mimeograph ink.

"Do you know if Mrs. Prewitt is sick?" Janet asked him. "She's missed four days of classes now, and no one down in the office knows a thing about it. She's great. Has anyone ever mentioned to you how great an instructor she is?"

Billy had not seen the Prewitts since that Saturday night in March. They had cancelled on Enoch and Marian Dawes, and had declined a new dinner invitation from Billy—both times on the phone. "She's a friend," Billy said to Janet.

"On a good day, she lights my fire," Janet said. "She makes us step over, you know? We step over with her, to another side."

"I don't follow you, I think," Billy said.

"She makes it blaze. She doesn't condescend to us."

"What other side?" Billy said. He cupped his ear.

Janet sighed. "She talks the truth, in simple sentences. It moves us. I think it's easy to be complex, but it's the hardest thing on this planet to make it simple."

"There's a lot in that," Billy said, and sighed, too. "What's she like on a bad day?"

Janet hugged her books. She was already tanned: a healthy-looking blonde in a white blouse that was tied in a big-eared knot over her stomach. "On a bad day? Sleepy, I guess. They joke about giving her a hotfoot with matches when she dozes. Makes me livid when they joke about her."

"She sleeps a lot?" Billy said.

"Oh, no. Once or twice, and only for a few seconds when some windy guy is droning on, reading a forty-minute paper or something. It embarrasses us more than it does her, probably. We don't know where to look. Did you hear she's divorcing her husband?"

"All rumor," Billy said. "Where did you hear it?"

"I didn't," Janet said. "I was just asking you. I guess he's disappeared."

Billy went back to his office and proofread some galleys, from the university's press, of his Trotsky book. He could not concentrate. He called Rose Prewitt and got no answer at her office. He rang her home phone, with the same result. Enoch Dawes, in Ber-

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CAMOUFLAGE

It seemed at first like a piece of luck,
the discovery, there in the driveway,
of an odd sort of four-leaf clover—
no bankful of threepenny greenery
but a worried, hovering, wing-dragging
killdeer's treasury:

a mosaic of four lopsided olives
or marbles you had to hunt
to find again every time, set into
the gravel as if by accident.
We'd have turned that bird's
entire environment

upside down to have preserved them.
But what was there, after all,
we could have told her about foxes,
coons, cats, or the vandal
with its eye out for whatever anyone
considers special?

In her bones, in her genes, in
the secret code of her behavior,
she already knew more than all our
bumbling daydreams, our palaver
about safeguards, could muster
the wit to decipher:

how her whereabouts could vanish
into the gravel, how that brilliant
double-looped necklace could amputate
into invisibility the chevroned
cinnamon of her plumage. Cleverer
than any mere learned,

merely devious equivocation,
that broken-wing pageant—
who taught her that? We have
no answer except accident,
the trillion-times-over-again-
repeated predicament

sifted with so spendthrift
a disregard for casualties
we can hardly bear to think of
a system so heartless, so shiftless
as being in charge here. It's
too much like us—

except, after having looked so close
and so long at that casual handful
of dice, squiggle-spotted by luck
that made them half invisible,
watching too often the waltzing swoop
of the bird's arrival

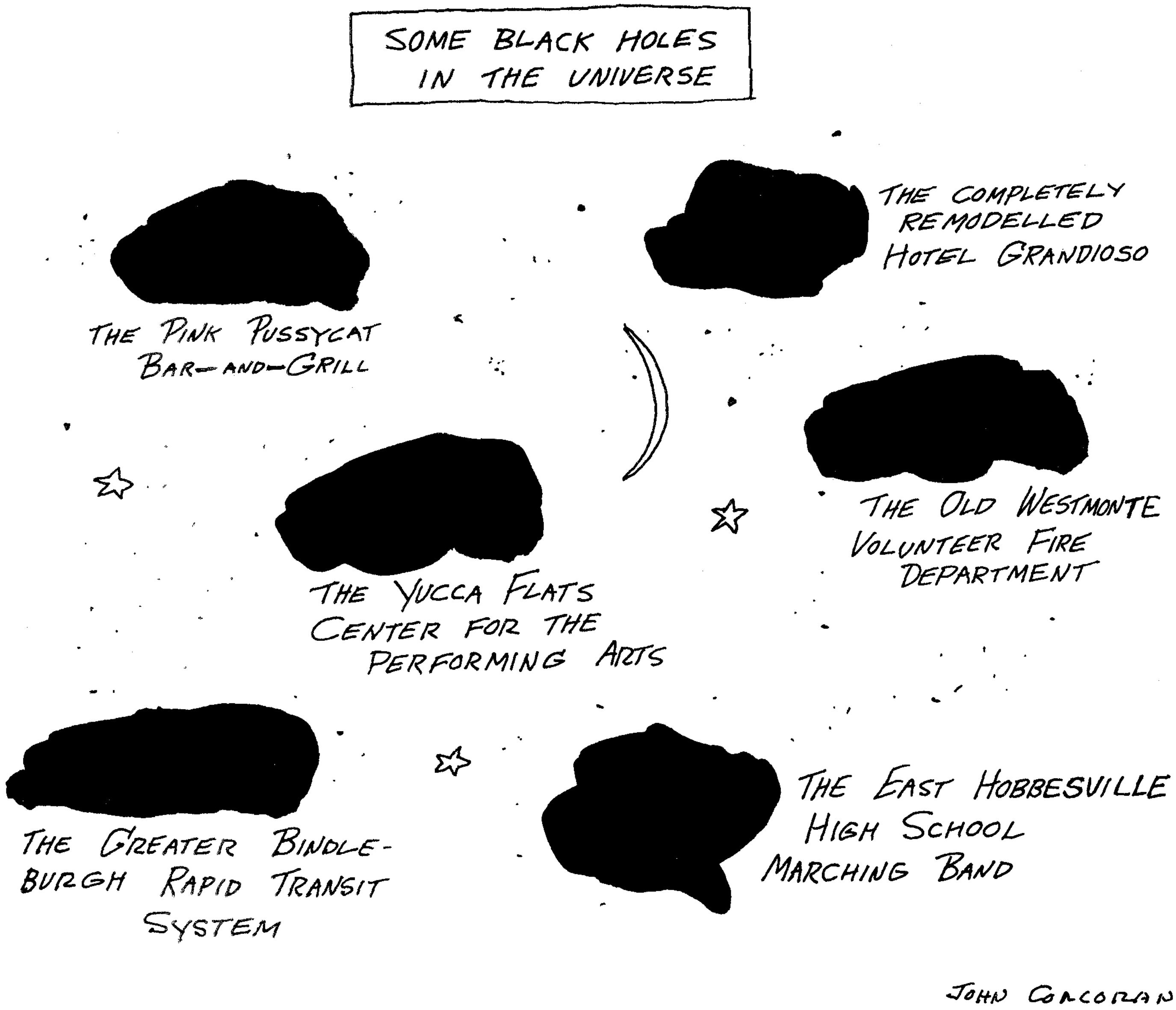
had meant a disruption of more usual
habits. For all our reading in the papers
about blunderers and risk-takers with
the shrug of nothing-much-matters-
how-those-things-turn-out, we'd unlearned
to be good losers.

Sorrow, so far as we know, is not
part of a shorebird's equipment.
Nor is memory, of either survival
or losing, after the event.
Having squandered our attention, we
were less prudent.

For a day, we couldn't quite afford
that morning's black discovery.
Grief is like money; there is only
so much of it we can give away.
And that much grief, for a day,
bankrupted our economy.

—Amy Clampitt

• •


SOME BLACK HOLES IN THE UNIVERSE
THE PINK PUSSYCAT BAR-AND-GRILL
THE COMPLETELY REMODELLED HOTEL GRANDIOSO
THE YUCCA FLATS CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS
THE OLD WESTMONTE VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT
THE GREATER BINDLE-BURGH RAPID TRANSIT SYSTEM
THE EAST HOBBESVILLE HIGH SCHOOL MARCHING BAND
JOHN CORCORAN

• •

muda shorts and a straw planter's hat, stepped into the room.

"William, you're so dreamy. It's spring and you're in love," he said.

"I'm missing my wife some, Enoch. This will be my first summer alone."

"I'm an idiot," Enoch said. "How's about I come over tonight and we do some Wagner for a change? You can unfreeze the sauerkraut and I'll bring blood sausage."

"Do you believe Rose Prewitt was ever in a car wreck?" Billy said.

"Maybe."

"I don't believe that story anymore," Billy said. "I'm going to find out the truth of it."

"That's strange, for you to do that," Enoch said.

Billy shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe she needs help. Maybe her terrible husband got her into some deep trouble and she needs help."

"I don't think so, Billy, as much as you'd like that to be the case."

"What's your opinion, then? You know she's missing?"

Enoch laughed. "Missing since when? I just saw her in the library."

"And what?" Billy said. "How did she look, I mean."

"Glorious. A girl in a summer dress."

THE next day, Billy parked his car on the grass beside Rose's car—a VW bug with soft rear tires. Rose was living in a rented house trailer that was up on concrete blocks. There was a single tree, a fifty-foot elm, in the little yard before the trailer, and in back were flat acres of tobacco fields.

She received him at the door in a black caftan. Her dark hair was down and loose. Billy stepped into the trailer, refused her offer of tea, and squeezed into a booth behind a fold-down Formica-top counter, which he guessed was the breakfast-lunch-dinner table.

"Isn't this an eyesore? Outside and in?" Rose said. "But it's cheap."

Billy had called earlier and warned her of his visit, but she had seemingly made no effort to straighten the place up. The long, dim interior was a collection of piles: piles of clothes, piles of books and folders and envelopes, piles of soiled paper plates and cups. Rose sat at his feet, in a clear-plastic blowup chair.

"Am I being complained about some more?" she said.

"No, no. Undiluted praise is all I hear."

She chewed her thumbnail. "That's odd. Who's talking me up?"

"Janet Saltzer, for one," Billy said.

"Oh, that one. Well, that's odd. I

hide from that one—as much as I can. She's driven me away from my 511 class altogether."

"Say again?" Billy said, turning his good ear in her direction.

"Nothing," Rose said.

"Janet's wild for your teaching," Billy said, and Rose nodded tiredly.

"She makes me nervous," Rose said, speaking up.

"Adulation," Billy said. "How's your back?"

"Perfect." She smiled.

"And how is Robin?"

"He's gone," Rose said.

"You say gone? I'm so sorry."

"Don't be so sorry," Rose said. "He just went home to Cambridge, to rent us a place and get our furniture put in, and decorate the walls, and so forth. What you see here, all this trash, is mostly what we're leaving behind."

Billy laid his fingers on the Formica, over a half-moon tea stain. "So you're leaving?"

"The second my grades are turned in I'm off," Rose said. "Before that, if Creighton will let me mail them in."

Billy nodded several times. "You don't love us?"

"Oh, hell," Rose said.

"And your health is good?"

Rose laughed, and moved around in the blowup chair until it squeaked. "I wouldn't say good. I drink too much coffee and don't get enough exercise or rest. I smoke a little opium, every so often. I hope that doesn't shock you."

Billy said he had missed her last sentence and had her repeat it. "Opium? It doesn't shock me, no," he said then. "But can you *do* that?"

"Maybe once a month. You have to be careful. I've stopped for the spring and summer, actually."

Billy yawned, with his mouth behind his palm. "I would think if it makes you sleep in class—"

"It doesn't. I never did that on a class day, for Pete's sake. Boredom makes me sleep in class. Tedium, plus a little anxiety, plus running out of things to say. Teaching is not for me."

"It's good to find that out," Billy said.

"That's right. It is. I'd rather be a sales clerk than a history professor."

"Well, now you know," Billy said. "So the year wasn't a total loss."

"Not a total loss," Rose said. She seemed to be waiting for Billy to say something else. She was scrunched down on her spine in the bubble chair, lying in it, really. She blinked a few times and then arched her brows. Her smile cut two deep dimples, like brackets, around her mouth. It was a gorgeous smile, and Billy had to look away.

"I'm sorry we never had that chili dinner," she said finally. "And tell Enoch Dawes and company that I'm sorry we kept missing one another and never connected. I hope we didn't offend you people."

"Oh, Rose, there's no offense. I've been here over twenty years." Billy struggled out from under the little counter. He stood. "People like yourself . . . people just tend to come and go."

"It almost sounds as though you're saying good riddance to us."

Billy jangled his car keys in his trousers pocket. He smiled agreeably at Rose, because he had not caught what she'd said, and didn't want to ask her to repeat herself.

Rose laughed.

"Remember me to Robin," Billy said.

"I will, thank you. Did someone tell me your wife is ill?" Rose said.

"Say again?"

Rose covered her eyes with her hand. She said, "So, *so* sorry. Your wife passed away. What's wrong with me? I guess I had you jumbled up for an instant with someone else, or something. I would have liked to get to know you, Billy. You weren't the enemy here."

"I hope not. I surely do," Billy said.

"But you couldn't really be a friend, either. You see that?"

"If you say so."

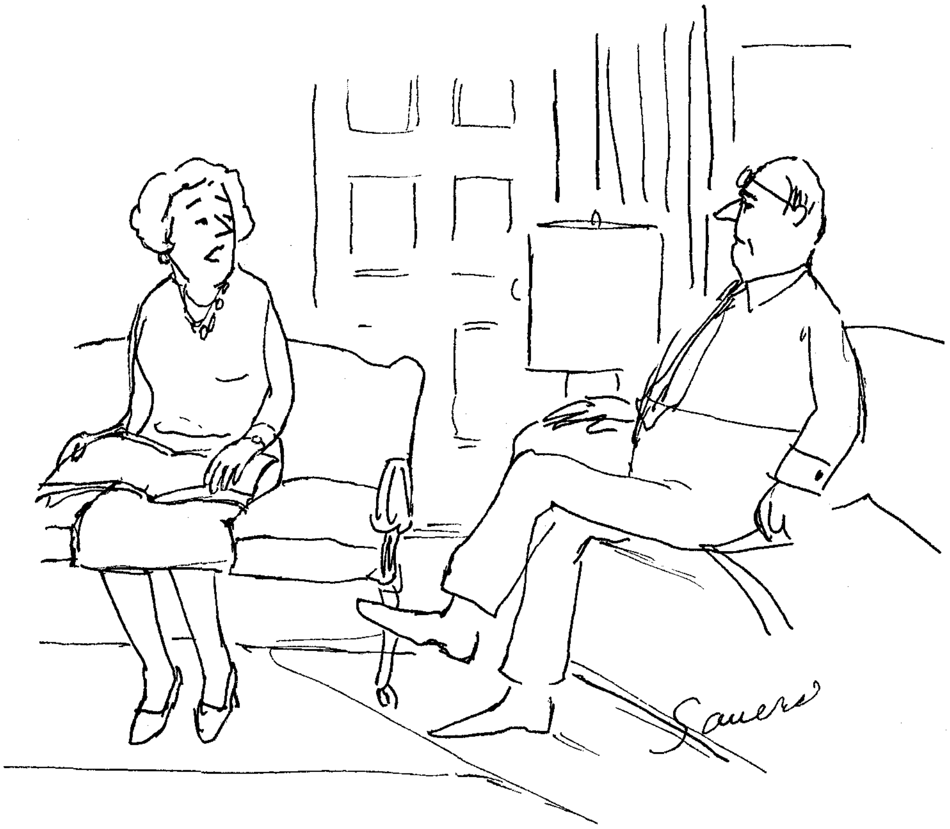
"You were too close to Creighton. You were too responsible."

"Yes, I see why you'd feel that way," Billy said.

"You're . . . so guiltless."

"Don't go on," Billy said. "You'll move beyond insulting into the realm of humiliating." He asked Rose if he could kiss her, and she nodded and offered her cheek. He bent over the *ridiculous inflatable chair and* kissed her once, on her lips, and left.

—James Robison



"You never said 'Give him a chance' when ***Carter*** *was elected."*

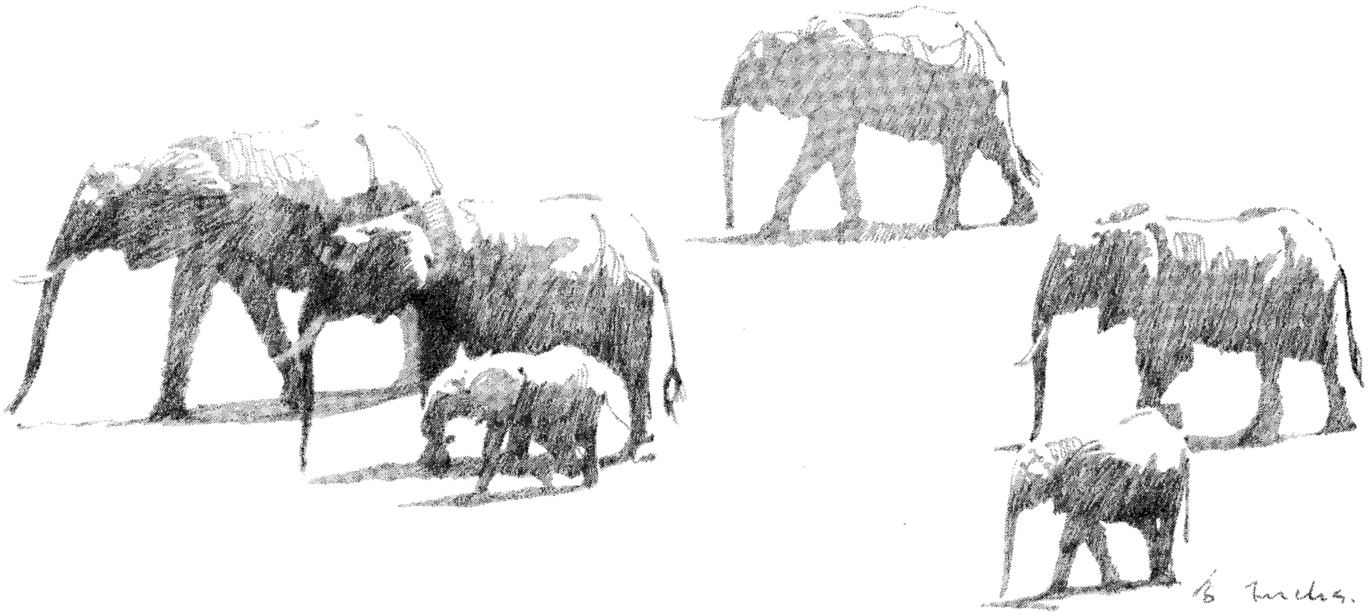
•

Waltham—Police are continuing to investigate a New Year's Day accident in which two cars apparently left the scene without the drivers being notified.—*Waltham (Mass.) News-Tribune.*

Probably a little too much Prestone the night before.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

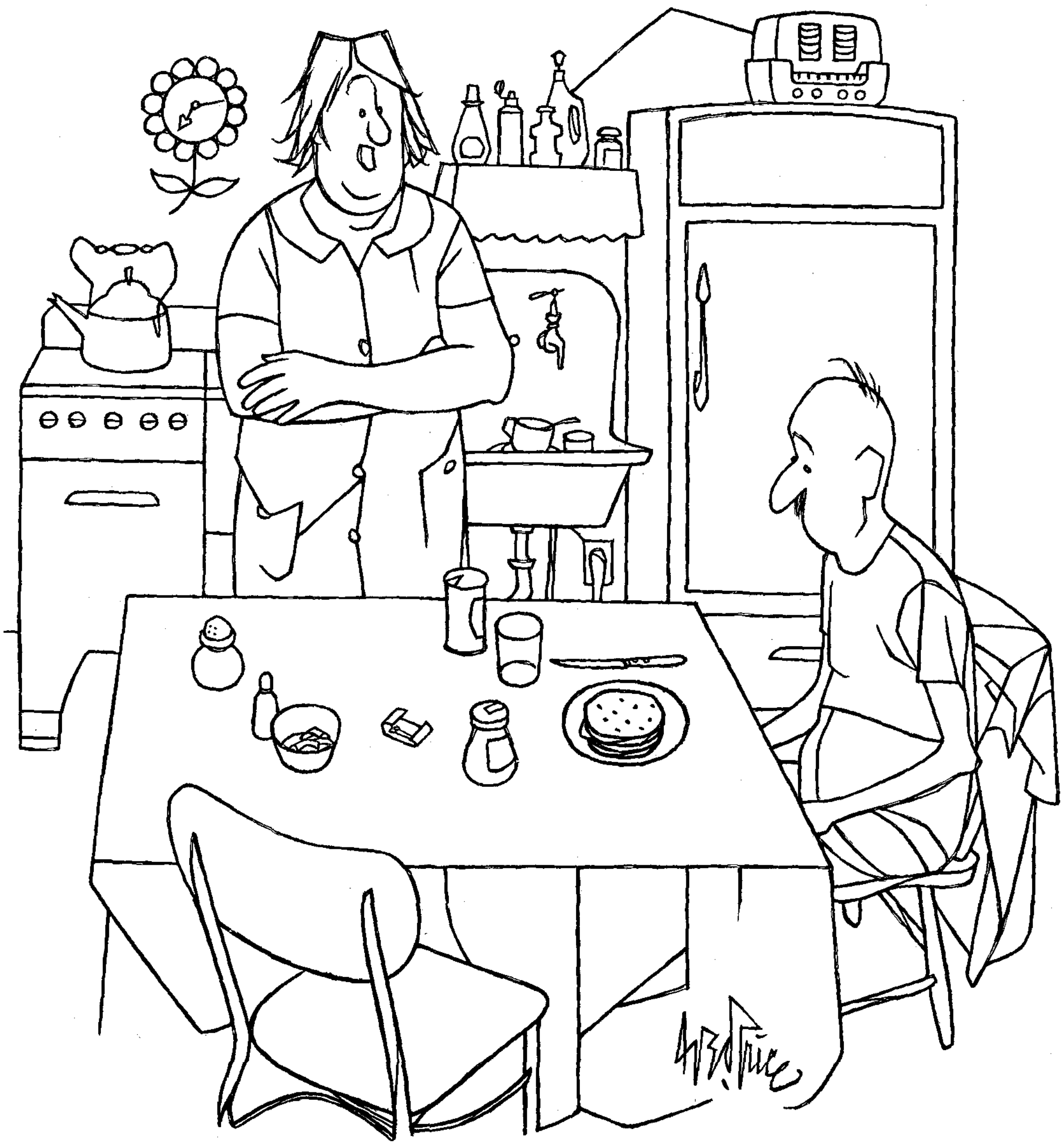
SAND RIVERS



IN the wild region between the Luwegu and Mbarangandu Rivers, in the far south of the Selous Game Reserve, in Tanzania, I made an extended foot safari a little more than a year ago with Brian Nicholson, who had served as a warden of the Selous for more than twenty years and knows it better than anyone else alive. The Selous is one of the greatest strongholds of large wild animals left on earth. Its area of twenty-one thousand square miles makes it larger than Vermont and New Hampshire combined; it is almost four times as large as the great Serengeti National Park, in Tanzania. Because the Selous is not a park but a game reserve, with facilities for visitors confined to one camp near the northern boundary, this remote region has been all but ignored in the great pilgrimage to the wildlife of East Africa which seized the imagination of the Western world in the nineteen-sixties and seventies.

The Germans had established a game reserve in this region as early as 1905, and the several reserves established by 1912 were known collectively to the Africans as Shamba ya Bibi, or Wife's Land, Kaiser Wilhelm, on a romantic impulse, having made it a huge and shaggy present to his wife. No Germans inhabited the region—their forts were nearer the coast, at Utete and Liwale—although in 1916 and 1917 they set up gun emplacements along the Rufiji River, where old horseshoes, cartridge cases, and the like may still be found. They also hauled an enormous steam engine all the way inland from Kilwa, using hundreds of unfortunate Africans as draft animals, to grind millet to make bread for their black soldiery; the abandoned steam engine still serves to commemorate the Second Reich in the Selous Game Reserve, as it was named in 1922 by the British. (Frederick Courtenay Selous, naturalist, elephant hunter, and explorer, once served as "white hunter" for Theodore Roosevelt.) In those days, the reserve was confined to a tract of approximately one thousand square miles, and not until a decade later, with the advent of an inspired young game ranger named C. J. P. Ionides, did it begin to assume the imposing shape that it has today. Ionides—or Iodine, as he came to be known throughout East Africa—has been called the Father of the Selous. A former British Army officer turned ivory hunter, he joined the Game Department in southeastern Tanganyika in 1933. Although he continued his avid hunting, collecting rare species as far away as the Sudan and Abyssinia, Ionides was a precocious conservationist. Very early in his career, he began to envision a great and self-perpetuating bastion of African wilderness—a complete ecosystem (as it is known today) where animals might wander in merciful ignorance of human beings. During a tenure of more than twenty years, he devoted his formidable energies to advancing this concept from a political point of view, exploring the region to map out some sensible boundaries and discouraging the activities of its scattered tribesmen—wherever possible by removing them entirely—thereby returning this wilderness, with its poor soils and abundant tsetse fly, to the wild animals for which it was best suited. Ionides was fond of saying that he found human beings the least interesting of all animals, which may have accounted for his reaction one day when a green mamba fell out of the thatched roof of a local hut onto a group of sleeping Africans and bit eight of them fatally before escaping from the wild panic. Ionides, who succeeded in capturing this snake, was outraged: "If I hadn't been in the area they'd have pursued it relentlessly and beaten it to death with sticks. Hooligans, insensitive dolts, thoroughgoing bastards."

By 1950, Ionides considered that his great work of creation had been done; he was devoting more and more time to the hunting and collecting that had become his passions, and increasingly so as he realized that a new young assistant in elephant control whom the Africans called Bwana Kijana (the Young Bwana) was capable of taking over most of his duties and carrying out the final steps in his master plan. In 1956, Ionides went off on leave, and, except to collect his things, never returned to the Game Department, where he was succeeded by the young assistant, an Englishman born in Kenya named Brian Nicholson. Imple-



"It's a ham and swiss on rye—one of the all-time greats."

• •

menting Ionides' master plan, Nicholson brought about boundary extensions during the nineteen-sixties which included crucial additions in the north, east, and south, most of them designed to spare outlying wildlife populations from black hunters (who brought in no revenue), the better that they might be killed by whites (who did: by the early nineteen-seventies, hunting safaris were not only supporting the whole operation of the Selous but producing revenues for the Tanzanian government as well). The reserve was divided into forty-seven hunting blocks, each with a predetermined, low annual quota for each species, and the ninety-four hunting safaris that came to the Selous in 1972 paid out one and a half million shillings in trophy fees alone.

The sixties and very early seventies, when a great amount of money was brought in from Europe and America, were prosperous years for the East African wildlife industry. But with the "Africanization" of European jobs, which began in the early seventies, the industry lost much of its international appeal, and the Tanzanian government's interest in it declined swiftly. By 1973, according to Nicholson, "everything was beginning to fall apart." The Game Department funds had been cut off, and there was mismanagement of what was left, together with wholesale incompetence. In March, 1973, in desperation, Nicholson submitted a report to the Ministry of Natural Resources and Tourism deploring the withdrawal of financial support for the Selous. The enforced reduction of game wardens, engineers, and mechanics, with the inevitable deterioration of efficiency that followed, had meant—among many other problems—discouragement and increased resignations among the dwindling number of competent people on the staff, loss of all but ten per cent of the reserve's vehicles to mechanical breakdown, and the virtual cessation of patrolling, with the result that the poaching activities brought under control ten years before were on the increase once again. Five months later, in the absence of any meaningful response, Nicholson resigned his post, having concluded that he was beating his head against a wall. He returned to Kenya, and, except for a few brief flying visits, he did not see the Selous again until the safari I made with him six years later, in September of 1979.

EARLY one morning, Nicholson and I, with eight Africans, wade across the Mbarangandu not far above its confluence with the Luwegu. Climbing the ridges between rivers, we shall follow the game trails for about eight miles, then descend to the Luwegu and continue south for perhaps three days before turning east to explore a high plateau with its own extensive swamp, or pan. From the plateau, we shall descend a tributary river that comes down off the western escarpment of the plateau and turns northeast, arriving eventually at the Mbarangandu. There is no good map of this region, and neither the plateau nor the tributary river has a name; as for the pan, Brian Nicholson, who remembers it as "crawling with elephant," is the only white man who has ever seen it. "This is the heart of the Selous," Nicholson has told me, "and you and I will be the first Europeans into most of the country that we're going to cross."

At our crossing place, the river is edged by high elephant grass, where big animals might be hidden, and when we pass into it the porters fall silent in an instant, as if entering the unknown. For the next hour, while the sun rises and the file of men climbs to the open woodland of the ridge, there is no sound but the tentative duets of barbets and boubous, and the soft whisper of our passage through dry grass. Goa, a Taita elephant

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"A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Malamute saloon; the kid that handles the music-box was hitting a jag-time tune; back of the bar, in a solo game, sat Dangerous Dan McGrew . . ."

• •

hunter from the Tsavo region of Kenya who has served as Nicholson's gunbearer for many years, is in the lead as tracker, a rifle over his small shoulder, with the butt extended toward Brian Nicholson. The gun is a heavy-bore .458 of Belgian make—an "elephant gun" supplied by the Game Department, very useful for stopping large oncoming animals. Goa holds his free hand far out in front of him, as if extending it to be kissed, fingers pointed down as if to dowse the ground before him for the slightest sign or sound or scent of danger; he moves so lightly that he seems to rise ever so slightly off the ground, at the same time craning his neck as if to see over tall grasses that, much of the time, are well over his head. There are six Ngindo porters, recruited from a village just outside the eastern boundary of the Selous, and behind the porters, making sure that none fall by the wayside, is a young camp assistant named Kazungu, who will serve as cook. Kazungu, from Kenya, did not wish to accompany this foot safari, because he thought that he would have to carry a load upon his head, like these unsophisticated young Ngindo; as late as yesterday, he was complaining of an excruciating pain in his right foot, screwing up his lively face for emphasis. But when informed that he would have to carry only his own gear, together with a *panga* for cutting firewood and brush, he was happy enough to come along and, in fact, as I discovered later, kept an enthusiastic journal of the safari, which he and a friend translated from Swahili into English and were kind enough to let me use:

> We began our safari at the junction of two rivers, the Luwegu and the Mbarangandu, and the date that I left was the 2nd September 1979. . . . One of us was an askari of the bush [the game scout, Goa] so we had no doubt with wild animals. We walked for a number of kilometres until we came to the Luwegu.

The porters take turns carrying an old-fashioned tent that Nicholson wished to bring along, despite my feeling that we did not need it. Since I am carrying nothing but binoculars and notebooks, I feel slightly ashamed, whereas Nicholson is not sheepish in the least. "If I had to carry one of those loads in this sort of heat, I wouldn't last out the first hour," he admits cheerfully. "I've never carried a thing on trek in forty years, and I never shall." What I was hearing wasn't laziness—Nicholson is anything but lazy—but a principle left over from the reign of Ionides, who liked to say, "I never do anything that can be done for me by someone else." Nicholson is proud that all his old safaris were elaborate—far more elaborate, he says, than this one. "Always had my own tent, of course, with tent fly and camp table and chair, and my gunbearer and cook and a hell of a lot of porters. Sometimes I'd be out five months at a time, so I needed a lot of equipment, but also it was important to be comfortable. Took along whatever I wanted, as a matter of fact. I had one man who just carried books, another who carried a coin chest for buying food in the settlements; the rest carried my personal gear and the food for all the others. On short safaris through settled areas, I had fifteen porters; on long ones through the bush, I would have forty. But once the food started to go, I couldn't have all these people sitting around eating up what was left, so I'd send them back in lots of six; they couldn't be sent off in ones and twos, not in *this* country."

On the ridge between the rivers, the file moves rapidly, in antlike silence, as if in flight from the accumulating heat. Since leaving the Mbarangandu, we have encountered no animals at all, only the pale rump of a kongoni, as the hartebeest is called, vanishing like a ghostly face into high grass. Other animals have come and gone—we see a rhino scrape, the elegant prints of greater kudu, old droppings of elephant and buffalo—but as the day grows, so does the sense of emptiness in the still woodland, which is not a closed canopy but open to the sun, and everywhere overgrown with high bronze grass. "All dead, dry stuff," Nicholson mutters. "No good to animals at all. In my time, the whole reserve would be burned over every year, two at the most. I had over four hundred game scouts who spent most of their time out in the field, and burning was their main job." Nicholson murmurs in Swahili to Goa, then stalks on, and Goa steps off the elephant path and sets fire to the tinder grass, which ignites with a hollow rush of the dry air. The fire leaps up with a hungry crackling, and a dark pall of smoke rises in our wake as we move south.

Knowing that I resist all this burning, Nicholson speaks impatiently about the views of a certain ecologist who believed that burning would eventually transform much of the Selous into a desert, since fire turns the

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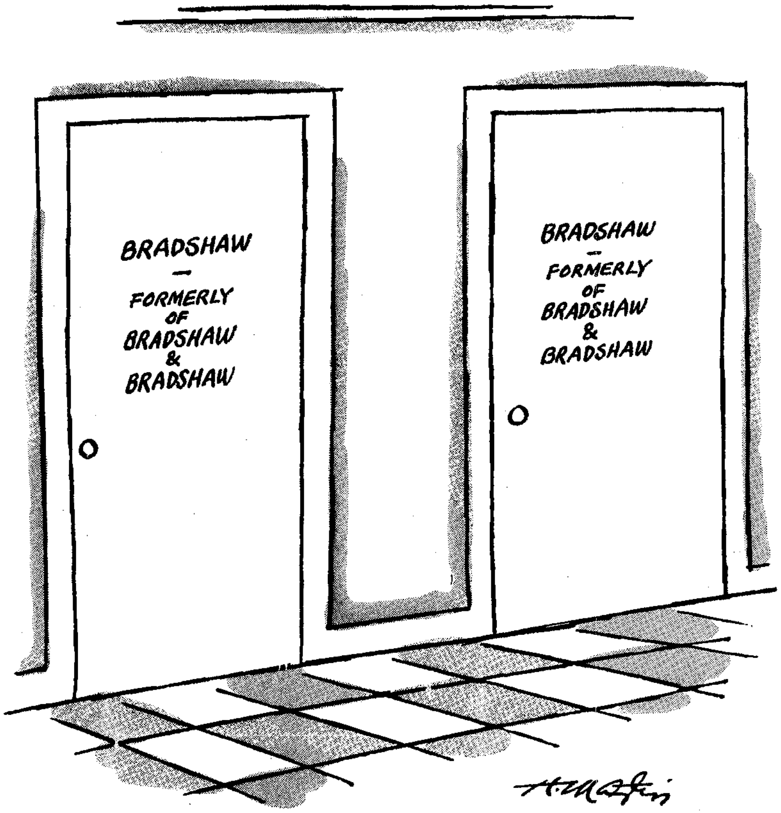
soil surface to hardpan by burning off the thin layer of humus until only acacia and other thorny inhabitants of arid bush are able to penetrate to the moisture below. But, in Nicholson's opinion, quick "cold" fires set not long after the rains, when the conflagration is limited by lack of fuel, encourage fresh growth without harm to the soil; what does real damage is setting "hot" fires, late in the dry season, when a great mass of accumulated dry grass, stalky brush, and dead wood causes deep burning. In most places, in any case, there is no humus to burn. The pale soils of this central plateau, leached out by millions of years of sun and tropic rains, have become acid and infertile. These poor soils without nutrients, together with the tsetse fly, have discouraged permanent human habitation, which is why this vast wilderness survived into historic times unchanged by man.

The thin, tall man walking ahead of me in his big floppy hat, old shirt and shorts, and worn red sneakers looks more the way old Iodine must have looked than like the conventional idea of the East African professional hunter, or the crisp old-style warden in regimental khaki. In side view, Nicholson, forty-nine, is a rather handsome man, with weather lines and good, high color, and taffy-colored hair in a military cut, shaved high in back and well above the ears. Head-on, his down-drawn face appears slightly askew. It isn't; the imbalance lies in his expression. His full lower lip has a slight twist—sardonic, faintly truculent—and a bald cast to his pale blue eyes gives an air of coldness, which his brusque manner does little to offset. In his angular, stoop-shouldered gait, he keeps up a long easy pace, remaining close to the swift, effortless Goa, yet every little while he turns and casts a hard eye back along the line, noticing quickly when the porters fail to keep close ranks, or when one or more tend to fall too far behind. "*Wanakuja?*" he calls. "Are they coming?" And with the barrel tips of the shotgun that he carries he moves a thorn branch off the thin trail, anticipating the bare feet of the young porters. His concern is professional—foot injuries would cripple our safari—but it isn't unfeeling, whatever he might have one believe.

Ahead, three young bull elephants are standing beneath a large and dark myombo tree, which at this season, in anticipation of the rains, is covered with a red canopy of seedpods. Getting our scent, the elephants move away in no great haste, as we come down into a grassy open glade. The blue acanth flowers of dry ground give way to blue commelina and lavender morning glory, and there are meadow springs and frogs and singing scrub robins. "At this season, most of the myombo belt is pretty dry from one end of Africa to the other, but here in the Selous it's so well watered that these little paradises occur everywhere in the dry woods," Nicholson says as the porters set down their loads beneath a myombo. "That's why we didn't bother to bring water bottles." But Goa is out putting the torch to the dry grass all around, and over this paradise black smoke is rising; within minutes, racquet-tailed rollers appear, filling the crackling heat with strident cries as they hawk the insects that whir up before the flames.

We head southwest to the Luwegu. Unlike the Mbarangandu, the Luwegu still carries a swift flood of brown-gray water that in most places fills the riverbed from one side to the other, and this high water, unusual at this time of the year, must account in part for the scarcity of animals along the margins, since there is more water than they need in the pools and springs back in the woods. Where we come out on the banks of the Luwegu, we see no elephant at all, only a large crocodile which lies out on a bar along the bank, its jaws transfixed in the strangled gape with which these animals confront their universe. In the short mile between bends of the river, two large herds of hippopotamus are visible. They steam and puff and honk in great contentment, though two have at each other every little while in a great blare and thrash, to banish the monotony of river life.

Sometimes hippos remain beneath the water for minutes at a time, thinking long thoughts or cooling the cumbersome machinery of their brains or —in deeper water—enjoying a short stroll over the bottom. But in close quarters commotion resumes rapidly: a quake and rumbling from beneath the surface, then a roar and a wash as the huge bodies surge, and way is made for two pink-eyed gladiators, splitting each other's ears with heavy bluster. Sometimes one will turn aside, not to flee but to hoist its hind end out of the water long enough to defecate, the fleshy, furious short tail whisking muddy manure into the unoffended face of its assailant. Many of these encounters are not true fights but the threat display of a female hippo, directed at those which approach her calf too closely. When real fights occur between two males, the herd does not join in the uproar but falls silent as the gigantic creatures rear up on their hind legs, mouths wide and ivory clacking; huge heads locked, the titans twist, crashing back into the water in the attempt to come to grips, as a dung-filled wave rolls across the pool, sending birds up from the margin and washing the water lettuce with a rich soup of manure. Then the dominant male of the herd may come in from



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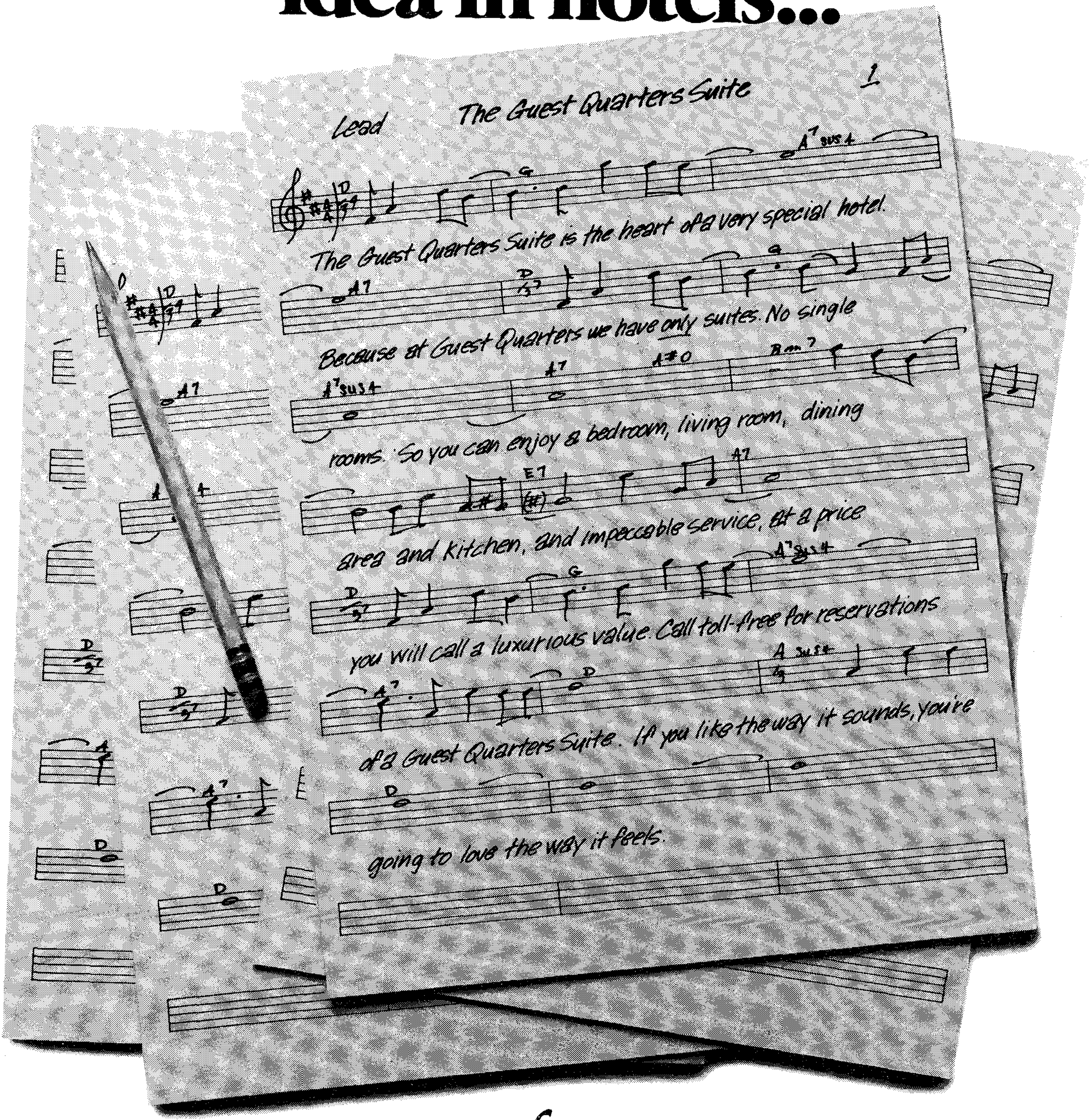
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the side, in ominous silence, to deliver to one of the straining contestants a terrific bite upon the flank, driving it off, whereupon he will turn upon the other and engage it in a test of jaws. Only when the fight is over does the nervous herd release its tensions with a mighty uproar, as if the views of each one had been vindicated, subsiding shortly once again, as if nothing had happened. Most of this is ritualized combat, minimizing injuries, as it is among many, if not most, of the horned and antlered animals, but hippo bulls may be slashed open by the enormous shearing teeth, and often die. I have seen one of the vanquished, apparently banished from his pool, come very quietly out of the hot scrub, anxious to get in out of the heat; he stood indecisive on the bank, great head resting humbly on the sand, as if listening for favorable vibrations. If so, he heard none, and decided not to risk it, for after a while he turned away and walked back slowly into the bush, revealing a large open gash on his hindquarter.

Everywhere, as we walk upriver, the animals are starting to appear. Among the smaller animals that cross our path are ground squirrels and the green monitor lizards, small relatives of the great Komodo dragons of the East Indies, and a black-tipped mongoose, scampering along the bank, which is red as fire; the banded and pygmy mongoose are common in the Selous, but this is the first of this weasel-like species I have seen. Impala are numerous and remarkably tame; a band of waterbuck under a tamarind beside the river lets man walk up within a few yards before prancing off in a pretty canter into the woods. Warthog and wildebeest are also rather tame, though not confiding. Under a big tree by the corner of the river, from where the Mahoko Mountains can be seen off to the west, stands a placid group of elephant; not until we move a little uphill to the east of them, to let the breeze carry down our scent, do they give way.

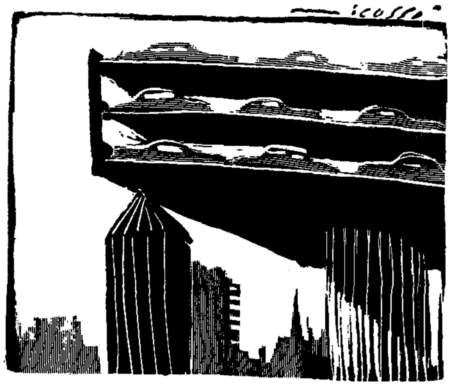
We saw elephants where we wanted to pass. We went upwind of them to give them our smell, and this make me understand that no matter how dangerous an animal is, if he is not familiar with a smell he will run.

We went up and down the hills and met some different animals.

Behind the elephants is a large grove of borassus palm, with its graceful swelling high up on the pale bole; from each palm, or so it seems, a pair of huge griffon vultures violently depart, their heavy wingbeats buffeting the clack of wind-tossed fronds. At this season, the borassus carries strings of fruit, like orange coconuts, which are sought out by the elephant. The mango-like kernels remind Nicholson of the elephant habit of gorging on the fallen fruits of the marula tree. "Used to ferment in their stomachs, make them drunk or sleepy; they'd just lie down on their sides and snore. Ever hear an elephant snore? Oh, you can hear that a *hell* of a long way!"

Keeping the porters close, we push through thickets to a shady grove beside the river. This first day, we shall quit early, while the sun is high, to give the Africans a chance to dry the strings of dark-red meat jerked from a buffalo killed yesterday; this biltong will be their main food for the journey. Goa and Kazungu string a line between high bushes on the bank to hang the meat, which is brought up in big handfuls by the porters; once dry, the biltong is very hard and tough and may be slung around among the luggage.

Abdallah, one of the young porters, spreads green canvas in the shade, and the sahibs lie down upon it to take tea. Since Nicholson's red sneakers are blistering his toes, the decision to stop early is a good one; also, the Ngindo are not trained porters and will collapse quickly in this heat—it must be 100 degrees Fahrenheit or better—unless they are given a day or two to get broken in. The remarkable Abdallah, of the squint eye and sweet laugh, is now doing headstands in the sun—actually, jumping on his elbows in a small circle on the thorny ground—but two of his companions are laid out like corpses. One of these is Kalambo, who wears huge blue boxers' shorts that extend below his knobby knees, and the other is a heavy boy with the name Davvid, who wears a bright-red shirt. Then there is Amede—short for Muhammad—who walks with the sway of a giraffe, and Shamu, whose face is wide-eyed, faintly alarmed, like the face of a small antelope; his small size and slight body, his expression make him look too young to be carrying loads that might bend his bones, but on closer inspection I see that Shamu is a full-grown man who has retained a childlike air of innocence. Most of the time, he sits quietly to one side, smiling delightedly at the witty sallies of his friends. Finally, there is Mata, small-faced as a vervet and given to harsh, yapping barks; Mata likes to walk apart from the file of porters, and once or twice he dared walk on ahead when Goa and Nicholson had paused to light their fires. Nicholson murmured something in Swahili which brought a bad look to Mata's face; he seemed to consider a spry remark but then thought better of it. We had been warned that we would have trouble with Mata, but Nicholson knew better. "Once you put a bit of distance between them and the camp, and they have to depend on you for their protection, they're quite anxious to please," he said, and he was right: after the first encounter with the elephants, Mata fell back into the line and gave no more trouble. "Oh, there are exceptions to the rule, of course," Nicholson reflected later. "Once had to kick a porter in the balls and give him a good clout to go with it. No choice, really." When Nicholson says these things, he fixes me with that bald eye and gives a faint clack of his false teeth, and I can't make out whether he intends this as a literal account of makeshift discipline in the bush, or if he is teasing my "American" notions about Africans, or whether he is feeling nostalgic about the grand old days when Ionides could have a whole village flogged and get away with it.



IN early afternoon, the clouds have gone, and the day is dry and hot. Drinking gratefully from the brown river, I realize how rare now are the places left in Africa where one can drink the water without risking bilharzia or worse; in the Selous, one can sip with impunity from pools and puddles and even from big footprints in the mud. Later, I find a bathing place safe from crocodiles behind a silvered log, and lie back for a long time in the warm flood, watching the western sky turn red behind a gigantic baobab across the river. Behind me in the forest, an elephant's stomach rumbles—or perhaps the elephant is pondering my scent, for Nicholson says that what is usually called stomach rumbling in elephants is ac-

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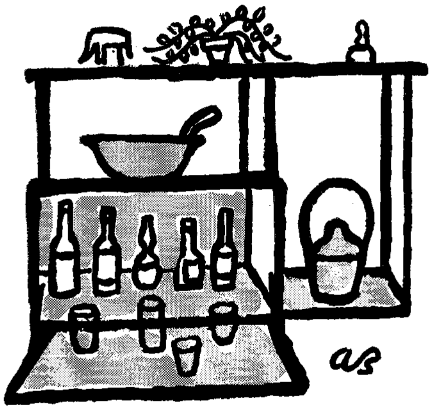
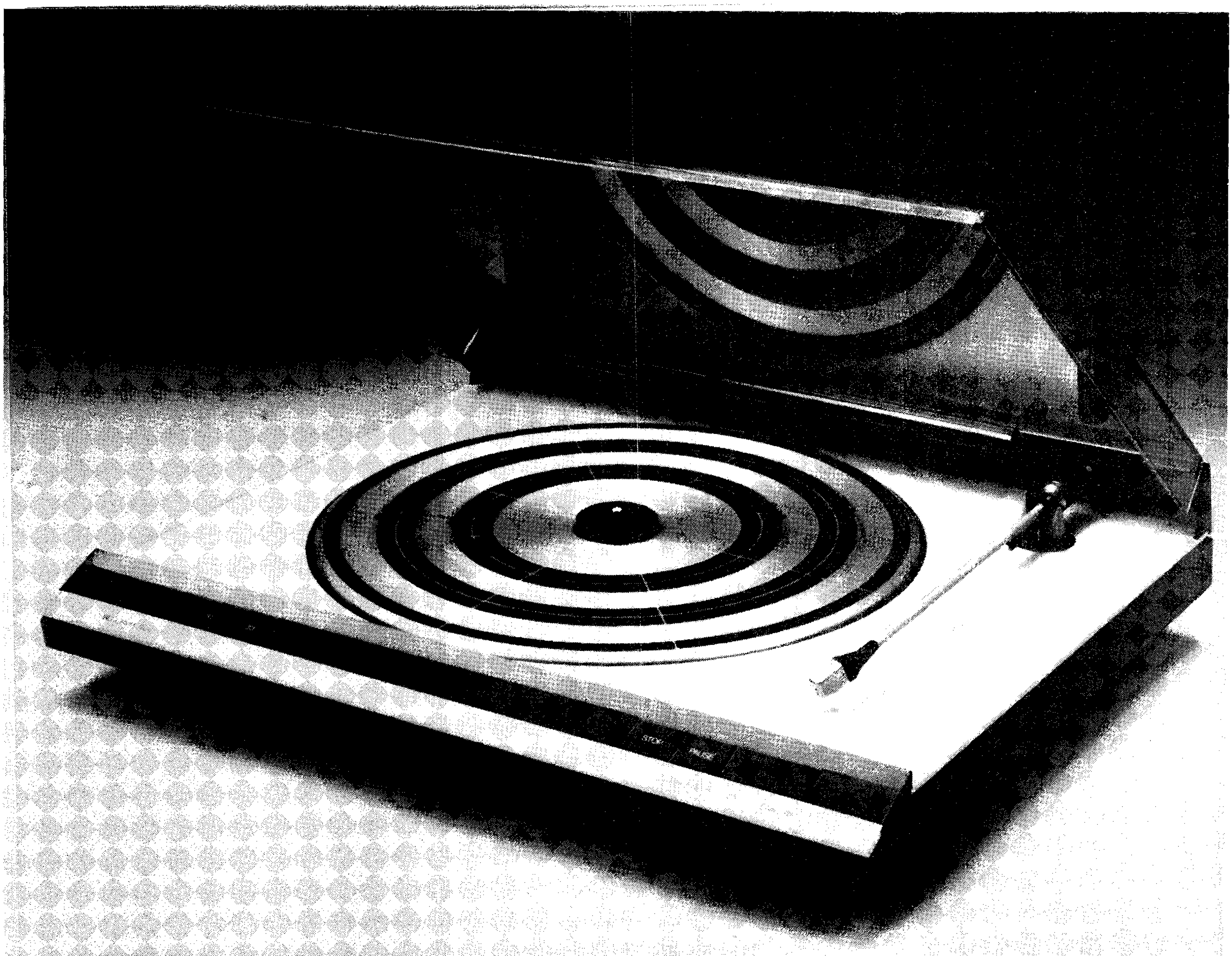
tually a low growl of apprehension and perhaps warning. Trumpeter hornbills gather in the mahoganies over my head, and I am attended by a small dragonfly, fire red in hue, that might have flown out of the sunset. I am extremely content to be here, yet I do not look forward to the evening; Nicholson and I have got on well enough, all things considered, but other people have always been around to smooth over the rough edges. I don't know this man yet. We have been thrown together by fate, not by affinity, and doubtless he regards our enforced companionship as warily as I do. When I walk back to camp, Nicholson is lying on his cot before his tent, head raised up on his elbow, watching me. I am not surprised that he and I have been having the same thoughts, or when he says, coming straight out with it, "You know, Peter, when this idea came up that you and I would go off together on a long foot safari, I was dead set against it. You can't just go bashing off into the bush with some fella you've never set eyes on. Had to have a good look at you first." Our first meeting, two weeks earlier, in Dar es Salaam, had been awkward, and together we laugh about it now. "Didn't know *how* to act!" Nicholson says. "Didn't know what was wanted of me, really." He seems happy and relaxed, eager to talk, and the talk is almost entirely free of the cynicism and intolerance that I thought would cause trouble between us.

At the age of sixteen, Nicholson abandoned his formal schooling in Nairobi and went to work for the noted animal collector Carr Hartley, who paid him a hundred shillings a month and rations, and gave him his first lessons in dealing with large wild animals. The next year, he signed on with a professional hunter named Geoffrey Lawrence-Brown and made thirteen or fourteen safaris as an apprentice hunter in order to qualify for his professional hunter's license. But being a "white hunter" did not interest him. He had always wanted to be a game warden, which in those days meant living in the bush and hunting and shooting to protect the settlements of the local people from the depredations of wild animals, especially elephant and lion. No such jobs were available in Kenya to a youth of his experience, and in 1949, at the age of nineteen, he signed on as a "temporary assistant elephant-control officer." His supervisor was C. J. P. Ionides, then senior game ranger of Tanganyika. Ionides and young Nicholson took to one another straightaway, and in 1955, when Nicholson went on his first leave from the Game Department, he was no longer Bwana Kijana but a full-fledged Bwana Nyama—Mister Game, as the Africans called the Game Department wardens (or Mister Meat, Nicholson says wryly, choosing the other meaning of *nyama*)—and so absorbed in his job that he did not want to take leave at all. "In those days," he says, "they used to make us take overseas leave, and so I decided to visit the U.K." At the Overseas Club in London, where he went for want of any other destination, he met a pretty Australian girl named Melva Peal. Miss Peal came out to Africa in August of that year, and despite the warnings of Ionides, who had always avoided women, and who assured Nicholson that domesticity would never mix with a life in the bush, they were married in January, 1956. A few days after the wedding, Nicholson left on a six-week safari. He handed his bride a gun and said, "If anybody tries to break in, shoot him." All three Nicholson children—Susan, Sandra, and John Philip (named for Ionides)—were born in Nachingwea, a city from which nearly all Europeans departed after Tanganyika became independent, in 1961. (Tanzania was created in 1964, when Tanganyika united with Zanzibar.)

In the early days, Nicholson says, he spent most of his time on elephant control, which was often a bit risky. "I lost a very good man once to an elephant—one of my head game scouts. You might think of a head game scout as a sort of regimental sergeant major. Today they call them game assistants—I suppose they think it's less demeaning to be an assistant than to be a scout! But anyway, this Saidi—Saidi Nasora Kibanda—was a first-class shot, which is very rare among Africans; he was also a superb hunter, and very knowledgeable. One day about 1965, Saidi was out with a trainee on elephant control, and the trainee wounded an elephant, which Saidi had him follow up. I'll never really know what happened; when these things occur, the survivor always puts things in the best light for himself. But apparently the elephant attacked, and the trainee ran, and for some reason Saidi failed to stop that elephant, although they were in open country and it should have been a routine shot. That elephant destroyed him." Nicholson pauses, as if granting Saidi a moment of silence. "Old Saidi was a hell of a good fellow, and his death came as a hell of a shock to me, I don't mind telling you. That man was my right arm. Very loyal, very intelligent—a very nice man altogether."



Nicholson clears his throat, frowning a little. "I suppose I lost one or two game scouts every year out on control work, but I can't think what could have happened to Saidi. These large-bore precision weapons stop an elephant pretty easily, although most Africans have a hard time believing it; perhaps that's why they don't aim properly. Usually the animal will come at you with his head low, and you shoot at the forehead, above the eyes, to hit the brain; if the head is raised, of course, you shoot just at the base of it. Either way, he goes right over—no problem at all. Of course, there are times when nothing seems to work properly, and probably it was one of those times that caught up with poor old Saidi. I had a day like that myself. I was stationed at Mahenge at the time. We had been asked to deal with three bull elephants that were getting into the villages, then becoming aggressive with whoever tried to drive them out, and running around knocking over houses, too. The people had these flimsy huts on poles that they would put up to keep watch on the crops; when elephants came, they would try to drive them off by beating on tins and the like. One day, there was an old woman in one of these huts, and when these three bulls turned up in the gardens she started beating on her tins, and the elephants came for her. They knocked over the hut and trampled her and tore her to pieces—made a real mess of her. When I arrived and finally had them located, I had to stalk them through very high grass, over my head, and when I came up with them they were all together in a kind of opening they had beaten down in the high grass. Two were broadside to me, one com-



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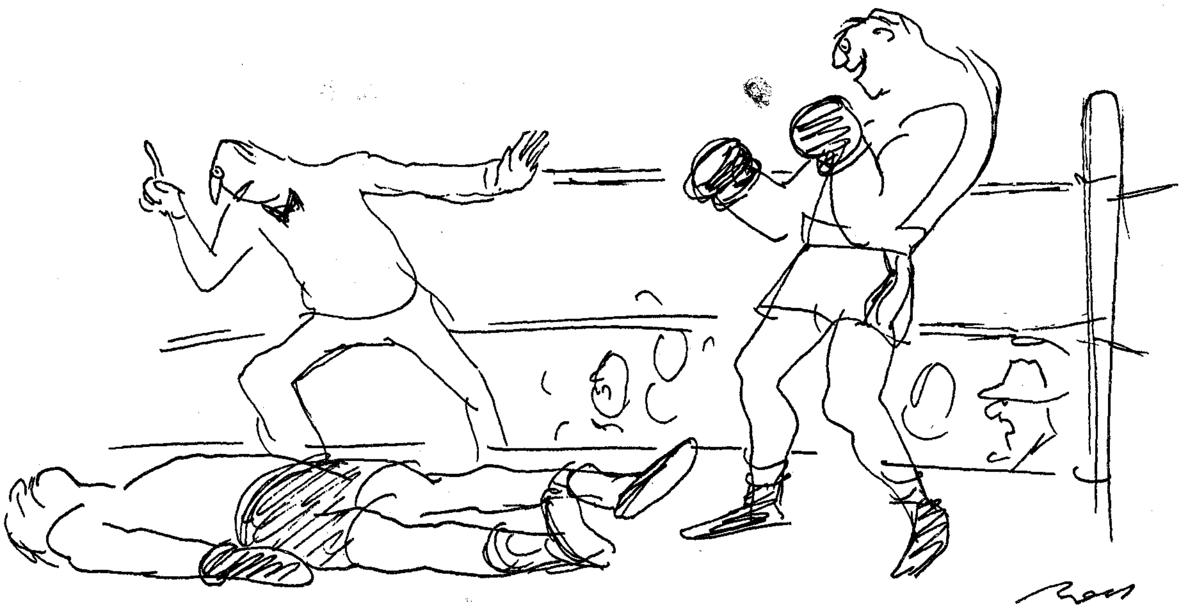

"There! Now I'm Number Twenty-six and you're Number Twenty-seven!"

• •

pletely screening the other, and the third was looking off in another direction. When you shoot an elephant in the brain, it always sits back on its haunches, and I reckoned that the near one, falling back that way, would give me a fair shot at the one behind it. Then my gunbearer would give me the other gun, and I'd have two barrels to use on the third animal. Well, the first part of the plan worked well enough; the first sat backward, I dropped the second, and grabbed the other gun. But the third animal was already taking off, and I got off two quick shots aimed at the pelvis, because a pelvis shot will cripple an elephant and stop him so that you can finish him off properly. However, I had shot too fast, and he kept going. Because I wasn't absolutely sure the second elephant was dead, I told the gunbearer to load up the first gun, showed him just where he should point the barrel, and then I took off after No. 3. He was only about sixty yards away, and badly hurt, but my third shot didn't drop him—I still don't know why—just set him running again, and a fourth shot, intended for the pelvis, didn't stop him either; all it did was turn him right around. I realized that the gun was empty and I had no more cartridges—hadn't thought I'd need them, you see—and I did the only thing I *could* do: I ran like hell back down that path that the elephant had made through the tall grass. After about five yards, I tripped and fell, and he was on me. This elephant was badly hurt, and his trunk was full of blood, spraying all over me. He couldn't smell me, you see, and after he missed me with his tusks he somehow lost me, and I was able to roll away. Luckily, he decided to take off again, and I ran back to my gunbearer. I didn't have Goa at that time; this man was only a trainee, who never did make it as a gunbearer, and when he saw me all covered with blood he panicked. He thought the elephant had got me, and because I was running he imagined it was still hot after me, and so he departed in the opposite direction. When I caught up with him, I gave him a hell of a clout to calm him down and grabbed a handful of cartridges out of his pouch and went back and finished off that elephant. That was the closest call I ever had with a wild animal."

A half-moon rests in the borassus fronds over our heads, and a tiny bat detaches itself, flits to and fro, and returns into the black frond silhouette. We lie peacefully upon our cots and watch the stars. From the forest comes the hideous squalling of frightened baboons trying to bluff a leopard—or so we suppose, since leopard sign is plentiful around the camp.

In the moonlight, the bull hippos of the herd move in close to the bank to bellow at our fire; in trying to frighten us off, they panic one another and porpoise heavily away over the shallows, causing great waves that carry all the way across the river and slap onto the mud of the far bank. Man does not belong here, and the hippopotamus cannot seem to accept us; we have disrupted their whole sense of how the nighttime world unfolds in the old Africa. They do not go ashore to feed but remain out there just beyond the firelight, keeping watch on the intruders and banishing our sleep with outraged bellows.

THIS is how Nicholson has arranged the day: We are to rise at six, have tea, and be off at seven; at about nine, we break for tea and porridge. At midmorning, we walk for two more hours, then rest in the hot part of the day; in midafternoon, we walk two hours more, tending toward the river, where we make camp at the first good site.

This morning, everyone is silent. The porters speak just once, murmuring softly among themselves, and instantly Goa stops and turns and, after a moment, says almost inaudibly, "*Nani anaongea?*" ("Who is talking?") When nobody speaks, he takes this for an answer and goes on. Over his shoulder, Nicholson murmurs, "I always have it as a rule—no one talks on trek except me and the tracker." I nod in approval. Talking almost invariably detracts from the real pleasure of walking, in which one finally enters the surroundings. And in the wilderness the human voice is disturbing to animals we might otherwise see, quite apart from the fact that nothing should intrude upon Goa's apprehension of his surroundings. Now Goa has stopped again, raising one hand. Shadows deep in the scrub ahead have shifted, and soon a bull elephant moves out into the open—in no hurry, since Goa has left him time and space in which to take his leave.

There are more elephant during the morning, in twos and threes and fives. Huge ground hornbills fly away with the slow beats of their white primaries, which seem incapable of keeping such large birds aloft; like vultures, which are also huge and without enemies, the hornbills seem exceptionally shy. Against the blue hills to the west stands a herd of elephant cows and calves. Getting our scent, a young cow leads the juveniles away while the old

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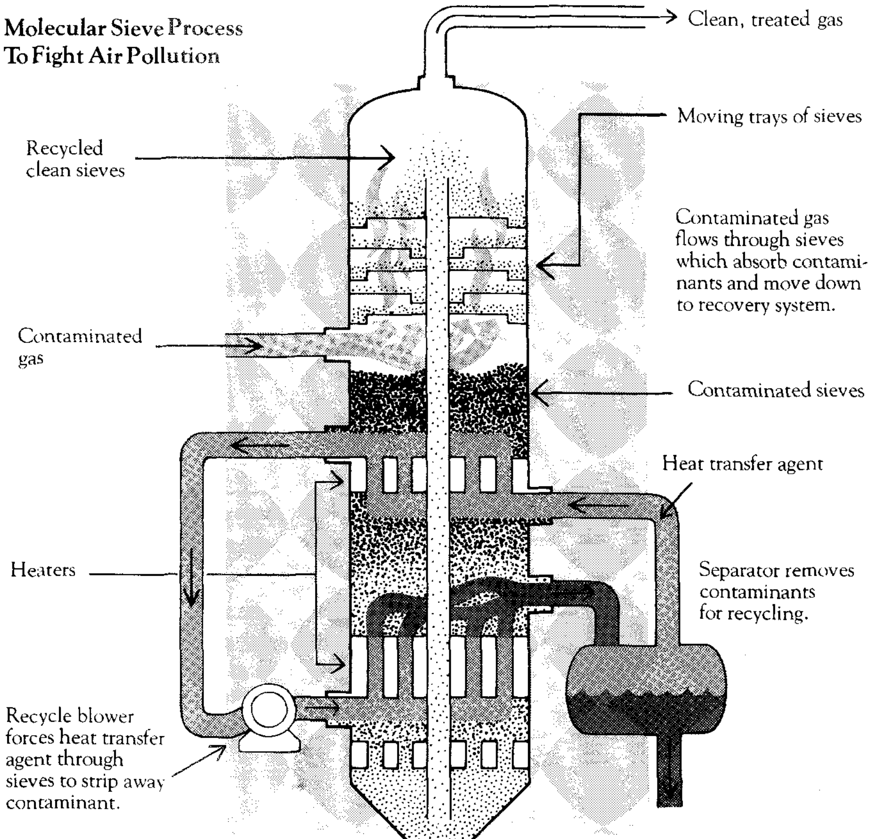
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Moving trays of sieves
Recycled clean sieves
Contaminated gas flows through sieves which absorb contaminants and move down to recovery system.
Contaminated gas
Contaminated sieves
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America's Chemical Industry

The member companies of the Chemical Manufacturers Association matriarch stands guard, trunk high, as if in warning; and soon we see a toto hastening away after the others, the top of his small, earnest head scarcely visible in the high grass. For a long time, a big gray eland bull stands watching us, attended by three soft-brown cows with calves. Like other striped animals—kudu, bushbuck, zebra—eland are taboo animals to the tribesmen to the east of the reserve, who know that eating striped beasts brings on leprosy.

In numbers of animals seen this morning, the far south of the Selous compares with the great parks, but the tameness of almost every creature in this country has nothing to do with the aplomb of sophisticated park animals. Here, the confiding curiosity appears to stem from a trusting innocence of man, unlike anything that I have seen elsewhere in Africa.

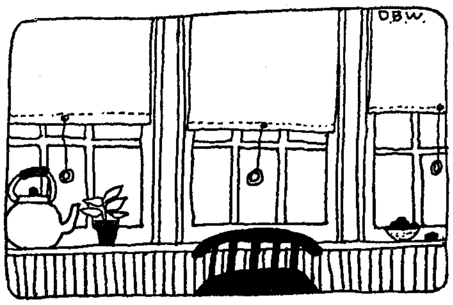
Once again, the Luwegu comes in view, set off by broad white sandbars and tall palm trees, the surface broken here and there by clumps of rocks that turn out to be hippos. We descend to the bank at the end of a sandbar where a giant kingfisher, night blue and chestnut, has seized a fish too big for it to manage; it squats on the sand belaboring the fish, then gives this up and lugs its catch away across the river, which at this bend must be three hundred yards across. As Goa sets his fires, we head south. Since the river bears west, we are soon inland and higher than we intended, emerging at last on an escarpment. Five buffalo lying down under black boulders heave to their feet and hump away into high grass, and from the rocks a black eagle takes wing across a hidden valley of baobab plains and grassy glades, cut off from the world by steep cliffs and hills east of the river. Nicholson had never known that this place existed; in his years here he had always found a way around these rough escarpments. "If I'd known about it, I would have come here and made camp; a place like this is bound to be crawling with game. It's likely that the tribesmen who once lived here knew it, but we must be the first white people ever to come here."

We follow a steep buffalo trail down the escarpment, crossing the plain of baobab and pushing more buffalo out of dense shade. Then we climb again, working our way around more hidden buffalo; in the very steep, hot, thorny going, the Ngindo are exhausted, but because of all the buffalo their nerves give them the energy to keep up. Across the centuries, the elephant have found all the paths of least resistance, and Goa follows their clear trails up and down the broken country, but by midday two of the porters are "pretty well knocked up," in Nicholson's expression. Because there is no shade where we strike the river, we continue along the hot, slow sand, enter the bush again, and find ourselves between an agitated hippo and the river. For all one reads about lion and elephant, buffalo and rhinoceros, it is probably this vast water pig of other ages, with its immense jaws and long, shearing teeth and unexpected speed, that kills more people than any other animal in Africa, and it does so most often when, as now, it finds itself cut off from sanctuary in the water. We stand a moment, at a loss, listening to this beast's companions disporting in the river, and then Goa leads in a polite circling maneuver, working inland to give the hippo a clear path. Misinterpreting this move, the hippo retreats inland a little, too, then stops to glare again, coming fully about to face us as it does so. Because we are all hot and tired, and no solution is in sight, we cross quickly between the hippo and the river, as Goa calls to the young porters to keep up.

In the dense river thickets once again, the porters keep up smartly without being told. Nicholson kicks at fresh manure and mutters, "Liable to turn up a buffalo just now." He has scarcely spoken when the porters yell and scatter, dropping their loads. Goa whirls and raises the rifle; we had passed a buffalo, which then burst from a thicket by the river only a few yards from the line of men. It does not charge but runs off in the direction we have come from, and all the porters squeal with nervous laughter.

Having never been on safari before, the young porters are inexperienced with big animals, but this has not always been true of the Ngindo. Though these people practice a subsistence agriculture, growing mostly maize, millet, and cassava, and keep a few goats and chickens, they were essentially hunter-gatherers until this century, and to this day they have retained the small, slight stature of bush hunters. Probably they made slight impact on the wildlife population, since apparently they were always few in number, living in small, seminomadic groups along the rivers. A Portuguese document of 1616 mentions the sparsity of the inland population in this region, referring to it as a "*terra deserta*," and human numbers were maintained at a low level by the constant attrition of the Arab slavers, the Ngoni Zulu, and the Germans. Though some Ngindo must have been taken as porters and slaves, they offered no resistance to the caravans of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries which passed through on the way to the interior. Where chance offered, in fact, they stole one another's children and bartered them for salt, cloth, and the primitive firearms that still serve in out-of-the-way places as items of prestige, and thus made at least a minor contribution to the desolation and disruption of the countryside, the pillage and burning and intertribal raiding, and the destruction of wildlife which the slavers and the ivory traders left in their wake almost everywhere.

Though local tradition says that the Ngindo people were always forest hunters, it may be that this was a consequence of chronic disruption and flight. "We do not stay long enough to eat our own mangoes" is an Ngindo proverb. The original Ngindo homeland is thought to have been farther south, extending across the Ruvuma River into what is now Mozambique; apparently, they were pushed northward by the Ngoni Zulu, who swept up from southern Africa in the nineteenth century. Eventually, the Ngoni, with their well-organized militia, came into bitter conflict with the Germans, who were settling this region from the north, and the hapless Ngindo were caught in between. Having gone to the Germans for protection against the Ngoni, they found that these white men were still worse. The Germans needed slave labor to make cash crops out of their cotton, and malingerers were given twenty lashes. These beatings inspired such resentment that finally, in 1905, the Ngindo people not far east of the Selous Reserve boundary rebelled against an order to pick cotton. The revolt spread to the Lungonya River region, where a witch doctor produced a magic water to protect Africans



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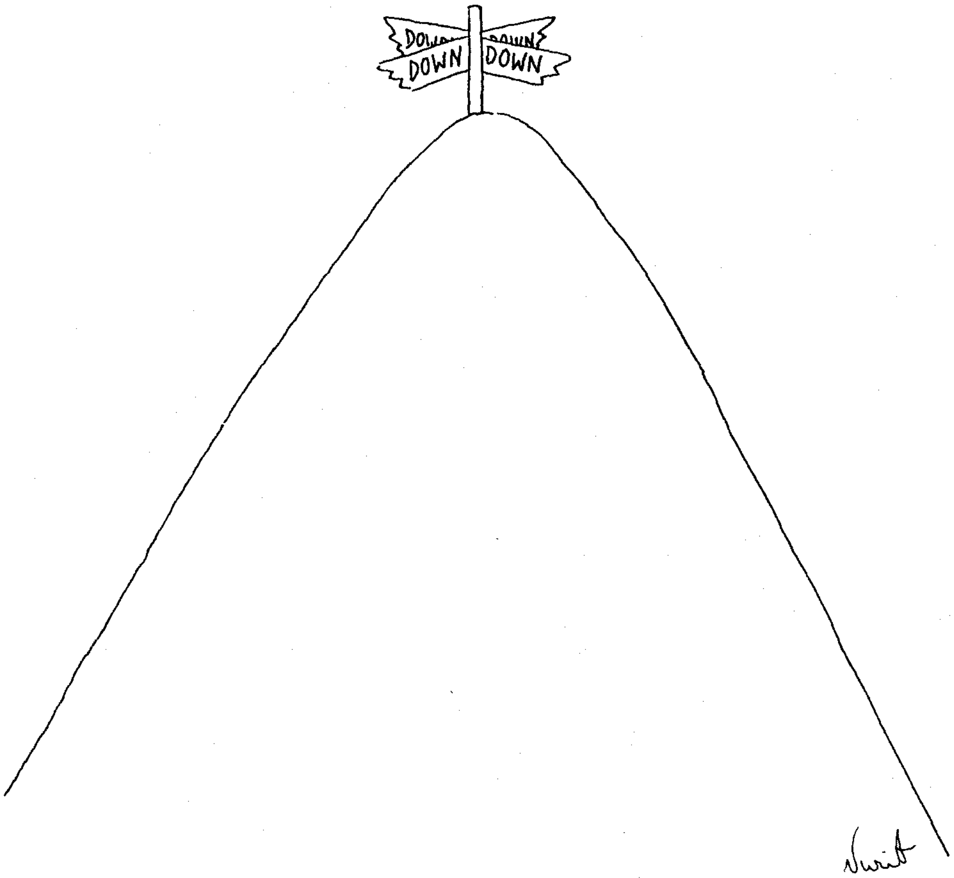

from European bullets, and soon five Germans, including a bishop and a nun, were destroyed by Ngindo at a place called Mukukuyumbu, near Liwale; others were killed by Pogoro people near Madaba, and it was at Madaba that there commenced, in November of that year, the efficient and thorough suppression of what came to be known as the Maji Maji Rebellion. As a routine matter, it is said, the Germans executed the eldest son of every family in the region, and at least a hundred thousand Africans were slaughtered. (In this same period, the Germans were carrying out repressions of a comparable brutality among the Herero of what is now Namibia.) Everywhere, villages and crops were put to the torch, with no respite given in which new gardens might be planted, and in the next three years more thousands died of starvation, vultures and the shroud of fires darkened the humid skies, and lions prospered.

Just after five, we make camp beneath a big tamarind at the river's edge, across from a grove of high borassus. Upstream, a solitary bull elephant wanders the bank; farther on, an eland emerges from the trees, very pale against the dark greens of the river forest. A harsh racketing downriver is made by a pair of huge goliath herons performing a courtship ritual in the shallow water: it seems appropriate that the goliath heron and the giant kingfisher are still abundant on these big wild rivers, though no longer common elsewhere in East Africa. The herons display to each other with broad wings and nervous dancing as a third heron, to all appearances an injured party, turns its back on them and sits hunched on a sandbar, staring off into the north.

Kazungu brings us mushroom soup, and Nicholson gives his bowl to me; he cannot eat it. In 1959, he says, he came down with serious stomach pains, which he did nothing about for four years. "Had knotted guts whenever I ate anything. Couldn't eat fresh fruit or vegetables at all. Finally got down to about one hundred pounds." Not until it seemed that he might starve to death was he persuaded to go to the tropical-disease hospital in London, where his ailment was eventually diagnosed as a gut fungus called histoplasmosis duboisii. "All they had was some experimental drugs, which they did not hesitate to recommend, since otherwise I would be dead within six months. And the drugs worked, because here I am, but I really couldn't eat properly until 1973, when a friend of ours up in Nairobi recommended yogurt. Cleared me right up in two weeks. The only thing I can't eat now is mushrooms."

In our camp tonight, Kazungu writes:

> In the morning I made tea while other people packed up the camp—a tent for the two white people and a ground sheet for the rest of us. Then we began our safari. As usual we take our breakfast after two hours. We came across six elephant with calf and had to pass far away; as usual, an animal with baby is very fierce. We saw four buffalo, which are bad animals; he doesn't care about anything or anybody, but does what he likes, you cannot trust him. I fear the buffalo more than anyone. . . .
>
> We made a big fire because of wild animals like elephants and hippo so they would not come near. Most of riverside is path of wild animals to come and drink water. I didn't get good sleep because I have never slept outside without a tent.

It is always Goa who puts up the tent, assisted by one of the young Ngindo, and it bothers me slightly every time they do it, probably because the Africans do not have one. It is true, of course, that they could erect the canvas kitchen fly brought for that purpose, but they prefer to use this as a ground cloth, sleeping in a tight row on top of it and keeping the fire going all night long. They are uneasy about elephant as well as lion, but elephant rarely wander into camp except in parks. Nicholson says, "The elephant is very considerate, really. Rhinos blunder in sometimes, and lion come about, but a round from the shotgun usually sees them off."

In the distance rises the early-morning sound of the ground hornbill, the remote dim hooting of a woodland spirit—*poo-too*, *po-to*—a lugubrious reverberation that seems to emanate from a cavern under the earth. In West Africa, this bird is considered sacred, and Kazungu and Goa say that if you kill one the young ones will appear by your house and make this sound—*poo-too*, *po-to*—and very soon you will take sick and die. The Ngindo say that Kazungu and Goa are mistaken: If you should be foolish enough to kill *nditi*, as the bird is called in this part of Tanzania, you will die without further ado.

We make good time over the river plains—we are now well south of the black rock escarpments—passing large, tame herds of wildebeest and impala, slowing only to make our way around the many elephants, no fewer than six groups in the first few miles,

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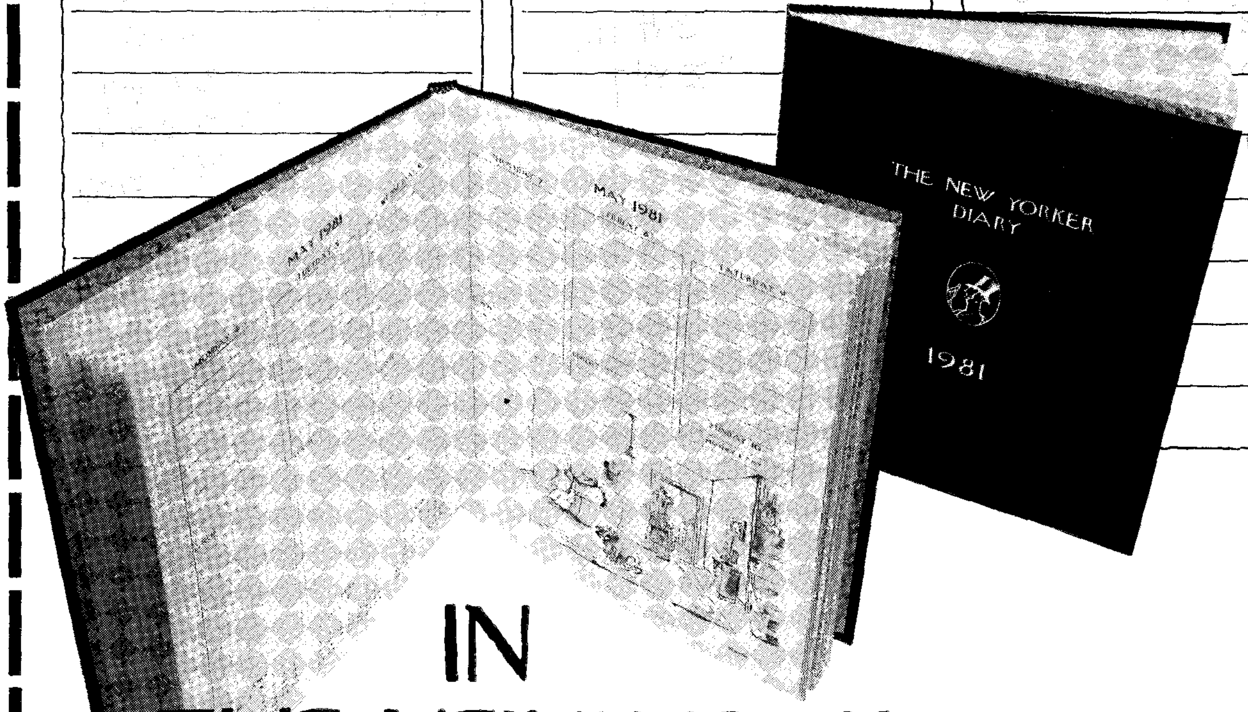

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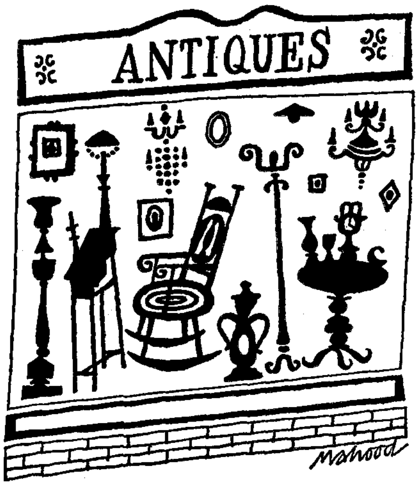
although there are never more than five together. None seem bothered by the file of men; there is no threat display whatever, and most of them do not move away as we go past. Buffalo sign is copious, but the buffalo remain hidden, as do the rhinoceros and the lion: last night I heard a lion roar toward dawn—I have heard lion almost every night since coming to the Selous—but in this long-grass country they remain unseen.

A wood of "silver trees" (*Terminalia sericea*), as Frederick Selous called them in his journals, descends to broad pans of black cotton clay twisted up into hard ruts and potholes by huge megafaunal feet—a quagmire during the rains, now petrified into near-stone that is very hard on the bare feet of the porters. Then we are in river forest once again, and here Goa slows a little, feeling his way into the gloom with hand held out in front like a moth's antenna, leading the file in a winding course to avoid a confrontation with the depositors of all this fresh and shining dung. In pockets of sun, I find myself alert to white butterflies, cat musk, thick blood-red kigelia blossoms with long yellow stamens, and the sombre hum of bees. In midmorning, we come to an area that has been burned over. The fire is recent: there are no sprouts of green tussock, only white remnants on the blackened ground—the bone-white shells of millipedes and giant land snails unable to escape the sweep of fire. Antelope droppings are baked a strange bluish gray. Goa locates a simple cooking fire in a thicket and a place, scraped bare of stones, where men have slept—the first and last signs of man's presence that we would come across in this country.

After a silence, Nicholson says, "Looks like they were here about a week ago." Perhaps he, too, is thinking that the animals seem very tame for a country in which poachers have been operating, for now he says, "It's possible, of course, that it's *tambika*—that's ancestor worship, from the days when people lived along these rivers. They come out here sometimes for *tambika*—or, at least, they did. On the other hand, poachers will use that as an excuse—'we're just a few ancestor worshippers who stumbled upon all this ivory we're carrying.' "

Over midmorning porridge and tea, Nicholson talks about a footpath a few miles south of us that crosses the Selous Reserve. The Ngindo of Liwale have relatives at Mahenge who were cut off when Ionides' expanding elephant reserve was joined to the original Selous, and to visit them without trespassing in the reserve meant a journey on foot and by jitney of at least eight hundred miles. Since even those who could afford the time could not afford so many jitney buses, it was inevitable that people would cross illegally, and, rather than have them scattered through the bush and perhaps remaining there, Ionides made it legal to use this footpath, which is about a hundred and twenty miles in length. In Nicholson's opinion, this path was probably the access route for whoever made that campfire. "When they come in this far," he says, "they're after ivory and rhino horn; they can get meat much closer to home."

The Ngindo hunters are leaders in their villages; they are "poachers" only to white men, whose demand for rhino horn and ivory is what has put the animals in danger. "Often a village will have one great hunter," Nicholson tells me. "The people chip in and buy him a rifle and arrange for his bearers and assistants. He's not somebody out of work, or outside the law in any way; invariably, he's a respected member of the community, with wives and children and all sorts of prestige, which he deserves, because he takes risks and he knows his business. That's why it's hard to get people to testify against him. When I sent a man like that to jail, I used to go and pick him out again in about six months and have him come work for me; he would always be capable, and would know his region of the bush in great detail. Of course, people coming in this far have the rivers to contend with. In the dry season, they can wade across if they want to risk the crocodiles. Up on the Kilombero, the poachers coming in from outside would come down in canoes, especially when the crocodile trade was in full swing." Nicholson grins a little to himself, remembering. "Once, we were trekking up the Kilombero. We'd heard there was poaching up that way. We saw that the poachers had their camp out on an island, and we had no boats. So we sent one of the game scouts up the river, pretending to be a poacher himself and yelling across that a hippo had overturned one of his canoes and a man had drowned, and to please send help. When the canoes came from the island, we arrested the rescuers, then used the canoes to go back to the island and arrest the others, though not without a fight."



A LIGHT unseasonal rain fell last night, and the morning is heavy and humid. Two of the porters, complaining of headaches, are given aspirin. During the night, a small leopard made off with one of Kazungu's sneakers. As the only staff member with shoes (although Goa uses rubber sandals that make a faint snick-snick as he goes along), Kazungu is understandably upset, but the cat prints are clear in the damp sand, and he soon locates the spat-out sneaker a short distance back into the thickets.

In the dry seasons, the smaller streams dry up, right down to their beds of sand, and this morning we abandon the Luwegu in order to cross the ridges toward the east and explore an unnamed sand river that comes down off a high mesa. On the north end of that mesa, high above the dry savanna woodlands all around, is the large pan that Nicholson remembers as "crawling with elephant" and other animals. He is eager to revisit the nameless mesa and its pan, which he discovered in his last years in the Selous. An hour is needed to cross the flat river plain of the Luwegu, on the east side of which a pair of bohor reedbuck start up from high grass along the wood. The going is mostly very fast, but because of large animals we travel no more than a few miles in an hour. Buffalo tracks and buffalo manure are copious, and so are the attendant flies, which do not sting but alight damply on the eyes and mouth. Then we are in thickets once again, and Goa, squatting to see beneath the bushes, craning, listening, picking out the big and silent shapes that watch us pass, must move circuitously and with more care. Nicholson, too, is wary and alert, kicking apart a fresh elephant mound, then stooping to judge the proximity of its maker by the degree of warmth that rises to his fingers. In a sand river—and he thinks this is the one that has no name—we meet a cow elephant with a half-grown calf. The cow goes off into the thicket to our left, and the calf dawdles, then blunders toward the right, starting to bawl. Unaccountably, Nicholson and Goa move between the animals, and in a moment the cow, no longer visible, is bellowing from a short distance away; reverberations from the thicket make it clear that other pachyderms are behind her. Goa turns quickly, taking the shotgun and giving Nicholson his own Game Department rifle. ("He knows I am more skillful with it," Nicholson explains later, "so he doesn't mind.") The porters rush forward in a covey to take up positions behind the guns. After a mild demonstration charge that brings the guns up, the cow wheels and goes trumpeting off after the others; probably it was not the dawdler that had concerned her but a much younger calf, too low down in the bush for us to see.

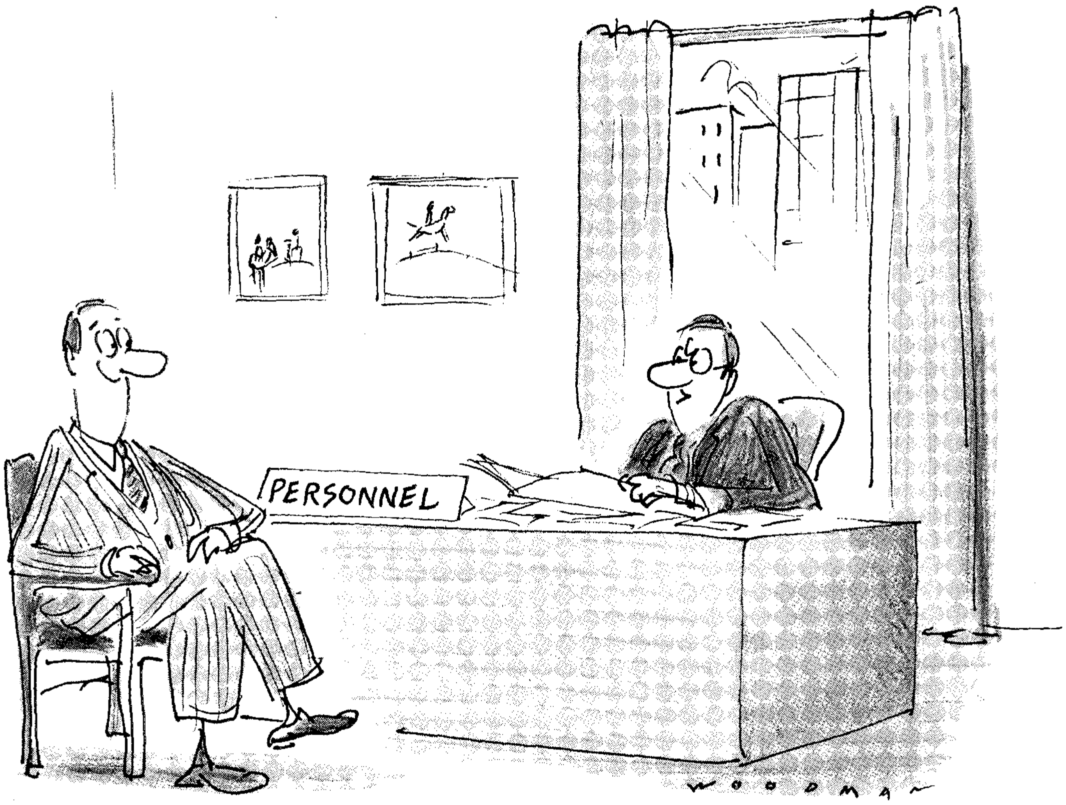
A mile away, vultures spiral upward from a kill, and we have gone less than a hundred yards when Goa's deep and urgent voice says, "*Simba!*" Two lionesses, then two more shoot out from beneath an enormous tree fallen into the riverbed perhaps thirty yards away; they are followed by a big growling male with a fine mane which accelerates as it sees the file of men, its big paws scattering hot sand. The lion bounds across the riverbed and up the bank. The whole bend of the river stinks of lion, and there are print patterns of a litter of small cubs, which must be lying hidden just close by. Nicholson says, "I seriously doubt if those lions have ever seen a man before; even the poachers stick to the main rivers. Yet look at how fast they shot away! What makes them run off like that? Quite interesting, really. If we'd come up on them in a Land-Rover, chances are that these wild lion would be just as tame as those lion in the parks. It's the cars that fool them; they can't seem to identify men in cars. If you're up in a tree, a lion will recognize you straightaway, even though that's not the way he's accustomed to seeing you."

A lone African hare crosses our path in age-old silence, and in the thicket banded mongoose skirl and squabble, in furor over some edible find. Every little while, we pass the dung-spattered double scar on the dry ground which marks a rhino scrape; although we have seen many fresh scrapes in the past few days, the great primordial beast itself has remained hidden. Soon the porters take their rest in a grove of the sand river, which twists and turns back and forth across our course toward the south, and Goa and Kazungu dig down in the dry sand until the hole fills with the clear water that will be used for morning tea and porridge.

In the early afternoon, blue water glints in the eastern distance; at this time of year, when all but the main rivers have gone dry, this can only be the Mbarangandu, which we had not expected to see until tomorrow. If the two rivers are so close—not much more than twelve miles—then we are farther north than we imagined, which means that we have struck almost due east, instead of east by south, as we intended; we have no compass, and throughout the morning, until now, the sun that would have given us a bearing was hidden in the fire-shrouded sky. We turn due south. I am glad of the miscalculation, which brought us to this place at the right moment: we have hardly seen the glint of river, so healing to the eye in this parched landscape, when Goa points out two rhinoceros a mile away down a long slope of the savanna; one fades quickly into the high grass, but the other lingers a few moments, turning broadside, before barging off into the bush.

I yip with pleasure, and Goa is delighted. To Nicholson he says, "The only thing we must show him now is leopard." Goa has a sudden fine, full smile, which sends wrinkles back on his tight hide across the high cheekbones to the small, tight ears: the old hunter looks like a hominid designed for passing through bush quickly and quietly, catching nothing on the thorns. Never watching the ground for vines and holes and sharp grass-hidden stones but seeming to drift over the earth, he scans the dayscape with yellowed eyes, on all sides and far away.

Since the rhinoceros regularly returns to the same place to eliminate,



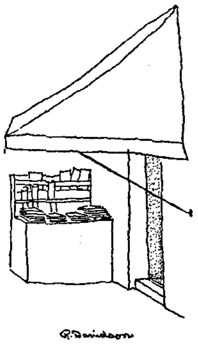
"Yes, I'm sure you are, but unfortunately this place is already crawling with 'swell guys.'"

• •

almost all of the scrapes we have seen must represent different animals; yet the pair this morning are the first we have actually seen on our safari. In the nineteen-sixties, a number of rhino were killed because of a notion among Orientals that the compacted, erect hair of the rhino horn was a cure for impotence and certain fevers; the accelerated rhino slaughter of today has come about because rich Arabs of the Middle East have made a fashion of daggers with rhino-horn handles, for which they are willing to pay over six thousand dollars apiece. The fad or fetish for these phallic daggers has jumped the already very high price of horn up to five thousand dollars per kilo in Hong Kong, and unless drastic measures are enforced, and soon, an ancient species may vanish from the earth millions of years before its time because of sexual insecurity in *Homo sapiens*. Even ten years ago, in many places, one could take encounters with a few rhinoceros for granted; these days, it is a stroke of luck to see one. As far as is known, black rhino have all but disappeared from Uganda. Kenya's recent population of fourteen thousand black rhino has been reduced to less than fifteen hundred. Since the early seventies, the rhino in the Tsavo parks have declined from seven or eight thousand to a hundred and eighty; in the small Amboseli park, the decline is from fifty to ten. Rhino poaching has crossed the border from the Mara into the Serengeti, and the other important Tanzania parks—Ngorongoro, Lake Manyara, Tarangire, Ruaha—have already lost at least three-fourths of their populations. In the Selous, the most recent estimate of rhino numbers, made on an air survey in 1976, arrived at the figure of four to five thousand.

Cutting across a series of wide bends, still headed south, we come down to the river. Two waterbuck, two warthog, and two buffalo wait on a bar, like creatures left behind by Noah's Ark; the buffalo refuse to give ground at our approach, although we shout. We have circled wide and now stand in the shallow water trying to ease them up into the thicket, so that we may proceed along the sand. "Don't want to make them think they're trapped," says Nicholson. We can go no closer to the lowering brutes, which have backed up with their spattered rumps against the bank. Before the wrong move can be made, the buffalo wheel suddenly and plunge off up the bank into the thicket, agitating a group of elephant that we had not seen.

In the shade of a big butterfly-leafed piliostigma, we stretch out on the cool sand, and I listen to the young Africans behind me; they are still excited by our encounters with the elephants and the lions, and describe them to each other in dramatic tones and nervous squeals. While Kazungu busies himself over his pots, Goa walks inland and sets fire to the bush, then wades across the shallow Mbarangandu and fires the high grass on the far bank; in a few minutes the clear African day beside the river is despoiled by a crackling roar and columns of black smoke, which sting the eyes, and stink, and dirty the sky. A pair of hawks are circling a tree where the accumulated grass and deadwood are feeding a fire that booms and reverberates as it moves away; perhaps their nestlings have been singed of their feathers, and even now nod just a little, blackening in death.



Nicholson, sensing my disgust, insists once more that early-season burning is essential to wildlife management in the Selous. There are moderate rains in the months of December, less in January; the heavy rains that renew the vegetation are concentrated between late February and early May, when twenty-five to thirty inches may fall here in the south, and twice that amount in the Kilombero region and the west. The two rainy seasons tend to merge into one long one, in which the grass grows very high, coarse, and unpalatable, and smothers the wild pasture for the remainder of the year; the use of fire as much as the removal of the inhabitants is responsible for the fact that the game population of the Selous is many times greater than it was when the first Europeans came into this country.

No doubt Nicholson is right in terms of game management; it is the necessity for all this management that I resist. One day, I ask him if any of these fires ever occur accidentally, through lightning or other random events, and he says that he thinks it very unlikely; even if they did, they would not travel far. This poses a question that neither of us can answer: since it is thought that this "dry forest" is a recent habitat type—created, perhaps, by the fires of those early hunters who left their flaked tools on almost every high place and granite outcrop in this landscape—how is it that such creatures as Liechtenstein's hartebeest are endemic to the region, since they must have evolved many thousands of years before mankind had fire at all?

As we talk, Nicholson makes an odd drumming with his fingers on a log—two soft beats, followed by two hard—and, noticing that I notice, he says, "*Mgulamtwe*. That's the local dialect for 'A man has been eaten.' They drum this message on a hollowed-out log with a bit of hide stretched over one end: 'm-gu-LA-MTWE!' The villagers come to the call of the drums, armed with spears and bows and arrows. Sometimes they harass the lion, but they rarely kill it; it just goes off, more dangerous than before. That man-eater might be raiding in an area of a hundred square miles, which makes it very difficult to come up with, especially when you're travelling on foot. It might take two people in two nights in the same place, then disappear entirely for two weeks, presumably taking animals instead. Often, man-eating is seasonal, during the rains: in the dry season, when animals are concentrated near the water points, these lion seem to prefer animals, returning to human beings in the rains, when the animals scatter. But man-eating was certainly most prevalent where game was scarce because of human development; the lion that were unable to catch what game was left—especially lion that were old or crippled—turned to human beings. I remember one I shot, still on the man whom it had killed outside his hut and dragged into the bamboo. That lion was in terrible condition—half-starved, really—owing to porcupine quills and an infection in its throat that kept it from swallowing. It could take only little bits at a time, which was why it was still feeding on that man when I arrived.

"But most man-eaters I saw were wary. Baits rarely worked on them, they were too clever. You had to wait until the next person was taken, doing your best to persuade the villagers not to drive it off the kill but to let it gorge itself. After that, it wouldn't go too far before it fell into a heavy sleep, and I'd have a chance to reach the place before it woke up again and moved away. Tracking it, you'd find places it had lain down and then got up again, until it found the place where things felt right. Usually that was in deep thicket, and sometimes all you could see when you crept up was a patch of hide. Finally, you had to shoot at that and hope the bullet would disable it. Otherwise, you might have it right on top of you."

Nicholson reckons he has killed about fifty lion, of which perhaps twenty were man-eaters; the rest were stock-raiders, which usually got that habit from feeding on dead cattle after drought or plague. Asked if fear had ever been a problem for him, he thinks a moment, as if such an idea had never occurred to him before. Frowning, he says, "One is bound to be tensed up, of course, but if it was *really* fear, you wouldn't bloody well do it, especially after you've put a bullet in some dangerous creature only to have it go thrashing off into the thicket. Then you've got to start all over, and it's a lot worse than before." He shakes his head and changes the subject. "I recall one lioness over here on the Mbarangandu that jumped out and scattered the porters, then came toward me. I knew she was not a man-eater, in a place so remote from human habitation; I thought she must have cubs, so I didn't shoot—just held the rifle on her, backing up slowly. She kept on coming, keeping the same fifteen yards between us, snarling and thrashing her tail. And then, when she figured that her cubs were safe, she turned suddenly and bolted for the long grass. Quite interesting, really."

By nightfall, the humidity has lifted, and flying clouds part on a cold full moon. All around the horizon, as the wind chases them, the flames of Goa's fires leap and fall in the black tracery of trees like a demonic breathing from within the earth.

LEAVING behind the smoldering black land of Goa's fires, we head south through long, rolling savanna hills between the Mbarangandu and Njenje Rivers. Until today, it has been hot an hour after sunrise, reaching a hundred degrees, or so we estimate, late in the morning, and maintaining that temperature until midafternoon. But this morning remains cool and pleasant, with no trace of humidity, and the high grass, bronze and shining, flows in the south wind and early light. A flight of the large trumpeter hornbills lilts along the dark line of big trees, and a solitary white egret stands immobile in the rank green margins of a spring; this is the common egret, a cosmopolitan spe-

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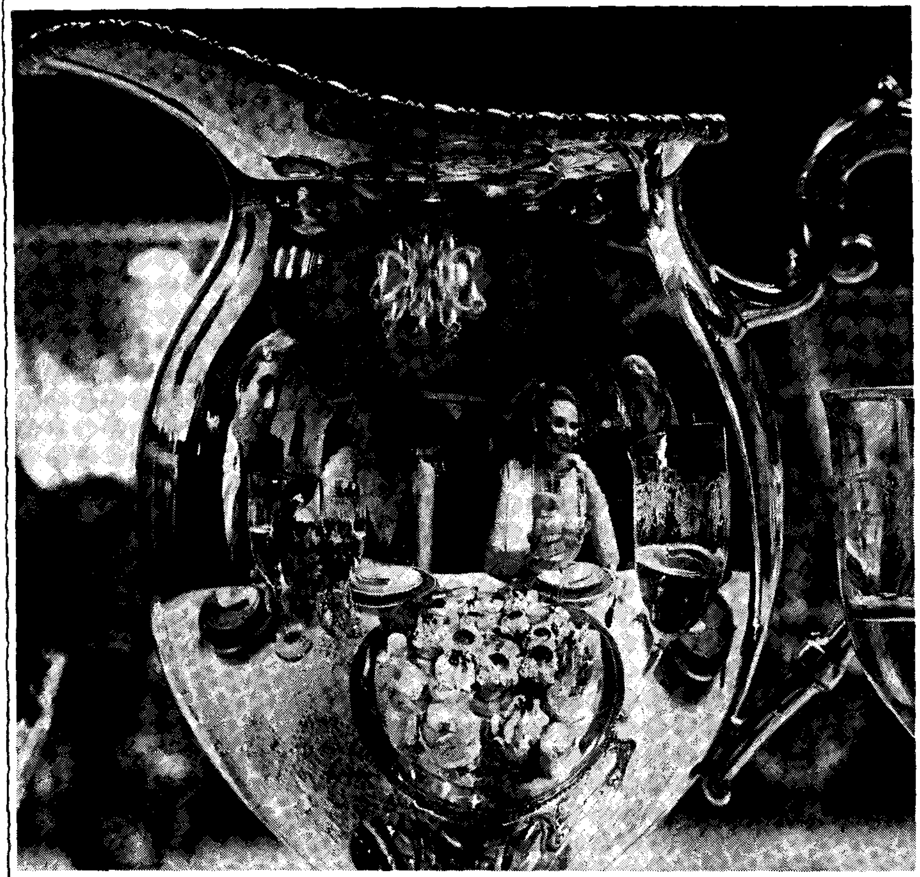

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cies that is also common in North America.

Coming up swiftly over a rise, we run into an old bull buffalo perhaps thirty yards away. As Nicholson seizes Goa's rifle, the bull rears his snout, seeming to glare at us past flared wet nostrils, big horns shining; the depthless black eyes never blink in the time it takes for nose and ears and eyes and modest brain to weigh the choice between attack or flight. We hold quite still. Given enough time and space, a buffalo *will* almost always take the most prudent course, and, after a few suspenseful seconds, this one, too, gives the heave and snort that accompany these bovine decisions and goes crashing off downhill into a thicket.

Goa follows neat trails, two feet across, from which all grass has been worn away. These are the old paths of the elephants, which follow the ridge lines and avoid the stony depths and thorns of the ravines. Eventually, a path descends toward the Mbarangandu, and from a bluff we contemplate an elephant with a calf, at rest on a clear shoal in the middle of the glittering river; in the new light of the river morning, they seem to dream, lulled to forgetfulness of where they might be going by the clear torrent down from the southern mountains which casts sparkling reflections up the gray columns of their legs. We wait. Others have crossed ahead of them, feeding calmly in rank canebrake by the river, and when the cow and calf move on we wade out into the sun-filled flow and continue southward.

A big pan not far away up the east bank of the river has always been a famous place for elephant and game; in other days, this pan held a large pool that was permanent home to crocodiles and hippos, but the hippos wore their runway to the river down so deep that at last the whole marsh emptied out, obliging these two species to gain a living elsewhere. It was here, Nicholson says—and he points to an open wooded hill on the south side of the pan—that he saw the greatest and most splendid kudu of his life. On the north side, sixteen elephant feed on green carpet, and a number of others are in sight, including two that cross the river to join those on the west bank. In the pan, which is dry, a hundred buffalo stand in a compact herd, with nearly that number of impala, thirty warthog, a band of kongoni, or hartebeest, with a new calf, a zebra herd at the far wood edge where

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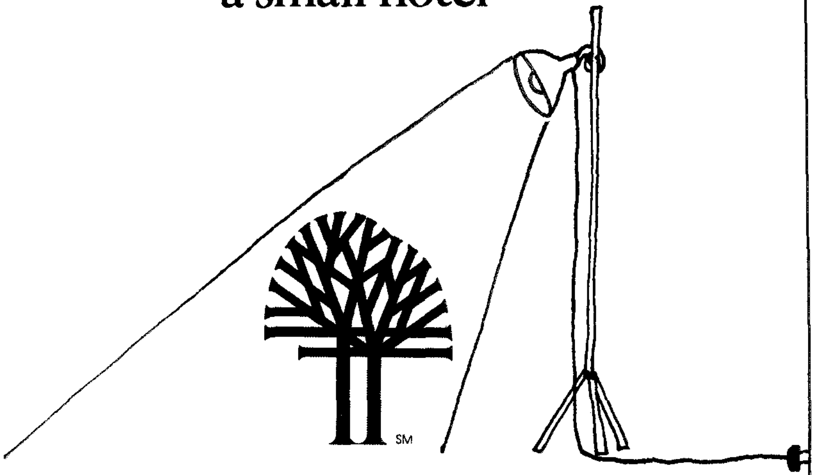
had been seen the great kudu of yore, and a quorum of the elongated birds that stand about at the edge of water all around the world. Nicholson looks about him, saying, "I feel as if I was here just the other day."

Having always been wary of returning to any wild place that has meant a lot to me, in case it might have changed, not for the better, I ask him why he has been so anxious to return to the Selous. At this, he glares at me, defensive. "Who said *I* was anxious to return here?" When I say nothing but just meet his gaze, he comes off it with a sheepish smile. "No," he says quietly. "I get a lot of pleasure out of being here. See how the game is doing. Visit the old places. See my old staff." He glances at Goa, then blurts out, "The Selous is home to me, you see; it's the only place on earth where I feel I belong."

We wade the river and make camp just opposite the pan. To the east, the land rises to steep red escarpments; these broad valleys with steep cliffs may well be indications of the ancient fault lines of the Great Rift Valley, which runs south from the Red Sea to the blue Zambezi. On all sides is an airy view of the old Africa, and I am delighted that Nicholson wishes to camp here, and sorry to see the look of discouragement upon his face. "I'd been looking forward to this place," he says, "and it's the best we've seen, yet it just doesn't compare with the way it was. That buffalo herd used to be three or four times that size. And we have yet to see a single elephant with decent ivory." It was just about this time last year that he had flown up the Mbarangandu on a reconnaissance. "There was a lot of game here," he says. "A *lot* of game, and all the way along. I don't believe we were ever out of sight of elephant." I protest that even a poaching epidemic, of which we have found no sign at all, could not have wiped out so many elephant in a single year, and at this he brightens. We should not forget, he reminds me, that the rains were very late this year, while last year they were normal. "We're well into September, and the Mbarangandu still looks as it normally does in late June or early July. The dry season is two months behind schedule, and the animals are still scattered. There's no need for them to concentrate along the rivers. There's water everywhere out in the bush. You've seen it for yourself." For a moment, his voice is elated. Yet, as I am beginning to perceive, a part of

a small hotel



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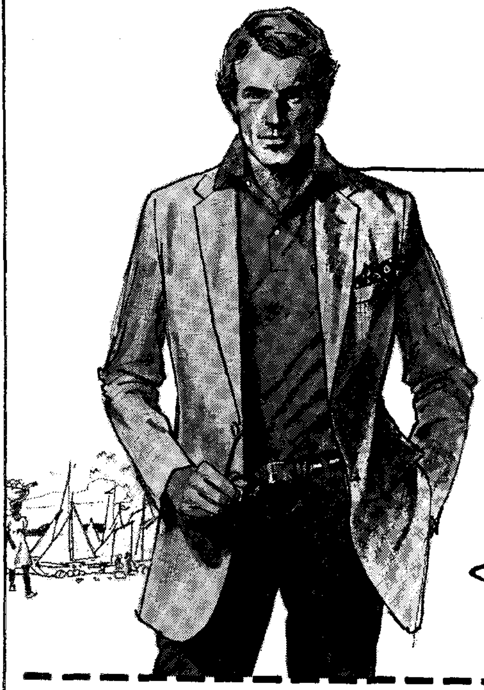

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him has no wish to be consoled, for a moment later he is glum again. "I suppose it's a mistake to revisit a place you loved, to make this sort of sentimental journey. I haven't made a foot safari since 1963—everything was Land-Rovers after that—and a place can change a lot in sixteen years."

In the late afternoon, I wade the river to observe the large impala herd, which is mostly engaged in group activity that seems to anticipate the rut. While the does amble back and forth, uninterested, the bucks all run about, tail flags held high, pausing here and there for a quick skirmish, running on. A few elephant and buffalo still linger at the edges of the plain, and the thirty warthog are still present, avoiding one another's company, moving about upon their foreknees and snuffling into the earth.

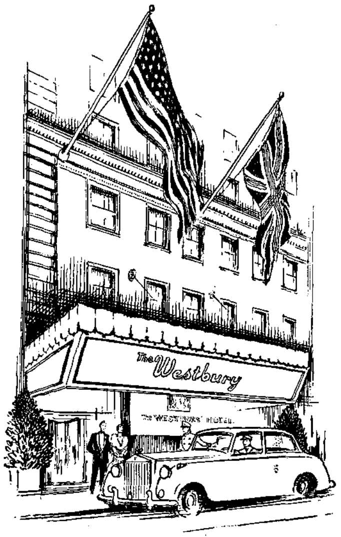
Dark clouds and wind. At dusk, under the eastern bluffs, where an elephant is throwing trunkfuls of fine dust into the air, a puff of light explodes, another, then another. I cannot see the elephant, only the dust that rises out of the shadow into the last sun, withdrawing up the hill. At dark, a hyena whoops, another answers, for the clan is gathering, but their ululations are soon lost in a vast staccato racket, an unearthly din that sweeps in rhythmic waves up and down the river bars, rising and falling like the breath of earth—then silence, a shocked, ringing silence, as if the night hunters had all turned to hear this noise. Somewhere out there on the strand, I think, a frog has been taken by a heron; my mind's eye sees the long bill glint in the dim starlight, the pallor of the sticky, kicking legs, the gulp and shudder of the feathered throat. The frog's squeak pierces the racket of its neighbors, which go mute. But soon an unwary one, perhaps newly emerged from its niche under the bank, tries out its overwhelming need to sing out in ratcheting chirp; another answers; then millions hurl their voices at the stars. The world resounds until the frogs' own ears are ringing, until all identity is lost once more in a pure cosmic ecstasy of bug-eyed being. In an hour or two, as the night deepens, the singing impulse dies, leaving the singers limp, perhaps dimly bewildered; remembering danger, they push slowly at the earth with long, damp toes and fingers, edging backward into their dents and crannies, pale chins pulsing.

Toward midnight, I am awakened by a bellow, a single long, agonized groan: a buffalo has cried out, then fallen silent. Perhaps something is killing it, perhaps a lion's jaws have closed over its muzzle, but I hear no lion, now or later. At daybreak, a birdcall strange to me rings out three times and then is gone—a bird I shall never identify, on this safari or in this life. As a tropic sun rolls up onto the red cliffs across the river, setting fire to a high, solitary tree, the moon still shines through the winged piliostigma leaves behind the tent.

KIBAONI, or Signboard, is a location on the Mbarangandu River where Ionides caused a sign to be put up on the footpath between Liwale and Mahenge, reminding the Ngindo that they were in a game reserve and that it was forbidden to stray off the trail. A few miles short of Kibaoni, we head west from the river, climbing gradually toward the red cliffs of a plateau. Though our destination is right there before us, Goa seems oddly disoriented and indecisive, wandering back and forth and tending into the wrong paths, until finally Nicholson stops him and explains the route. To me, he says, "He knew where he was going, but, having never been there before, he had no sense of it. That's why he was wandering like that."

On a grassy hillside of small trees, a burst of terminalia saplings has sprouted out of a rhino scatter on the path, and there is lion spoor. Then Goa's hand is up; he points. A large dark animal stands in the high grass below the ridge line. With binoculars I pick out four more sable antelope, lying in the copper-colored grass of the ridge summit; they do not look at us but face eastward, over a broad sweep of the river, two miles away. Then another big male, long horns taut, is standing up and staring at us, his shining black hide set off by the white belly, chestnut brow abristle with morning light above the twin white blazes of his face. Apparently, this male gives the alarm, for now another bull jumps up, and then another. The bulls regard us for a little while before leading the herd away along the ridge line and down on the far side. A dozen animals cross the sky, including a very young calf, and probably as many more never emerged from the high grass but simply withdrew down the north side of the ridge. The two lead bulls watch the others go before moving up through a small glade of silver trees at a slow canter, turning against the sky to stare again, then vanishing from view. "They're

That certain feeling.



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incredibly tame up here," Nicholson remarks. "Don't know why this herd pushed off so soon. I've walked up to within twenty yards of sable down in this part of the country."

At the foot of the plateau, heart-shaped prints of sable ascend a slide where elephant have broken down the small, steep cliff to make a pathway up and down off the escarpment; in precipitous places, the elephant may sit back on its haunches and brace all four feet out in front to slow its descent, but sometimes it is killed or injured anyway, and I wonder if the first one to try it in this place may not be buried deep beneath all this red rubble.

On the flat tableland above the cliff is a stand of closed myombo woodland, and we have not penetrated it very far before we pass twin gouges of a rhino. Before long, light appears beyond the trees, and the graceful dark trees open out upon an elliptical pan nearly a mile in length, ringed all the way around by the closed woods. "Goa has never been here," Nicholson murmurs, "and the Ngindo in this country don't seem to know about it, either. Even my esteemed predecessor never knew about this place. As far as I know, you're the only white man besides me ever to see it." But as he speaks he is scanning the lost pan: despite all the signs that we have seen, the well-worn paths that have beaten flat the woodland edges, the good clear water, there are no rhino, elephant, or sable—not a single animal of any kind. In a way, the emptiness makes the great pan more impressive—the stillness of the glittering water, the yellow water lilies and the tawny marsh grass, the circle of still trees that hide this lovely place from the outside world, the resounding silence and expectancy, as if the creatures of the earth's first morning might come two by two between the trees at any moment. A pair of jacanas stand in wait where the east wind stirs the floating vegetation, and a few swallows loop and flicker in eternal arabesques.

"*Pumzika*," Nicholson says, and the porters, sullen, dump their loads; they seem to wonder why we have come all the way up here. Even Kazungu, who was mildly rebuked early this morning for letting the porters eat up all the food, has curdled a little in his attitude for the first time on our safari. Not wishing to talk, Nicholson goes off a little way and sits down with his back against a tree. Soon the wind dies. A scaly-throated honey guide comes to the gray limbs overhead, calling out to

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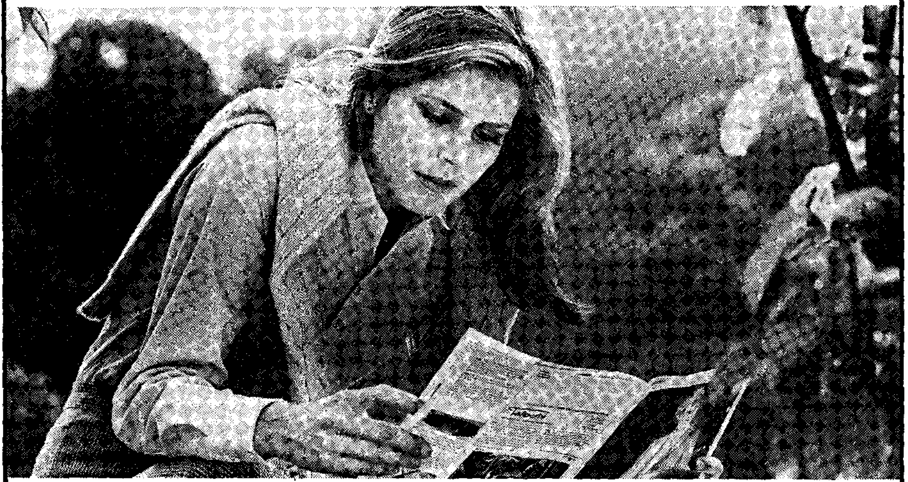

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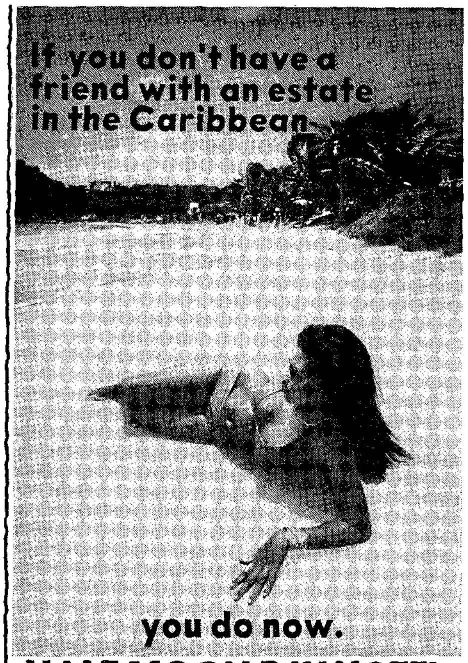
us to follow; otherwise, the woodland is dead still. Kazungu, who knows perfectly well that tea and porridge are expected after the first trek of the morning, is sitting himself down, doing nothing about a fire, until finally Nicholson must call out to him, "Is our tea ready?" To cheer Kazungu up, Nicholson adds, "*Tunatupa macho yetu kambini.*" ("We are throwing our eyes toward our camp.") In other words, from here we are starting home. Kazungu grins, and the porters look pleased, too; they have enjoyed themselves despite their labor, but now they are ready to return. Only Goa shows no elation; he is content with whatever Bwana Niki decides.

Before we set out, the Africans were given enough biltong to last eight days, or even ten if they took a little care; after five days, the biltong is all gone. To carry loads, the porters say, they need something stronger than rice and porridge, and since the beans are already in short supply, another animal will have to be shot. Nicholson dislikes the idea very much. "For a first thing," he says, indicating the waiting trees, "I would hate to break all this silence with a bloody great noise." We can take guinea fowl, warthog, buffalo, or impala, and the first choice is impala: most of the Ngindo are Muslims, which eliminates warthog; one or two guinea fowl would not suffice; and to kill buffalo would be very wasteful. "Anyway," Nicholson says, "I don't want to shoot at a dangerous animal with that Game Department .458 that I've never fired; I doubt very much that it has ever been zeroed in. If somebody got gored out here by a wounded animal, we'd be in serious trouble. The nearest settlement where we might send for help is at Liwale, at least four days away across rough country. Probably send us back a couple of aspirin."

From this nameless pan on this nameless plateau, we shall head back north to the sand river where, two days ago, we surprised the resting lions, then follow it north and east to the Mbarangandu, which we shall descend to our base camp at Mkangira. We realize now that this pan has been our outward destination, that today we are turning back to the new Africa, to an orderly life, to "civilization." At this prospect, Nicholson's expression, so clear and youthful in recent days, visibly sours.

ON an elephant slide on the north end of the plateau lies an old cracked tusk that has been here for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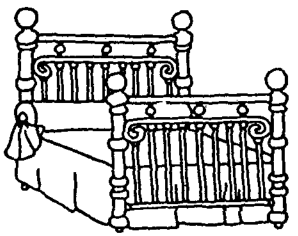

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many years—mute evidence that no man comes this way. Below the mesa, we head north through rough and unburned country. Goa is setting his fires once again; the columns of thick smoke rise up behind us as we head north to Mto Bila Jina, the River Without Name.

Coming down off the Luwegu side of the high mesa, this big stream, which becomes a sand river in the dry season, tends to the northward, bending close to the Luwegu, eventually curving away toward the northeast as a tributary of the Mbarangandu; it is an avenue of sand perhaps forty feet across, under steep banks, lined on both sides by big trees. Even now, deep in the dry season, there is clear water not two feet beneath its hot white surface. Because of its serpentine course, we do not walk along the riverbed but cut cross-country between bends, holding to our northerly direction, and in the early afternoon we break the journey at a rank meadow spring on an open hillside. When the day cools a little, we move on, skirting an occasional elephant, hearing the bark of an occasional Sykes monkey or baboon, crossing and recrossing the River Without Name. All the while, Nicholson is looking for impala, but there is no sign of impala, or of warthog, or of guineas, only the baked savannas and dry hillsides and open woodlands of high grass.

Toward sunset, where the river rounds a bend, three buffalo bulls stand together at the end of a long stretch of clean white sand. Nicholson is footsore and discouraged and irritable, and he knows that for the first time on our safari the morale of the Africans is precarious, owing to the real or imagined need of meat. Earlier, he had said that in shooting a buffalo too much of the meat would be wasted, even if two porters gave their loads to the others in order to lug all the meat they could carry, but now he decides without further ado to execute one of the bulls. Leaving the rest of us behind, he stalks with Goa to a place on the stream bank not twenty yards from the three buffalo below, a point-blank range from which he is sure to drop the animal with the first bullet. At the crack of the rifle, the buffalo sags down upon the sand with the windy groan of death, and in the echo of the shot the Africans laugh and clap their hands. No second shot is needed, and when we come up I congratulate Nicholson on killing the buffalo with such dispatch. He refuses the small

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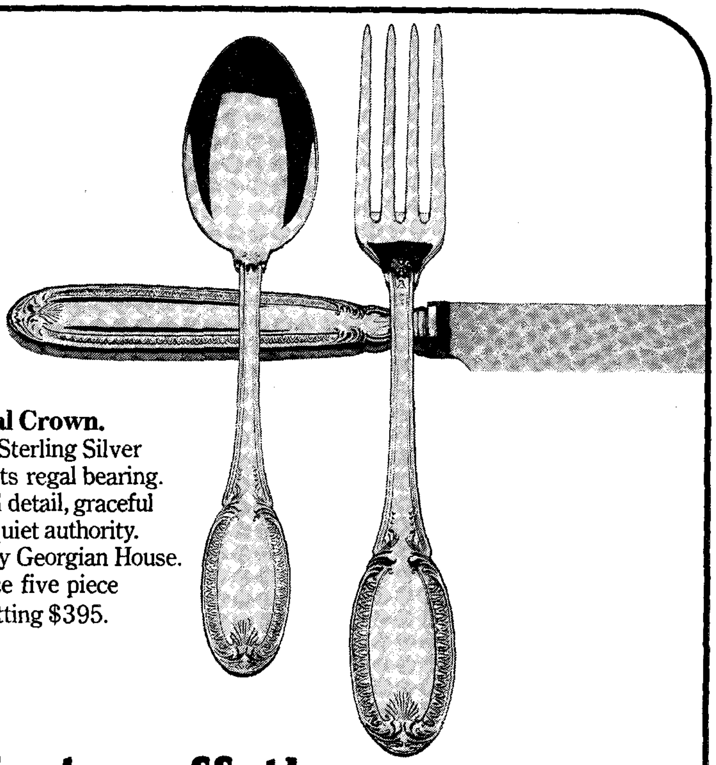

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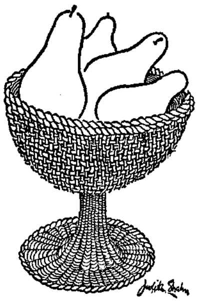
comfort I have offered. "I hate doing that. It really depresses me," he says. "But we were getting into a serious food situation with these porters." He swears to himself, restless, unable to make his peace with the killing; I had not expected that he would be so upset. After all, this man has killed thousands of animals, and no doubt hundreds of buffalo among them; the buffalo is not an endangered species, and these three bulls may have passed the reproductive age, since they had wandered off from the large herds. Even the "waste" will not be seen as such by the carnivores and vultures that will reduce this buffalo to bones in a few days. It is not the waste that bothers him but the intrusion by man into the Selous which was symbolized by that isolated shot.

Already Goa is preparing for the butchering, cutting dense branches of dark-green adina trees to lay as a meat rack on the white sand beside the carcass. Despite the hard day that they have had in the dry hills, the Africans are inspired with new resolve by the dead buffalo. "We'll have to camp here through tomorrow so they can smoke that meat; they'll start tonight. And they need the rest. That's one reason I decided to shoot that buffalo and have done with the food problem. There's good water right here, we can camp next to the animal, and they don't have to lug all that wet meat out of the woods." The inert dark mass lies sprawled on the white sand, tongue lolling, as ticks and flies crawl over its thin belly hair and testes. In sunset light, Abdallah cuts its throat, and the thick blood pours away into the sand, and still Nicholson has not stopped talking. "These buggers can gorge themselves on meat tonight, and with my blessing, and all day tomorrow, too. And the next day one man, maybe two, is going to carry nothing but meat. The rest will have to manage the extra loads, because I'm not shooting anything again." I have the feeling he may still be talking to himself as he goes off down the streambed for a wash.



On the damp sand just beneath the adina-and-tamarind grove where we will camp are fresh tracks of both leopard and lion, and, as a yellow moon rises in the east to shine through the tamarind's feather branches, a leopard makes its coughing grunt not far downriver. Soon lion are roaring, no more than a mile away. Nicholson says that because of their poor sense of smell lion usually depend on vultures to locate carrion for them, and that he has seen hyena using vultures the same way, going along for a few hundred yards before cocking their heads again to locate the spiral of dark birds, then trotting on again. Though he doubts that lion would find the carcass, hyena or leopard might come in this evening, under the big moon.

In the evening, I ask Nicholson whether he would ever consider returning to the Selous if he were given a free hand to reconstitute it. "You never know," he says after a long moment. "Don't want to burn all my bridges behind me. But I worked for next to nothing all those years—they can't expect me to do that again. Don't want to wind up on the dole in some little charity hole in the U.K." —and here he looks up at me, genuinely horrified. "Oh, God, how I'd hate *that!*" he says, and I believe him. There is nothing unauthentic about Brian Nicholson's self-sufficiency and independence, evolved out of hard circumstance very early in his life and reinforced at age nineteen, when he banished himself to the wilds of Tanganyika. Nicholson never had the celebrity enjoyed by the wardens of the great tourist parks, such as Bill Woodley and David Sheldrick and Myles Turner—the ones taken up by the shiny people who made East Africa fashionable throughout the sixties.

"The Selous ought to be set up under its own authority," Nicholson says. "Financing itself and administering itself, not vulnerable to people who aren't really interested. That was the trouble down here when I left—lack of real interest. To lose the Selous now would be such a dreadful waste, and especially when you realize that everything is present that is needed to administer it efficiently. All the groundwork has already been done. For example, all the road alignment—when I was here, we were operating over three thousand miles of dry-season tracks. And the placement and grading of the airstrips—that's done, too. They just have to be cleaned up again. There's even the nucleus of a good staff—the old game scouts who still know the country, who could train up a new corps of men, set up patrol posts. That's the first thing I would do if I ever came back here—get my old staff together to train up good new people, like some of these young porters we have here now. I'd try to persuade Damien Madogo to come back, and I'd get hold of Allen Rees. Rees was my right-hand man all the way through. He was principal game warden for the western Selous—held the same official rank I did. No story of the Selous would be complete without mentioning Allen. He was a fine hunter and a fine warden, conscientious and patient and very good with his staff, and, in addition, he's a first-class naturalist; he just loves being out in the bush, rains and all, and his wife is the same way.

"The senior warden up there in Dar, Fred Lwezaula—he's all right, too. He's doing the best he can, considering the fact that nobody up there in Dar appreciates what they've got down here. I don't think it's ever been brought home to them that the Selous is unique. It is not just a big empty part of the ordinary monotonous myombo country that takes up most of southern Tanzania; it's well watered, it's vast, it's almost entirely surrounded by sparsely populated country, it's an ecological unit, and there's nothing like it in East Africa. But the Selous *has* to be self-supporting if it is going to withstand all the demands for land and timber and the like that are bound to come; we proved it could support itself very easily with controlled hunting, and build up the country's foreign reserves as well, and *still* remain the greatest game area in the world."

Both lion and leopard cough and roar intermittently throughout the night, but at daybreak there are no fresh tracks around the puddle of congealed blood, the pile of half-digested grass stripped from the gut, the sprawl of entrails, the mat-haired head with the thick, twisted white tongue. Overhead, the moon is still high in the west, and shimmering parrots, sweeping like green blowing leaves through the river trees, chatter and squeal in the strange moonset of the African sunrise.

BY the time the buffalo was butchered, it was late, and the Africans were exhausted; the meat was heaped in a big pile by the kitchen fire to discourage theft by passing carnivores, and this morning, under Goa's direction, Mata and Abdallah are cutting heavy Y-posts and setting them in the ground. The posts will support a rack of strong green saplings, and under

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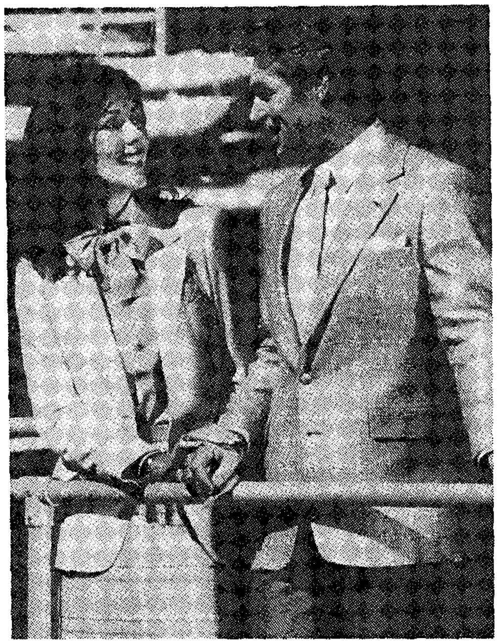

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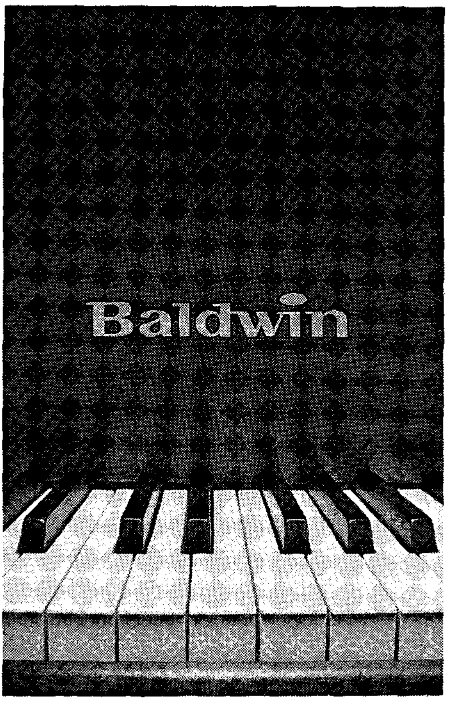
the rack a slow fire will be tended that will keep the meat enveloped in thick smoke. "This is a day they will always remember," Nicholson comments. "Down here in southern Tanzania, they have no livestock at all except a few goats and chickens; the poorer ones get hardly any meat. So this is a unique experience for most of them, perhaps the one time they will ever have it—the day on which they were actually paid to sit around and eat all the meat they could hold. Of course, that used to happen with the elephant I had to shoot, but those people weren't paid for it, as these are." He describes how in the old days, travelling light on elephant control, he would camp next to the killed animal in this same way, living exclusively on elephant kidney and sweet tea and rice cooked in advance and packed tight into a sock—"a clean sock, mind," he adds, with the trace of a smile.

I take advantage of a day in camp to look for birds, walking alone up the sand river. By the dead buffalo, a vague cold smell of turning meat is mixed in a repellent way with fleeting sweet whiffs of bush orange, but soon there is only the faint mildew smell of the haze of algae on the damp sand, which everywhere is cut by the tracks of animals; crisscrossing the marks of eland, kongoni, bushbuck, hippo, buffalo, and elephant are myriad patterns of unknown small creatures, and also the round pugs of lion and leopard. Since I am barefoot, it would be difficult to circle through the bush if something came down into the riverbed and cut me off from camp: I listen for the crack of limbs, the buffalo *puff*, the rhino *chuff*. Nicholson had recommended the services of Goa and his .458, but Nicholson himself has a poor opinion of Goa's marksmanship. Anyway, I wanted to get off by myself.

Walking alone is not the same as trudging behind guns; one stays alert. And although this is not the first time on this foot safari that I have heard the wind thrash in the borassus palms, the moaning of wild bees, it is perhaps the first time that I have listened. Walking upstream, I am shadowed for a while by a violet-crested touraco, which moves with red flares of big, silent wings from tree to tree, then hurries squirrel-like along the limbs, the better to peer out at me, all the while imagining itself unseen; occasionally, it utters a loud hollow laugh that trails off finally into gloomy silence, as if to say, "Man, if you only



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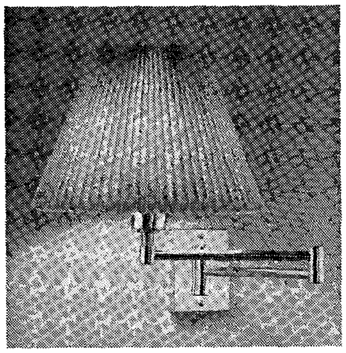

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knew . . ." A large patch of blue acanth flowers on the bank is shared by a variable sunbird and a little bee eater, and when I pause to watch the sunbird a tropical boubou climbs out of a nearby bush and utters its startling bell notes at close range as its mate duets it from a nearby tree; then it unravels the beauty it has just created with a whole run of froggish croaks that cause an ecstatic pumping of its black-and-cream-colored boubou being. Brown-necked parrots and a beautiful green pigeon climb about in a kigelia, which has also attracted a scarlet-chested sunbird. Cinnamon- and golden-breasted buntings flit in in separate small flocks across the river, and a pair of golden orioles skulk in a bush; ordinarily, these shy birds frequent the treetops. At a rock pool perhaps a mile upstream, I watch striped kingfishers and a white-breasted cuckoo shrike, and listen to a bird high in the canopy which I have never heard before and cannot see; its single note is a loud and clear sad *paow!* Circling it, waiting, listening, I am rewarded at last by the sight of the pied barbet.

At camp, toward noon, the vultures are gathering: fifteen griffons have sighted the buffalo carcass and are circling high overhead. But soon they have dispersed again, after swooping in low for a hard look; though nothing ever threatens vultures, they are wary birds, and too many human beings for their liking come and go around our camp less than fifty yards away. There is a lion kill not far downriver, to judge from the resounding noise heard in the night; perhaps the vultures have gone there to clean things up. In early afternoon, over the river trees, heavy rain clouds loom on the east wind. Then a light rain falls, and the returning griffons, accumulating in dead silence, are filling bare limbs back in the forest with dark growths. At some silent signal, half a hundred come in boldly on long glides, cold feet extended; they strip the buffalo dry and clean within an hour.

By late afternoon, the smoked meat has been shrunk down to black curled twists of leather. The Africans take turns tending it, and the others sit upright in a circle under the tamarind—the small-faced Mata, and the tall Amede, and the small man with the child's wide eyes who is called Shamu, and the squealing Abdallah with the squint, and Kalambo in his huge blue boxer shorts, and the heavy boy in the red shirt who is called Davvid.

Only Goa does not join in as the

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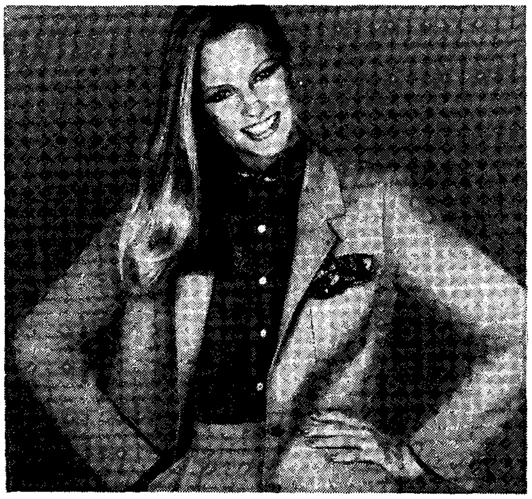

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others laugh and tell one another stories. Mzee Goa, as the Ngindo call him—Old Man Goa—lies flat out on a piece of canvas, making the most of his day of rest, staring up through the dark-green leaves of adina and tamarind at the blue sky.

At dark, the Africans move up close to the kitchen fire, which dances and flickers on the naked skin of dark chests and arms; behind them rises a stand of tall grass, higher than their heads, and beside them, on a bed of adina fronds, lies the big pile of dried meat. Since Nicholson's Swahili is excellent and since he enjoys the jokes as much as they do, he teases the Africans a lot, and the younger ones joke back at him, as much for their own amusement as for his. Like Kazungu, they are good-natured, never impertinent; there is no aggression in their merriment. Yet I notice that Goa, though he laughs sometimes at Bwana Niki's jokes, never volunteers a sally of his own; his is the last of the colonial generation. And the Warden retains the colonial manner with the Africans, giving orders in short and peremptory tones. Except in calling out a name—"Kazungu!" or "Goa!" (he doesn't know the porters' names; they are all "Bwana")—he never raises his voice; intentionally or otherwise, he usually speaks in such low tones that Kazungu and Goa must come up very close to hear him, seating themselves on the ground before his feet. On the other hand, he is never abusive or sarcastic, never shows anger even when exasperated, and takes the time to chat with them and make them laugh, though he is embarrassed when I ask him to translate one of the jokes. "Got to keep them simple, you know," he says, reverting to his old White Highlands manner. This time, he has told the porters that if they keep on eating up the white man's food they will grow very pale and their hair will straighten, and though a Mombasa Kenyan like Kazungu is too sophisticated for this jest, the Tanzanian country boys enjoy it.

I suspect Brian Nicholson of liking Africans, despite all the conventional prejudices he displays; if I had any doubts about this, most of them would be resolved by the evidence of my own eyes and ears that Africans seem fond of Nicholson, whose fluent Swahili must convey subtleties of understanding and even concern that are absent in their converse with most whites. Unlike Ionides, Nicholson was born in East Africa, and he has known and worked with Africans since he was a child. It is true that he has usually been in a superior's position with these people, which goes a long way to explain his preference for country Africans over those in the city, and no doubt he would agree with a remark Ionides once made that Western civilization has reduced many first-rate Africans to third-rate Europeans; I no longer bother to point out that, forced to adapt suddenly to an African culture, a first-rate European would certainly be thought of as a third-rate African, at least for the first few hundred years.

A COLD clear morning. Well before daybreak, voices murmur and human figures move about, building up the fire to keep warm. The meat is packed into the loads; every man must help to carry it, since they mean to take it all. In the cold sunrise, the porters are ready quickly. As we depart, a stream of parrots in careening flight recapture the sausage tree across the river; the fleeting human presence will lose significance with the last figure that passes out of sight in the dawn trees.

We are headed north again, into burned country, and the spurts of green grass in the black dust are signs that these fires preceded those we made on the way south; if this is the eastern edge of the large burn that we struck in the first days of our safari, then we are closer than we think to the Luwegu. At the edge of the plain, between thickets, Goa rounds a high bush and stops short; without turning around, he hands the rifle back as Nicholson and I stop short behind him.

In a growth of thin saplings, at extreme close quarters, stands a rhinoceros with a small calf at her side. The immense and ancient animal remains motionless and silent, even when the unwarned porters, coming up behind, gasp audibly and scatter backward to the nearest trees. Goa, Nicholson, and I are also in retreat, backing off carefully and quietly, without quick motion. I am dead certain that the rhino is going to charge; it is only a matter of reaction time and selection of one dimly seen shadow, for we are much too deep into her space, too close to that small calf, to get away with it. But almost immediately a feeling comes—a knowing, rather—that the moment of danger, if it ever existed, is already past, and I stop where I am, in pure awe of this life form, six hundred thousand centuries on earth.

In the morning sun, reflecting the soft light of shining leaves, this huge gray creature carved of stone is a thing magnificent, the ugliest and most beautiful life imaginable, and her sheep-size calf, which stands backed up into her flank, staring with fierce intensity in the wrong direction, is of a truly marvellous young foolishness. Nicholson's voice comes softly—"Better back up, before she makes up her mind to rush at us"—but I sense that he, too, knows that the danger has evaporated, and I linger a little longer where I am. There is no sound. Though her ears are high, the rhinoceros makes no move at all; there is no twitch of her loose hide, no swell or raising of the ribs, which are outlined in darker gray on the barrel flanks, as if holding her breath might render her invisible. The tiny eyes are hidden in the bags of skin, and though her head is high, extended toward us, the great hump of the shoulders rises higher still, higher even than the tips of those coarse, dusty horns. Just once, the big ears give a twitch; otherwise, she remains motionless as the two oxpeckers attending her squall in uneasiness and a zebra yaps nervously back in the trees.

Then heavy blows of canvas wings dissolve the spell: an unseen griffon in the palm above flees the clacking fronds and, flying straight into the sun, goes up in fire. I rejoin the others. As we watch, the serene great beast settles backward inelegantly on her hindquarters, then lies down in the filtered shade to resume her rest, her young beside her.

We walk along a little way before I find my voice. "That was worth the whole safari," I say at last. Nicholson nods. "Had to shoot one once that tossed a porter into a thornbush and wouldn't give up, kept trying to get at him. But by and large the rhino in this part of the country have never given me much trouble." He looks back at me over his shoulder. "Still, that's a lot closer than you want to get, especially with a gang of porters." In an easing of the nerves, we burst out laughing, and the Africans, awestruck until this moment, laugh as well. Yet, seeing the innocent beast lie down again, I thought how simple it would be to shoot this near-blind creature that keeps so close to its home thickets, that has no important enemies except the upright, evil-smelling shadow, so recent in its ancient world, against

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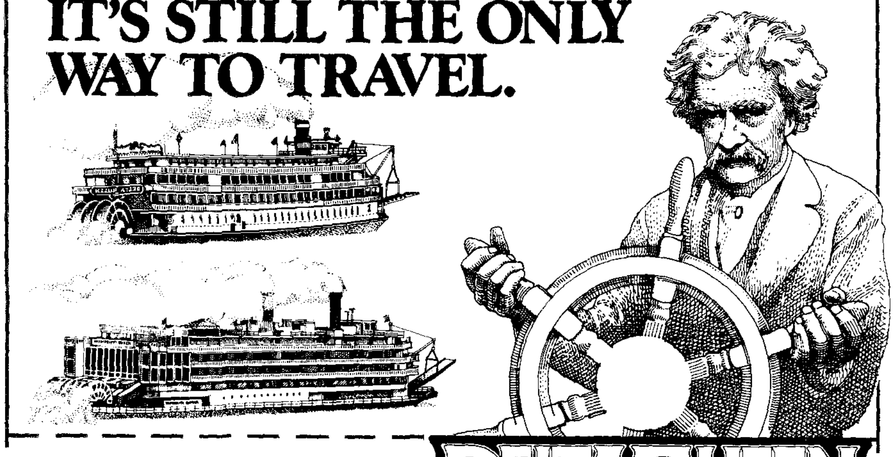

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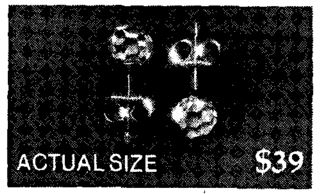

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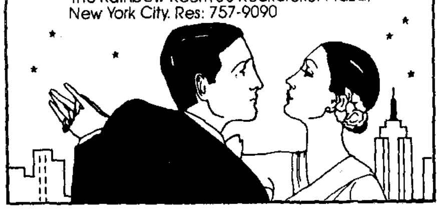

which it has evolved no defense. Its rough prongs of compacted hair would be hacked off with a *panga* and shoved into a gunnysack as the triumphant voice of man moved onward, leaving behind in the African silence the dead weight of the carcass, the end product of millions of these browsing, sun-filled mornings. The doomed calf, dependent on its mother for at least two years, would stand by dumbly to await the lion. All this lunatic destruction for a prong of hair!

We head northeast into dry, grassy hills. Big pink-lavender grasshoppers rise up and sail away on the hot wind, the burring of their flight as dry and scratchy as the long grass and the baked black rock, the hard red earth, the crust of Africa. The path descends into inland valleys of dry thorn scrub and long clinging strands of shrub combretum, then small sand rivers of sweet musky smells and catmint stink, where crested guinea fowl, a shy forest species, run away cackling under the thickets. But there is no water, and because of their extra loads of meat, and the strain caused by the encounter with the rhino, the porters are already tired before noon. To Nicholson's annoyance, they keep falling far behind. “It's very easy to get lost in bush like this,” he mutters. “They must stay together.”

Beneath borassus palms, a small trickle of good water runs between red banks, but a juvenile elephant is swatting its legs with a fan of fresh-broken branches, and across the ditch up at the wood edge a cow moves back and forth in agitation; then a second cow, with a smaller calf, moves into view and disappears again. It is hard to tell how many elephant are here, or where they are, but the nearest among them are a lot too close. Uneasily, the porters set their loads down, all but the small wide-eyed Shamu, who stares astonished at the elephants like a little boy. Goa says sharply, “*Tua!*”—“Put your load down!” And Shamu does so as the second cow emerges partway from the nearest thicket, ears flared out, and drives us back with a loud blare of warning. The confused calf tries clumsily to climb the bank, and a third elephant, until now unseen—doubtless the mother of a calf we have not seen either—comes for us. “*Kimbia!*” Goa tells the porters. “Run!” The Ngindo scatter off into the bush, and the rest of us back up for the second time today. But the cow has stopped; we wait and listen while a boubou, started by the elephant out of its bush, resumes its duets without a care.

The calf is safely away, and the other calves are, too; we do not see the elephant again. Those in the bush right in front of us have simply vanished, so silently and so magically that even Nicholson can't quite believe it and goes poking about in the bush in a gingerly way, just to make sure. Meanwhile, the porters have travelled so fast and so far that we have trouble reassembling them. “We lost track of ourselves,” Mata admits, in the wonderful translation of Kazungu. We drink warm water, and rest in the cool green shadow of an afzelia.

Nicholson is pensive. “Have to be very careful with these animals—more careful than usual. I don't want to provoke a charge if I can avoid it. We're a long way from help, you know, if somebody gets hurt, and there's no track for bringing in a Land-Rover. These emergencies can happen very fast, even when you see the animals and take pains with them, as we did here.” He shakes his head. “What you don't want is to have one elephant cut off from the others. You try to make certain that they're all gone past before you push ahead, but sometimes in dense thicket like this there's one that's slow or old that you don't see, and then there's trouble. One time, up on the Ruaha River, I had an elephant get in among my porters after I'd gone past. Chased one poor devil way off into the bush—hot after him, you know, squealing like hell. Usually an elephant is quiet when it comes for you; when it's right on top of you is when it starts to yell. But this old cow yelled all the way, so we knew just where to follow. Kept coming on scraps of the porter's clothes—the turban he wrapped up on his head to cushion his load, then his shirt, his loincloth—everything! He was running naked! But there was no sign of the body, so we kept on calling. After half an hour, we reckoned that the poor chap must be a goner. We kept on calling ‘*Hoo!*’—and suddenly, from a great distance, we heard ‘*Hoo!*’ The chap returned on his own two feet, all scratched and scared, but he was in one piece. Those clothes had saved him. Hadn't thought to shed them—they were just ripped off by the thorns, because with that elephant behind him he wasn't fussy about his route, he just went *moja kwa moja*, straight on through. But the clothes distracted

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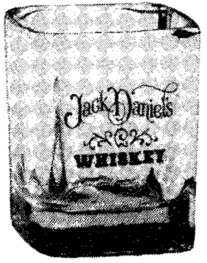

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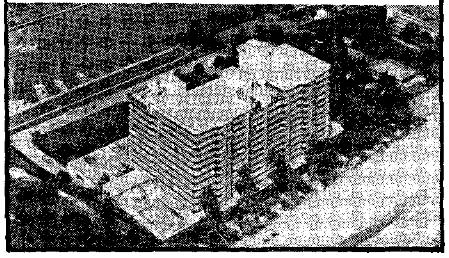

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that old cow just enough to slow her down. He never knew whether he'd outrun her or eluded her; he'd just kept running flat out, he said, until he realized that there was no more noise behind him."

We have hardly started out, toward three, when we run into more trouble. From a deep thicket comes a profound, ominous mutter. Exasperated by the failure of the porters to keep up despite their hard experience this morning, the Warden begins a low muttering of his own. "What are these old cows so cross about?" he frets, cautioning the oncoming porters to be quiet. At that moment, the hidden elephant gives a loud and scary blare of warning close at hand—too close for the shot nerves of the Ngindo, who drop their loads and flee. As Goa and Nicholson exchange guns, and Nicholson jams cartridges into the chamber, a Sykes monkey gives its loud *yowp* of alarm, and there comes a single sharp, loud crack of breaking wood, then a dead silence. After a few minutes, when nothing happens, the porters are whistled for, and come in very quietly, one by one, grab up their loads, and flee again, loads to their chests. Not one was smiling. The porters are very tired, from carrying the extra loads of meat and from the strain of all these encounters with big animals, and for the first time on the safari they feel free to say so. "These elephants really made a pest of themselves today," Abdallah says, sighing, when we pause to sip up water from a ditch.

Of the afternoon's encounter, Kazungu wrote:

> We could not see this elephant, could not see or hear anything with our ears and everyone was trembling. The elephant started screaming very highly, and this time the belongings were scattered around, and even I dropped my luggage and ran away. Later we started calling to see if we could find each other.
>
> After all this, we went down to the Mbarangandu.

Sand rivers, thickets, grassy ridges, and airy open woods, yellow and copper, red and bronze under blue sky—the myombo woods are bursting into multicolored leaf, well before the onset of the rains. In midafternoon, along the wood edge, a female greater kudu steps out into bright sunlight. She is crossing one of the black granite platforms inset like monuments in the pale grass, so that even her delicate hooves are clearly visible. A second cow, already off the rock, awaits her. Then a magnificent bull kudu—all adult males of the greater kudu may be called

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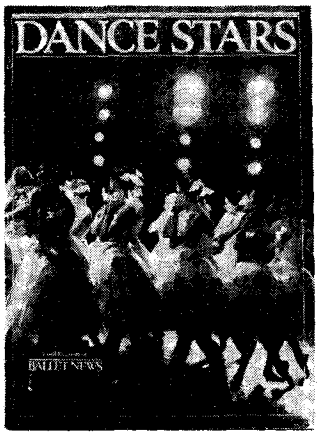

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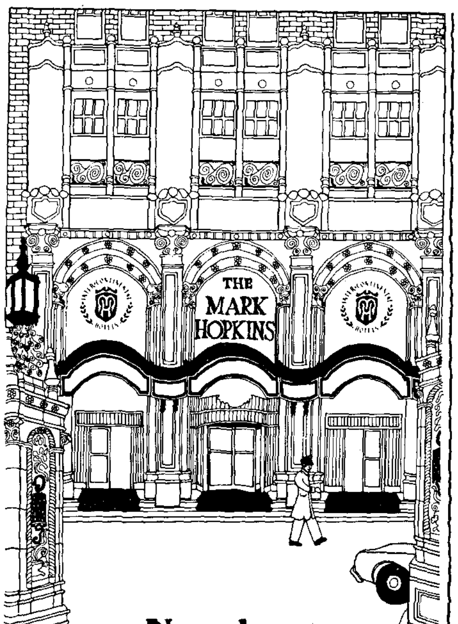

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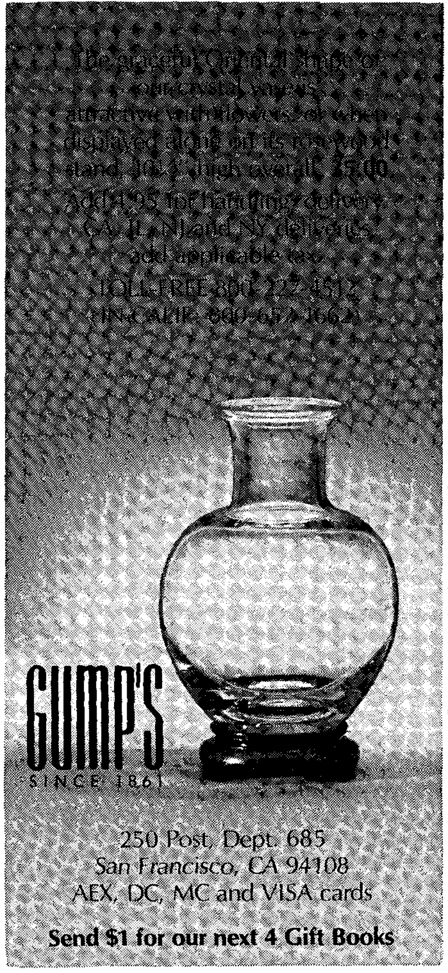

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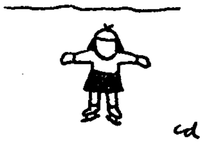
"magnificent"—moves in the same slow, dreamlike step over the rock. The kudu are upwind and do not scent us, nor have they heard the sound of our approach. They fade into the woodland. But where the elephant path tends uphill toward the woods the bull awaits us; this time, he raises big pink ears as if to listen to an oriole, then stops and turns and gazes at man for the length of a held breath, displaying all the white points of his face—the white muzzle and cheek stripes, the white chevron between the eyes, the ivory tips of the great lyrate horns. Then he wheels and canters up the ridge, disappearing in instants.



It is late afternoon when white sandbars and the blue gleam of the Mbarangandu appear like a mirage in the parched valley. Near the river, Goa's sharp eye picks out an elephant skull deep in the thicket; he emerges carrying two tusks, which he will deliver to the Game Department. But the gunbearer cannot be expected to carry, and Abdallah and Mata take them away from Goa without grumbling and strap them onto their own loads, although each tusk weighs at least twenty-five pounds.

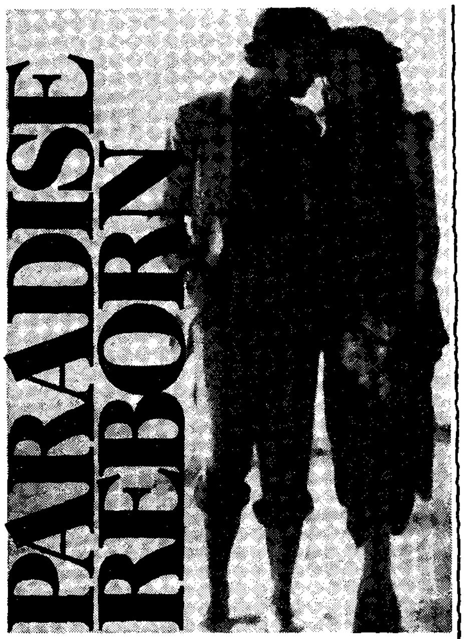
East of the river, a dust devil arises, and one of the porters murmurs, "*Moto*"—"Fire." Nicholson explains that the dust devil is actually a kind of thermal, upon which Goa, who almost never speaks except when spoken to, makes one of his rare utterances. As the younger Africans stare at the white men, wondering how we will take it, Mzee Goa says forcefully, "No!" Nicholson awaits him. "No!" Goa repeats in his deep voice. "That wind is made by a very big kind of snake. This snake lives in the Taita Hills; this snake looks after the well-being of our hills. When it stirs, there are rock slides, and when it emerges, the spirits take it up into the sky in one of these spiral winds. The big snake is not visible, but if you listen carefully you can hear a kind of ringing."

Impala go bounding off in all directions, as if to spread the bad news of man's arrival, and, in a harmonious broad bend of the river, a group of kongoni on an evening outing walk sedately on the sand, escorting with ceremony a new and pretty calf, as if they can scarcely believe that it is theirs. Seeing the oncoming men, they bounce away upriver. But neither impala nor kongoni have run far before the flight impulse forsakes them, and they turn their big eyes and big ears to take us in.

Beyond the kongoni, five elephant, dusted red, stand peacefully in the sun-bloodied water, and downriver a solitary bull feeds in a meadow just behind the bank. Like all the bulls that we have seen, this is a young one, with small ivory, and, reading my thoughts, Nicholson says, "Where are the big bulls, Peter? I can't pretend to myself much longer that all those elephant seen from the air are back up in the thickets, or the big herds of buffalo, either; we've *been* back in the thickets, and they're just not there." I remind him that we were lucky to see rhino, despite the abundant sign of rhino presence everywhere; it would have been simple to miss these enormous beasts entirely in a country as huge and wild as the Selous. Nicholson nods; he is not really upset. "Upriver from Kibaoni, now, where this river opens out in great flat plains, there's a lot of wild cane that elephants seek out in the dry season; perhaps *that's* where they all are. Perhaps they've all gone farther south."

We bathe in the river, and afterward I sit propped up on my cot, on a low open bluff under borassus, gazing out across the sweep of sunset water to the green plain of Africa beyond; I feel tired, warm, and easy, and awash with content. Kazungu brings good buffalo stew, and as the stars appear we listen to a leopard just over the river—big, deep coughs, well-spaced and strangely violent, in a way that the lion roar is not, followed by a rough cadence like the sound of a ripsaw cutting wood. Perhaps the leopard is disturbed by the unfamiliar firelight across the river; perhaps, like that gentle rhino, like the tame antelopes of the southern Selous, it is only vaguely troubled by our intrusion, having had no real experience of man.

"I reckon the leopard is about the wildest animal there is," Nicholson says. "He's keen in eyesight and hearing as well as sense of smell, and he can hide so well that you can't see him when he's right there next to you—that's why following up a wounded one is bloody dangerous. Back on the old farm in Subukia, when I was a kid, there was still a lot of leopard about, raiding the stock. I had a big skin on the wall of my room that scared me; I used to imagine awful encounters with leopards." Nicholson lies back on his



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cot, fresh-shaven, a towel around his neck. "My stepfather was mauled by one. This leopard had been taking his sheep, and he got a shot at it and wounded it. Perhaps half the time, a wounded elephant or buffalo—even a lion—will push off when you follow it up, but not a leopard. A wounded leopard is going to come for you, often the very first time that you bother him; sometimes he doesn't run for the thicket at all but comes straight for you after the first shot. He's so bloody fast that you don't realize he's coming until he's already covered half the ground between, and he isn't a big target, either—if you manage to stop him before he's on you, you're bloody lucky. Anyway, my stepfather was a farmer. He hadn't much experience of the bush. When he went after that leopard, he was torn apart, and later they had to amputate his leg. No antibiotics then, of course; he was lucky he survived the septicemia."

When I ask Nicholson if he liked his stepfather, he frowns. "My stepfather was a steady sort of chap, but I never knew him well enough to know how much I liked him," he says, slightly uncomfortable. "They send you away to school pretty early in East Africa. I was only about eight, and even when I managed to get home he was always out on the farm all day." Nicholson raises his eyes and looks me over, as if considering whether to say what he says next. "Didn't know my real father at all. Had a farm at Eldoret, where I was born, but lost it during the Depression. My parents divorced when I was three, and I was given my stepfather's name when my mother remarried. My dad came down here to this country—it was Tanganyika then. His name was Dickinson. He died in South Africa in 1967." After another pause, he shrugs. "Ionides was a sort of father, I suppose, though I was already nineteen when I first met him."

Considering his history, one can quite understand the susceptibility of this young recruit to the fierce Ionides, who was not only a legendary hunter but the despotic ruler of a vast, unknown domain. And the impression made was a profound one. "Iodine was thought eccentric because he liked living alone off in the bush," Nicholson says. "He didn't need people. He had all those books that he left to me, and he could quote from every one of them, and I reckon that was all the company he needed. They also decided he was eccentric because he didn't

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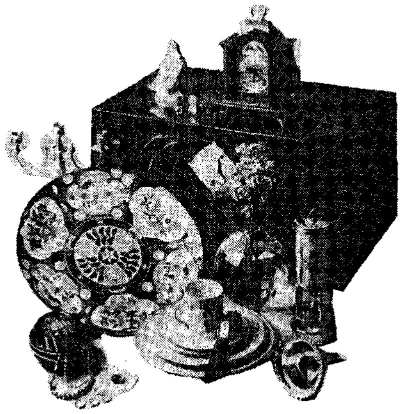

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bother much about his clothes, and because he liked snakes, and because he visited a witch doctor and let himself get bit by a young adder to see if he was immune. Not the least bit eccentric, really. I'd have been thought eccentric, too, if I hadn't been more conventional and got married."

As he sits there freshly washed, with his hair combed, and fit again after a fortnight in the bush, I have a glimpse of the young Bwana Kijana, come down to the Tanganyika Territory to join the Game Department in elephant control; in the strange half-light of sunset, the lines gone from his face and the gaze softened, he appears much as Ionides must have first seen him.

During the night, hyena draw near to vent their desolate opinions, and toward daybreak the lion are resounding. "Never heard them at all," the Warden grumps, sipping his tea in the gray-pink light of the dawn sky. "Don't like to miss lion in the night. Never get sick of that sound, no matter how often I hear it."

In the red sunrise, a pair of pied kingfishers cross the path of light on the shallow river to the palm fronds overhead, and mate in a brief flurry in the sunrays. With the light, the ground hornbills fall still, and doves and thrushes open up the morning.

A cool wind out of the south; we head downstream. A herd of impala, the emblematic antelope of Africa, springs away over the green savanna, and, as we pass, the great, milky-lidded eagle owl eases out of a thick kigelia and flops softly a short distance to another tree, pursued by the harsh racket of a roller. Already tending north-northwest toward its confluence with the Luwegu, the river unwinds around broad sandbars and rock bends, and wherever it winds away toward the east Goa cuts across the bends, following the river plains, the hills, the open woods, and descending once again to the westward river.

—PETER MATTHIESSEN

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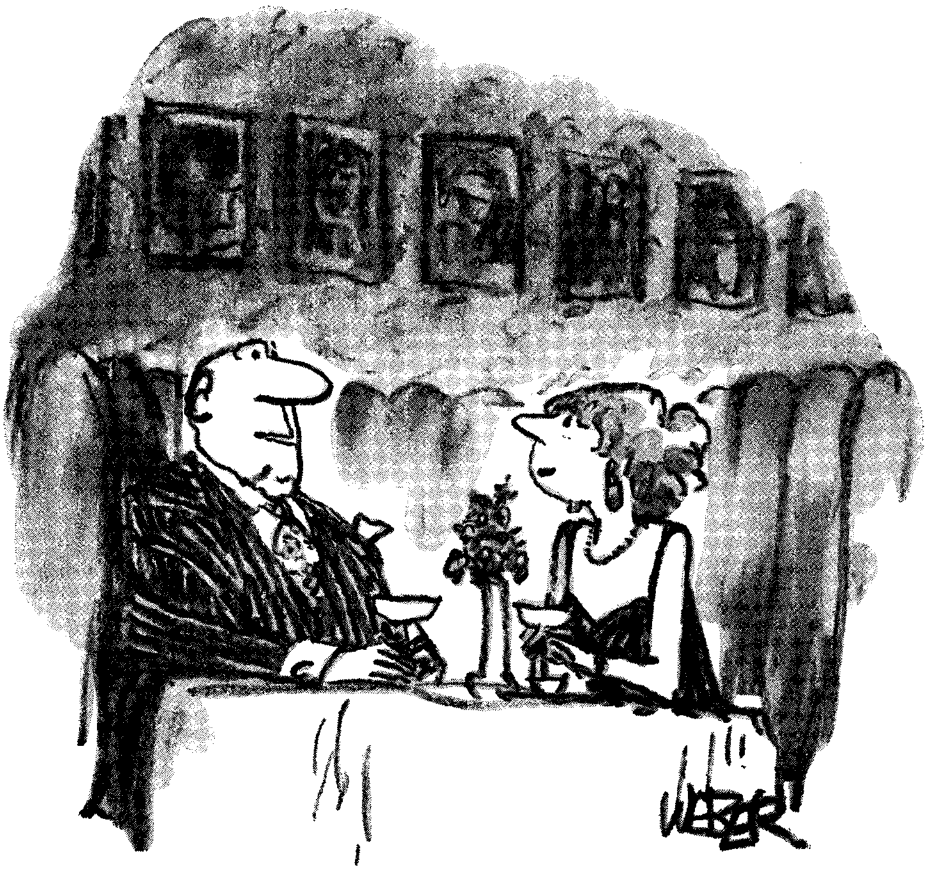
Off Broadway

Beth Henley's "Crimes of the Heart," at the Manhattan Theatre Club, is a comedy of private disasters among three sisters in Hazlehurst, Mississippi. The sisters—all performed with the greatest artfulness—are Lenny (Lizbeth MacKay), the oldest of them, whose thirtieth birthday is being insufficiently celebrated on the day the action takes place, and who is fading into spinsterhood; Meg (Mary Beth Hurt), the middle one, who has been away from home unsuccessfully pursuing a career as a popular singer (she has spent the past year as a clerk in a dog-food store); and Babe (Mia Dillon), who has just shot her husband, Zachary, the best lawyer in town, because, she explains, she didn't like the way he looked, although she later reveals to Meg that she has been having delightful sexual episodes with a young black boy of fifteen, whom she is shielding. The other characters are a malicious busybody cousin of the sisters; a former suitor of Meg's, whom she abandoned during a hurricane five years earlier; and, finally, a very young lawyer, whom Babe has retained for her defense, and who turns out to have had a private vendetta against the shot husband. The sisters' grandfather, who took them in after their mother committed suicide, hanging herself and her cat, is in the hospital dying of a stroke. The sisters—walking wounded, who are in tears at one moment and giggling and hugging at the next, ordering birthday cake and making lemonade—are very much of the South, of Mississippi, and Eudora Welty has prepared us for them. Lenny, for example, has already started to bristle and take offense, and, were it not for the happy circumstances of the story (her sisters urge her to get in touch with an old beau whom she sent away because she knew she could never have children; he, it turns out, doesn't want children), could herself have ended up living at the P.O.

The story is the least of it anyway. In scene after scene, the sisters reveal themselves and their emotions and their wavering desperation, and amid all the fooling some very serious matters are brought up and resolved without ever disturbing the feverish comedic tone of the action. Miss Henley, a newcomer to New York, is a talented and original dramatist; her script starts slowly, but once it is launched it stays aloft, and, with the help of this distinguished company, under Melvin Bernhardt's strong, sensitive direction, every moment is believable. Miss Hurt, Miss Dillon, and Miss MacKay achieve, among other things, a family resemblance, which is rare indeed in the theatre. This kind of play (loose-knit, precise, and free) and this kind of acting (first-rate by any standard) are what Off Broadway is all about. A word, too, about the very funny performance of Peter MacNicol as that young lawyer, who is so smitten with Babe that he finds it all but impossible to keep his mind on the case. The good setting is by John Lee Beatty, the good lighting is by Dennis Parichy, and Patricia McGourty designed the very good costumes. "Crimes of the Heart" will run through January 11th.

Before Sam Shepard's "True West" opened at the Public (it, too, will run through January 11th), there were widely publicized skirmishes. The director, Robert Woodruff, who had directed the original production, at the Magic Theatre, in San Francisco, resigned (although his name remains on the program) in a dispute with the Public which included the replacement of two of his California actors by Tommy Lee Jones and Peter Boyle. Mr. Shepard, on the West Coast, also protested, long-distance, and refused to come East. Joseph Papp (anonymously) took over the direction. The question is: Was the play worth the trouble? The answer is only: Maybe. "True West" certainly appears to be non-vintage Shepard, but it must quickly be said that non-vintage Shepard, for all that it's a kind of nuisance, is often better—funnier and more imaginative—than vintage most other playwrights.

The action takes place in a house near Los Angeles, where a scriptwriter (oh, Lord!) is house-sitting for his mother while she is off on a trip to Alaska. He is a respectable fellow, and he is joined by his brother, a desert bum and burglar, who is not. The plot tells of their slow, all too inevitable reversal of roles after the disreputable brother sells a story for an old-fashioned Western to a Hollywood producer and tries to force the writer



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to write the script. In a drunken rage, the writer goes out and steals a great many toasters. Crockery and canned goods are flung around with Shepard's usual abandon, and all ends with the brothers locked in mortal combat, with a bright slice of moon overhead and coyotes howling in the distance. Meanwhile, a great deal of toast has been burned and buttered, a great many funny lines have been spoken, and so have several wild monologues. Even in a semi-dud like this, Shepard's monologues are winners. But the subject—the decline of the Old West into freeways and Safeways—is familiar stuff by now, however ingeniously written, and inside jokes about writers and scripts and producers are a bore. It is so unlike Shepard to be predictable and obvious, and so like him to subtly change a comic mood into a threatening one before we know what is happening. On the one hand/on the other hand. Mr. Boyle and Mr. Jones certainly suited *me*.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

GLACIER

Last night I saw it form again
Along the woods' dark edge;
Heard it gathering out of a wind
From the northwest. Cornflowers
Bent to the earth in its wake,
Animals delved in their burrows,
Leaves stiffened and fell.
I searched through the grass
For a stone scratched by ice,
But could not read its markings
In the faltering light. Found
Another stone smoothed by water,
Opened it to a page of wings.
Lastly an arrowhead. Left
All these things together
In a level field, to be kept
By snow, and raised high or low.

—JARED CARTER

•

These symbolic signs with hands or faces "are really like a language," Ekman said. "They have a vocabulary that's different from place to place and the same movement can mean entirely different things."

He said the circled thumb and forefinger that means "A-OK" in the United States is "a real insult in Southern Europe—an unprintable insult."

And where an American youngster might stick out his tongue to show defiance, "in some cultures that's a sexual invitation."

Even shaking the head to say "yes" is not a universal symbol.—*Baltimore Evening Sun.*

Comes close, though.

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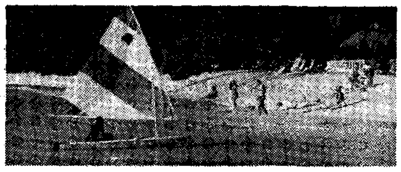

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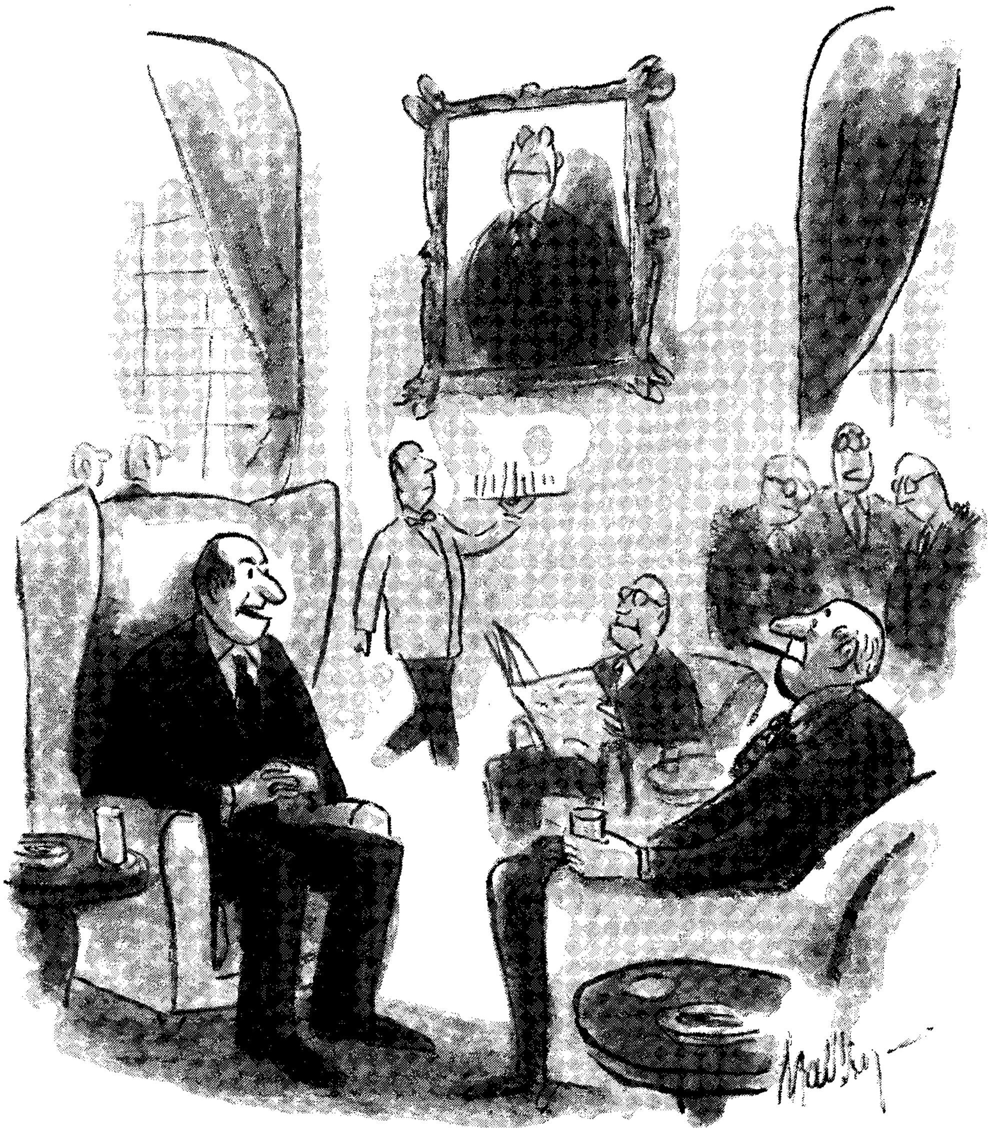
THE ART WORLD

Gloss

A LIST of the past year's outstanding art books—that's what we need. A guided tour through the glossy, large-format, cost-intensive volumes that have been piling up at an accelerating rate since September, and that, if you were to make a serious effort to *read* them, would pretty much rule out all other activity for 1981. One of the seductive things about glossy, large-format art books is that you don't feel under any intense obligation to the text. Even in those rare cases where the text is first-rate, it is still the pictures that count: the luscious, full-color, printed-in-Italy-or-the-Netherlands reproductions, which are often so much more—well, vivid than the originals. Art books can give us back the feeling we had as children, when scholarship didn't exist and a book was an object of pleasure, to be enjoyed from the ideal vantage point of a familiar lap. Sorting out the season's highlights, however, is an adult folly. Certain volumes (the ones on Impressionism, as like as not) have a way of disappearing from the pile in the reviewer's office and resurfacing months later, with or without an apologetic note from somebody down the hall. Others, the clearly monumental, multivolume university-press studies-in-depth, get put aside, to be dealt with when time permits, which it usually doesn't. I have in mind "Bernini and the Unity of the Visual Arts," by Irving Lavin (Morgan Library/Oxford; two volumes, $89), and "The Oil Sketches of Peter Paul Rubens," by Julius S. Held (Princeton; two volumes, $125). What follows, in any case, should be seen as a purely personal listing, guided in large part by whim, circumstance, and stamina.

The stars (the *distant* stars) of this art-book year are Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci. "The Vatican Frescoes of Michelangelo" (Abbeville), in two volumes, comes festooned with praise from H. W. Janson, Sir John Pope-Hennessy, and other exalted scholars, who concur that its reproductions of the Sistine frescoes are the finest ever made. The photographer Takashi Okamura spent six months on the project, working at night, when the chapel was closed, atop a scaffolding that had to be dismantled each morning. Ninety-nine of the three hundred and fifty-two images are reproduced in their original size, and in these, writes Harvard's Professor Sydney J. Freedberg, "even the specialist scholar cannot but find revelations of things that have never before been made quite so visible." "Anatomical Studies by Leonardo da Vinci" (Johnson/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) is a facsimile edition of Leonardo's famous but inaccessible drawings of the human body—inaccessible because they reside in the private collection of Queen Elizabeth II at Windsor Castle. This work, in three volumes, has extensive analytical texts by Carlo Pedretti, an art historian who specializes in da Vinci studies, and by Kenneth Keele, a medical historian who has spent the last twenty-five years studying the Windsor material, and I can't tell you a thing about either text. The volumes are so immense that the publisher provides a piece of furniture to house them. Both these ambitious ventures have been issued with great fanfare, in limited editions, and at prices that render them *hors concours* as hostess gifts: $4,500 for the Michelangelo; $6,600 for the da Vinci.

The annual Impressionist sweepstakes has produced two entries this time around: "The Great Book of French Impressionism," by Horst Keller (Hudson Hills; $50), and "The Great Book of French Impressionism," by Diane Kelder (Abbeville; $100). No relationship at all, except shared embarrassment. Imagine the quiet satisfaction of the editors at each house after they hit on that fine, definitive title. The Keller book comes with Monet water lilies on the jacket, the Kelder with a Monet street scene. Inside, Keller (who is the director of the Wallraf-Richartz Museum, in Co-



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logne) provides a bland text and a number of relatively unfamiliar paintings from French regional museums, while Kelder (an American art historian and teacher) covers the ground in a succinct manner that scarcely slows down our appreciation of the lavish color spreads and foldouts of everyone's favorite paintings. Bigger in this case is better, although the Kelder book really ought to come with its own special table, or with those tiny wheels that airline personnel attach to their valises.

Pure pleasure—the kind we get from Impressionist pictures—is the obvious purpose of Kenneth Clark's "Feminine Beauty" (Rizzoli; $25), but this appetizing book, with its delectable Tiepolo nude on the cover, is a disappointment. The explicator of "Civilization" recognizes two general types of beauty in women: classic beauty, which "depends on symmetry, established proportion and regular features;" and characteristic beauty, which allows for individual deviations so long as they do not depart too rakishly from the classic canon. In his leisurely stroll through Western art since the second millennium B.C. in Egypt, when he believes female beauty was first portrayed, Lord Clark shows a marked preference for Botticelli's "delicate and destructible" goddesses, and a rather astonishing imperviousness to some later charmers. Goya's "Maja Desnuda" is "painted so coolly that she awakens no feelings of desire," he avers, and Velázquez's "Rokeby Venus," which once provoked a suffragette to slash it with a knife, "arouses no emotions." Lord Clark is a gentleman. The subject has not inspired his best efforts, and the reproductions, too few of which are in color, often fail to suggest the allure of the originals.

What we miss in "Feminine Beauty" is what we find, against all expectations, in "The Horse in Art" (New York Graphic Society; $70). You don't have to know much about horses to be aware that their bodies are among the most ravishing of natural forms. Artists have been depicting their contours since Paleolithic times, and John Baskett, the author of this well-designed book, leads us at a lively canter from Lascaux to the Paris race tracks of Degas, with stopovers at the Parthenon, T'ang Dynasty China, Medieval Europe, Renaissance Italy, Mogul India, romantic Araby, and a host of other equine stamping grounds. Baskett's hero is George Stubbs (1724-1806), the self-taught Englishman who spent eight years studying the anatomy of horses (doing for the horse what Leonardo had done for the human body) and applied what he had learned in marvellously detailed and animated portraits of the leading thoroughbreds of his day. Condescended to even now as a painter of horses, Stubbs receives his due in this book as one of the finest English artists of the eighteenth century.

Lucas Cranach the Elder is the prime focus of "Cranach: A Family of Master Painters," by the German art historian Werner Schade (Putnam; $50). The founder of a family dynasty that spanned the sixteenth century in German art, Lucas Cranach turned his hand to whatever his sophisticated patrons required—bloody crucifixions and Biblical scenes, pagan allegories (his slender, high-breasted, pot-bellied Venuses, clad in nothing but necklaces and enormous feathered hats, helped to set an odd new style of feminine beauty), portraits of Martin Luther and other worthy fellow-citizens. Although he missed the profound originality of Albrecht Dürer, his great contemporary, Cranach came closer to the bone of sixteenth-century life. As Schade puts it, "in Dürer everything points toward eternity; in Cranach, toward the bitter experience of reality." This is an exceptionally beautiful book.

Two more blockbusters—or shelf-warpers—claim our attention. "The Metropolitan Museum of Art," by the Columbia University art historian Howard Hibbard (Harper & Row; $50), presents the holdings of that ever-expanding colossus in a wealth of unusually accurate reproductions, tells us how they were acquired, and includes a great deal of interesting information set down with a minimum of pedantry. "Art of the Ancient Near East," by Pierre Amiet, curator of Oriental antiquities at the Louvre, is a magnificent, exhaustive, and exhausting survey of the next-to-oldest art that has survived—the Late Neolithic and Bronze Age art of Mesopotamia (Abrams; $95). Coming several thousand years after the masterly accomplishments of the Magdalenian cave painters, Neolithic stone carving, pottery, and metalwork often seem a long step backward into barbarism; they developed side by side with the invention of writing and of architecture, however, and led straight to the splendid stasis of ancient Egyptian art. A fascinating sidelight on the art of Sumer and Uruk, incidentally, is found in a small book by John Fowles, the novelist, called "The Enigma of Stonehenge," with photographs by Barry Brukoff (Summit; $19.95). Fowles brings us up to date with regard to scientific thinking about Stonehenge (it is a lot older than we used to believe, and it may not have been a primitive astronomical observatory after all); he also holds out, stoutly and eloquently, for its deeper value as a great work of art—a mystery that can never be solved.

Finally, two beguilingly slim books that seem, in the present context, as light as air. "Paper Pools," by the English artist David Hockney (Abrams; $22.50 hardbound, $14.95 paper), is a breezy, unpretentious account of how Hockney came to make a series of twenty-nine paintings in 1978 by "drawing" with colored paper pulp on handmade paper, at the graphics studio of Kenneth Tyler, near Mount Kisco, New York. The text, with accompanying illustrations and Hockney line drawings, is a fine and funny example of an artist's being seduced by a new medium. "Unbuilding," written and illustrated by David Macaulay (Houghton Mifflin; $9.95), is a fantasy on a truly elevated scale. It shows us in words and detailed architectural drawings how the Empire State Building was dismantled, over a three-year period starting in 1990, following its purchase by an Arab sheikh, who had decided to re-erect it in the Arabian desert. The drawings of the floor-by-floor dismemberment are marvels of precision and dizzying perspective, and, while Macaulay's narrative remains deadpan, there are frequent touches of throwaway visual wit. At the edge of one full-page drawing, and unnoticed by two construction workers, is the hand of a giant ape.

—Calvin Tomkins

●

Yet the Players are not appealing to theatrical snobbery. Dr. David Robert Kanter, for instance, is excited about his adaptation of *Hamlet* coming up Nov. 14–Dec. 7. Kanter has edited Shakespeare's tragedy down to a fast-paced two hours, 15 minutes and describes it as "great modern entertainment in the Hitchcock mold."—*Fort Lauderdale News and Sun-Sentinel.*

Maybe so. But you got to remember that Hitch was the greatest.

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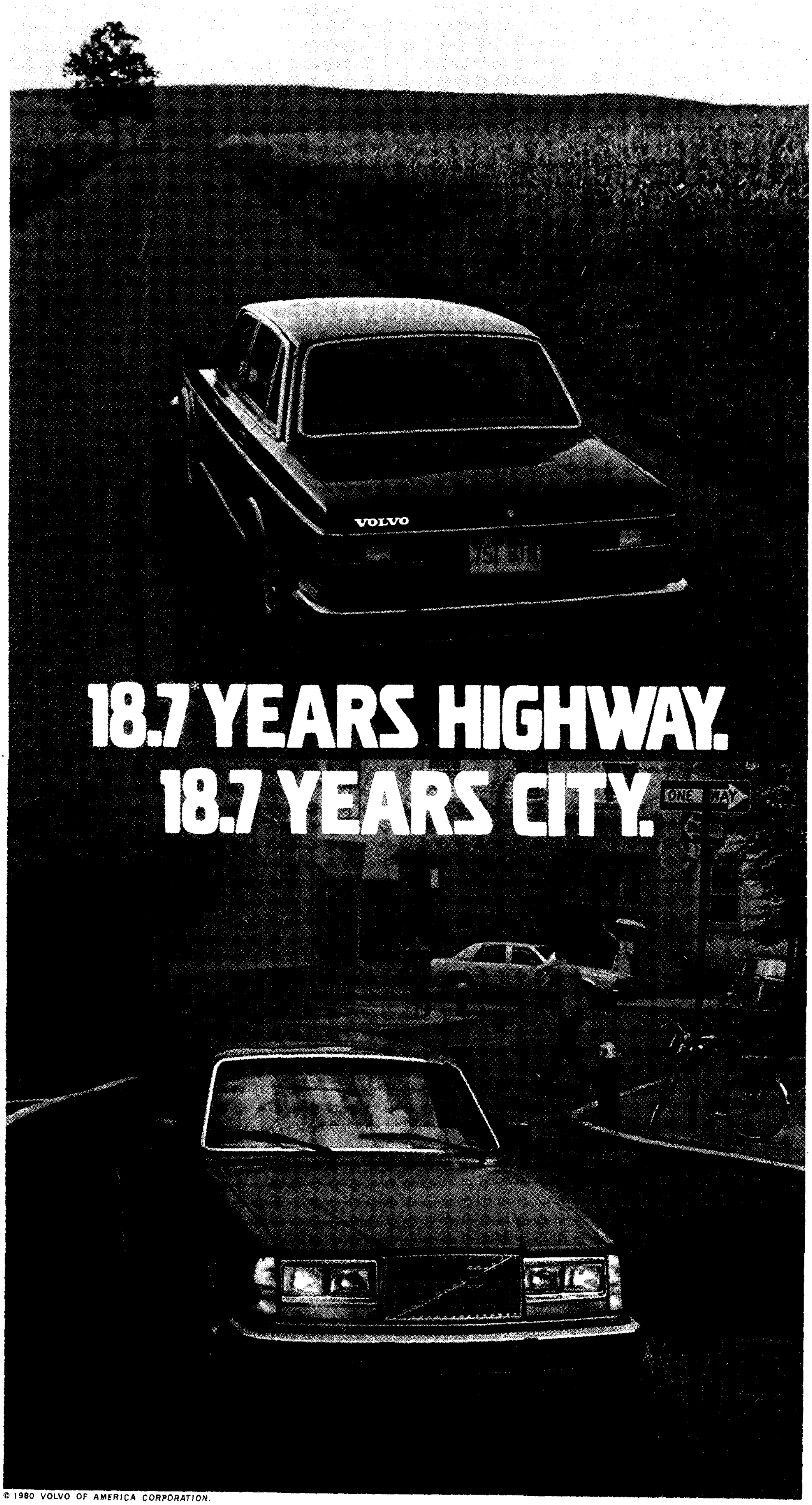
U.S. JOURNAL: NATCHITOCHES, LA.

NOBLE EXPERIMENT

WHEN I heard that Lum Ellis was trying to put the entire city of Natchitoches, Louisiana, on the Pritikin Diet, I knew he was going to have his hands full. To many people, Natchitoches, a parish seat seventy miles south of Shreveport, has been known mainly as the oldest settlement in the Louisiana Purchase—a peaceful, rather charming old river town where a lot of people who live in nineteenth-century houses can tell you precisely the year their house was built and how many generations of their family have lived in it. To me, it has been known mainly as the home of the Natchitoches meat pie. In 1979, Edwin Edwards, who was then the governor of Louisiana, announced that the state would contribute forty thousand dollars toward an attempt to educate the citizens of one Louisiana town in the benefits of the high-fibre, low-fat diet advocated by Nathan Pritikin, whose Longevity Center in California is so expensive that it attracts the sort of people who are friendly with the governor of Louisiana. Edwards said he had chosen Natchitoches (pronounced, more or less, "NACK-i-tish") partly because it is a microcosm of the population of the state. It is true that in northern Louisiana, an area whose culture sometimes seems defined by a devotion to chicken-fried steak and a dread of the Pope, Natchitoches is a town where people are not shocked by exposure to either Roman Catholics or cayenne pepper—a northern-Louisiana town with some southern-Louisiana overtones. Although Natchitoches's celebration of its early French and Spanish settlers concentrates on their houses rather than their food, modern residents do eat, in addition to their share of chicken-fried steak, some food that a lot of people in northern Louisiana would consider foreign and maybe wicked—spicy meat pies, for instance, and dirty rice, and hot tamales, and even an occasional gumbo. Edwards—who, despite his Anglo name, is a Cajun from southern Louisiana—has said that Pritikin would have found it easier to convert people in "other parts of the country where the food is no good anyway." On the other hand, he has acknowledged that attempting such a project in the Cajun country, where people's main interest in an old building tends to be what sort of food might be served in it, would be "too much of a test." At the kickoff banquet for the Natchitoches project last January, held in the Student Union of Northwestern State University, Edwards, apparently attempting to reconcile his role as the host and his reputation as an unreconstructed Cajun, was quoted as saying, "A Cajun raised on gumbo and crawfish would just as soon die ten years earlier as eat that stuff, but it's a noble experiment." Lum Ellis thought that was an unfortunate remark, although not as unfortunate as a comment by one diner that seemed to make all the wire-service stories—the comment that the broccoli bisque, prepared with Pritikin-approved ingredients, tasted like "boiled cigarettes." Right from the start, Lum Ellis knew very well that he was going to have his hands full.

"Would it bother you if I just didn't talk this evening?"

Those of us who struggle valiantly against the perils of cynicism find ourselves sorely tested by a project that uses state money in Louisiana to demonstrate a health theory developed in Southern California. My view of any project in Louisiana has been formed partly by a conversation in New Orleans several years ago in which a man I know in the French Quarter listened to several people theorize about how the Louisiana Superdome might affect the tone and the economy and the morale of the city, and then said, "What you have to understand about the Superdome is that after the financing the rest is commentary." According to one school of thought in Louisiana, the only significant question to ask about any state project is "Who's writing the insurance?" Except for the fact that he has been caught wearing a necktie, Nathan Pritikin, who claims that he can reverse cardiovascular disease through diet and exercise, has most of the characteristics common to the sort of self-ordained Southern California health savants who sometimes manage to energize in me an otherwise dormant affection for the American Medical Association—no formal training in the field, cure claims that are questioned by the medical establishment, a horde of satisfied and sometimes even zealous customers, and a book that has been on the best-seller list in both hardback and paper. Of course, it is always possible, I have to keep reminding myself, that when the Deity finally decides to reveal the Truth to the human race He may choose as His messenger a Southern California health guru who has a how-to book in the top ten and has managed to recruit both John



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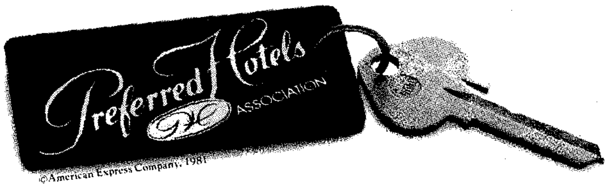
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Travolta and Barbra Streisand as disciples. It has been written, after all, that God works in strange and mysterious ways. If He wanted to tell the Truth, why would He be so obvious as to put it in the mouth of a Nobel Prize-winning Harvard biochemist and father of four? The man from California would say, without qualification, that he had the Truth ("Really, Merv, I'm not putting you on—this is the Truth"), and the cynics would all say, very slowly, "Uh-huh, I'll bet, sure, right." Perhaps the messenger would decide to demonstrate the Truth through a state-government-funded project in Louisiana. The insurance would be handled through open competitive bidding. I tried to keep that possibility in mind when I went down to Natchitoches to see how Lum Ellis was getting along on his project—Project LIFE, as he had decided to call it—and try a meat pie or two, as long as I was in the area.

Lum Ellis is a sociologist, but saying that doesn't describe him, even if you know that he has also been president of the Natchitoches Chamber of Commerce. He and his wife—the co-director of Project LIFE—run a tour business on the side. He drives a Lincoln Continental. He was once a Baptist minister in Jonesboro, Louisiana—the sort of Baptist minister who was also named Jonesboro's Young Man of the Year. He used to be the host of a radio talk show in Natchitoches. While working as an assistant to the president of Northwestern State University, he ran, unsuccessfully, for state superintendent of education. By the time the campaign was over, the president he had assisted for eight years had moved on. Lum Ellis was faced with going back to the classroom—a prospect that didn't strike him the way it might strike, say, Mr. Chips. Along came Project LIFE—a one-year project with forty thousand dollars of state money and some more from the Pritikin Research Foundation. It beat Introduction to Sociology 104.

When Ellis talks about his involvement with Project LIFE, he reminds me of a familiar character in old Hollywood movies—the male lead who tries to make the heiress understand that even though it's true he was secretly hired by her parents to bring some romance into her life before she succumbed to the fatal illness, he has grown to love her truly. Last year, Lum Ellis knew nothing about the Pritikin Diet except that the project to bring it to Natchitoches needed a director. The first time he saw Pritikin, he was unimpressed: the founder was wearing sandals with socks and carrying a small bag of fruit, and Lum Ellis thought he looked like "a German refugee." Now, Ellis told me, he is a "lead-pipe believer." He has lost weight. He is through with salt and fats forever. ("I wouldn't mess up the taste of grits or corn with salt or butter.") He says the only contact he maintains with his old diet is an occasional burst of "intelligent sinning"—a Baptist preacher's way of describing a system that my friend Fats Goldberg, the thin New York pizza baron, calls "controlled cheating." Ellis says that his dietary practices will never revert to his gluttonous old days—even when he moves this month to the tempting environs of New Orleans, where he is going to work as a dean in a small college and look after some land he wants to develop between New Orleans and Baton Rouge. In Natchitoches, Ellis, as affable and chatty as any old talk-show host who has also been a preacher and a Chamber-of-Commerce president, plays the role of the cheerful missionary—a "Hiya, honey" here and a "How ya doin', darlin'?" there, a cable-television show on the benefits of making gravy with cornstarch and making milkshakes with dry skim milk, a Project LIFE column every week in the Natchitoches *Times* ("It's sure good to be home . . . where we can make our fat-free strawberry milkshakes in our blender"), a sprinkling of diet-cooking classes and exercise rallies and Happy Heart Month programs, an occasional expression of good-humored exasperation at the daunting task he has taken on ("They say they want to eat something that sticks to their ribs. You know what that means? Hard to digest"). "Sometimes," Ellis told me, "people come up to me and say, 'Lum, I ate an egg this morning and damned if I didn't think of you and feel guilty.' " Sometimes someone who is asked if he is eating a lot of fibre replies, as the director of the cable-television show replied one night, "I eat anything that doesn't eat me."

For a while, there was some talk that as many as a couple of thousand of the sixteen thousand people in Natchitoches might be following the strict regimen of the Pritikin Diet, but even Ellis no longer claims that many people in Natchitoches are lead-pipe believers—willing, as he is, to cart

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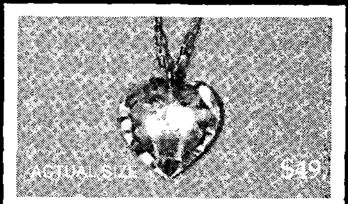
WITH HEART



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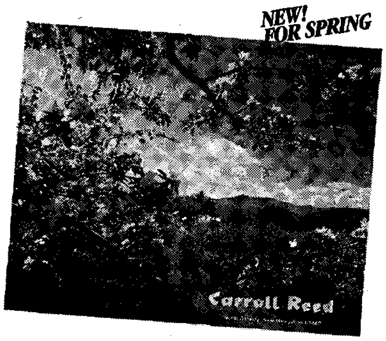

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along Grape-Nuts and dry skim milk and a bowl and a spoon on business trips in order to avoid having to eat a sinful breakfast. What he does claim is that a significant number of Natchitoches residents—more than a third, according to a survey recently taken for the project—have been led to change their eating or exercise habits in some way since the program started last January. I went to a Kiwanis luncheon while I was in Natchitoches, and some of the Kiwanians, speaking from behind small mountains of food they had collected at the Holiday Inn buffet table (Salisbury steak, liver with onions, shrimp creole, rice, broccoli with cheese sauce, candied yams, black-eyed peas, bread pudding), told me that a lot of people in Natchitoches have cut down on sugar and salt. A manager at one supermarket said that people may be asking for slightly leaner cuts of meat—although the demand for chopped pork to make meat pies has not been affected. The manager of Brookshire's Supermarket, a large man named Lonnie Casey, told me that the store is selling a bit more whole-wheat flour and an occasional package of Pritikin-approved sapsago cheese—the cheese Casey was referring to a few months ago when he told a visiting reporter from Houston, "God, I couldn't swallow that mess."

Brookshire's Supermarket also bakes a special Pritikin bread, and sells about a hundred loaves of it a week. "Do you eat it yourself?" I asked the man who bakes it.

"Nope," he said.

"Have you ever tasted it?"

"Yes."

"What does it taste like?"

"Cardboard."

I took a bite. Cardboard with a slight aftertaste.

ALTHOUGH one doctor in Natchitoches has criticized Project LIFE publicly on both medical and ethical grounds—he called it a publicly funded advertising campaign that happens to be advertising a diet that may not even be advisable for the general population—most people approve of any effort that calls attention to the need for exercise and nutrition, even if they express that approval between bites of pork cutlet with gravy. The claims of Nathan Pritikin for his longevity clinic aside, after all, the belief that Americans would do well to heed his advice about cutting down on salt and sugar and meat is widespread—although not so widespread as to include the members of the Natchitoches Parish Cattlemen's Association. They went to Baton Rouge to try to block Lum Ellis's appropriation. Ed Hunter, the president of the association, told me that it had been a bad year for farmers anyway, what with drought and armyworms and a softness in the beef market, and then, "with all the things the farmer has to contend with normally, some joker is saying the product this guy is sweating to produce is not good for you." Although Ellis sometimes describes the project as "a multiple-risk intervention study"—the death and illness rates in Natchitoches for 1980 will be tested against a control town—he does not claim that its methodology is likely to be studied by public-health schools as a model. "In a little old project like this, we can't draw definite conclusions," he said in an interview last summer, "but we can add to the general body of knowledge." What worries Hunter is that the Pritikin forces will dredge up from the statistics some way to confirm the diet's wonders, even though Hunter believes that "if you shook all the bushes here hard, you couldn't find a hundred people on that diet." In Hunter's view, Project LIFE is just an ad campaign that the citizens of Louisiana, including beef farmers, are paying for. "It's going to benefit nobody but Nathan Pritikin," he told me. I pointed out that there was one other certain winner—James Lasyone, the proprietor of Lasyone's Meat Pie Kitchen & Restaurant.

Lasyone is a rotund, enthusiastic man who works in the kitchen of his place rather than in the dining room. After twenty-five years as a butcher in a Natchitoches grocery store, he began ten years ago to see if he could start a commercial enterprise based on the meat pies that people in Natchitoches have always eaten at home. A Natchitoches meat pie is a half-moon pastry that has been filled with chopped pork and chopped beef and spices and then fried in deep fat—emerging as something close to an empanada. When there is a festival in Natchitoches—the annual Christmas-light celebration, say, or the old-home tour—meat pies are sold from stands. When there is a party, the hostess often orders them from one of the women around town known for the specialty. Years ago, a book on Natchitoches recalls, they were sold on the street by black children, who chanted "Hot-ta-meat pies. Red-d-d hot!" Lasyone sold meat pies from his butcher counter for a couple of years and then opened up a restaurant next door with meat pies as the premier dish—served with a generous portion of dirty rice. Several years after the restaurant opened, a writer from *House Beautiful*, apparently in town to admire the old houses and the brick street that runs along the river, happened into Lasyone's, and the result was an article that Lasyone calls "the break of a lifetime." Lasyone's began to show up in restaurant guides. Eventually, the tourists who came to Natchitoches Parish were looking not just for plantation houses but for a genuine Natchitoches meat pie. A meat-pie recipe was included with the brochure on historic sites. After a while, it became common to see a huge tour bus parked in front of Lasyone's Meat Pie Kitchen & Restaurant.

If Nathan Pritikin wanted to distribute a list of foods to be avoided at all cost, he could simply hand out the menu of Lasyone's Meat Pie Kitchen & Restaurant. Lasyone's daily special is likely to be something like smothered calves' liver. His dessert specialty is Cane River Cream Pie—a sort of cake with vanilla filling, chocolate syrup, and whipped topping. Lasyone does have vegetables, but when he serves okra he takes the trouble to fry it.

When Project LIFE began, Lasyone was somewhat concerned that tourists might get the idea he had switched from meat pies to mung beans and the sort of cheese that just about did in Lonnie Casey, at Brookshire's Supermarket. Lasyone's concern was provoked by a phone call from the American Express Travel Service asking about his involvement with the Pritikin Diet. "I told them I had nothing to do with it," he told me, "and then they booked two buses."

As it turned out, of course, Project LIFE worked to Lasyone's advantage. How can a television crew assigned to poke around in the eating habits of Natchitoches resist a living antithesis to the Pritikin thesis? Lasyone's Meat Pie Kitchen & Restaurant is more famous than it ever was. Lasyone says that 1980, the year of Project LIFE, was his best year yet.

Even Lasyone is quick to say that he has nothing against people trying to eat healthy food—though he does believe that efforts to change people's eating habits are doomed to failure. When the subject comes up, he tends to look serious and responsible. "Lum Ellis is a fine fellow," he told me. "He's trying to make a living trying to get people on a diet, and I'm trying to make a living trying to get them off." He went on to explain how he makes the roux for the beef stew whose gravy he pours over the chicken-fried steak. "The only way to make a good roux is to start with pure hog lard," he said.

"Just the sort of thing Mr. Pritikin goes for," I said.

James Lasyone began to giggle.

—Calvin Trillin

•

THE LAST DAYS OF THE NINETY-SIXTH CONGRESS

[*From the Congressional Record*]

The Presiding Officer. A quorum is present.

Mr. Robert C. Byrd. Vote.

The Presiding Officer. The question is on agreeing to the motion to lay on the table the motion to reconsider the vote by which the motion to lay on the table the motion to proceed to the consideration of the fair housing bill was rejected.

On this question, the yeas and nays have been ordered, and the clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk called the roll.

The result was announced—yeas 61, nays 31, as follows:

[Rollcall Vote No. 507 Leg.]

Yeas—61

Baucus
Bentsen
Biden
Boren
Boschwitz
Bradley
Bumpers
Burdick
Byrd, Robert C.
Cannon
Chafee
Chiles
Church
Cranston
DeConcini
Dole
Durenberger
Durkin
Eagleton
Ford
Glenn
Gravel
Hart
Hatfield
Heflin
Heinz
Hollings
Huddleston
Inouye
Jackson
Javits
Johnston
Kassebaum
Kennedy
Leahy
Levin
Long
Mathias
Matsunaga
Metzenbaum
Mitchell
Morgan
Moynihan
Nelson
Nunn
Packwood
Pell
Percy
Proxmire
Pryor
Randolph
Riegle
Sarbanes
Sasser
Stafford
Stennis
Stevenson
Stewart
Tsongas
Weicker
Williams

Nays—31

Armstrong
Baker
Bellmon
Byrd, Harry F., Jr.
Cochran
Danforth
Domenici
Exon
Garn
Goldwater
Hatch
Hayakawa
Helms
Humphrey
Jepsen
Laxalt
Lugar
McClure
Pressler
Roth
Schmitt
Schweiker
Simpson
Stevens
Talmadge
Thurmond
Tower
Wallop
Warner
Young
Zorinsky

Not Voting—8

Bayh
Cohen
Culver
Magnuson
McGovern
Melcher
Ribicoff
Stone

So the motion to lay on the table the motion to reconsider the vote by which the motion to lay on the table the motion to proceed to the consideration of the fair housing bill (H.R. 5200) was rejected was agreed to.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

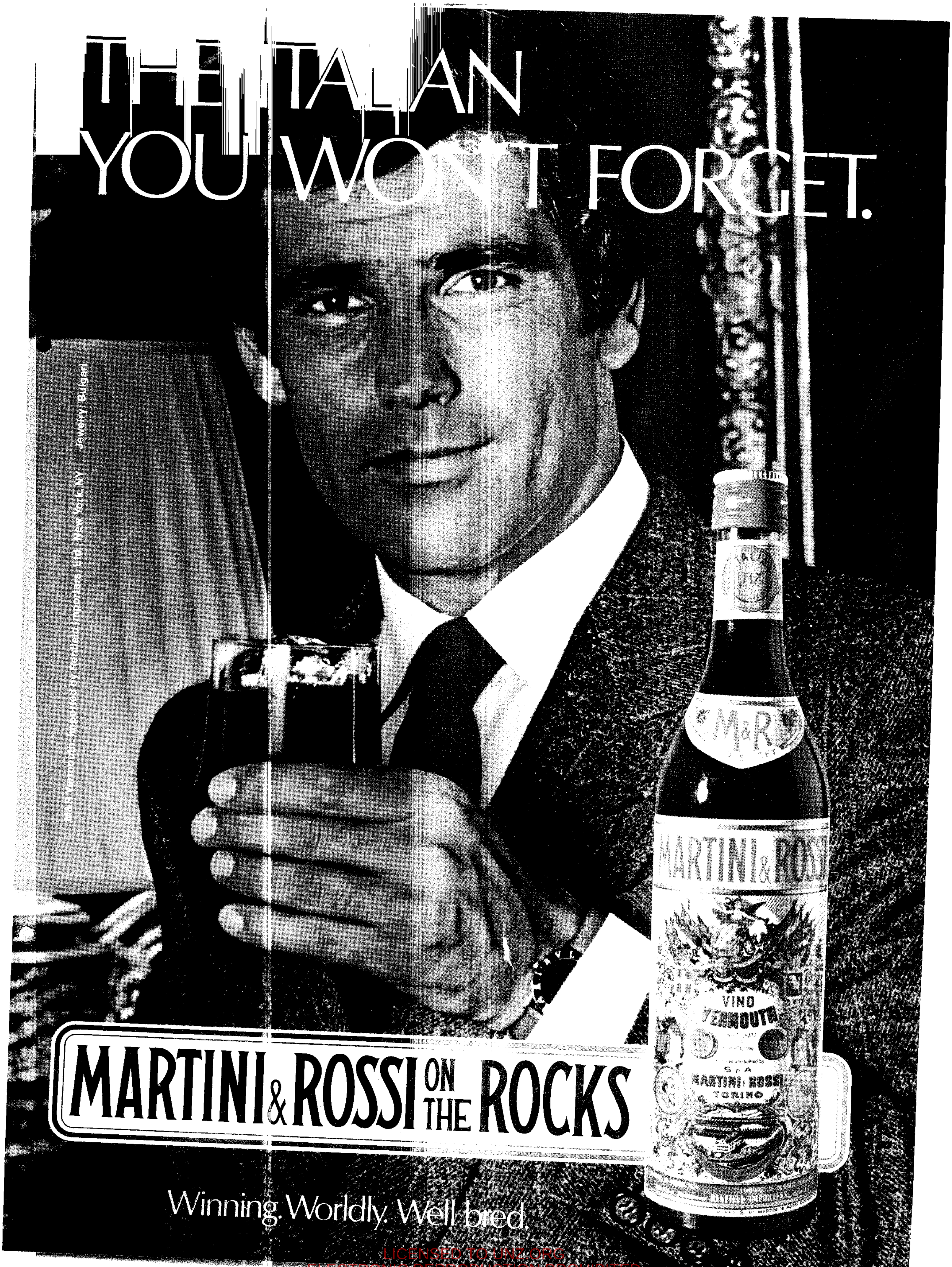
Ambition

IS Handel's "Semele" an opera? Modern commentators—Paul Henry Lang, Winton Dean—answer in the affirmative, and the Washington Opera, which has included the piece in its current season at the Kennedy Center, agrees. Certainly "Semele" is not an oratorio. Chrysander labelled it thus, but Handel made clear the difference by advertising its first performance, in 1744, as "The Story of Semele," performed "after the manner of an oratorio." It would be easy to conclude that the work is an opera that only force of circumstances prevented Handel from staging. Its subject is mythological, not Biblical; the text is adapted from a libretto that William Congreve wrote for John Eccles to set as an opera in 1707. It has been staged several times in England, beginning with a Cambridge production in 1925, which featured two borzois, a fantail pigeon, and two goats that, a reviewer said, "appeared to require a little more stage experience." Covent Garden has announced the piece for the 1982-83 season. My own answer to my opening question, however, is less certain; it depends on what production I have just seen. Handel's "Semele" is not quite the same as Congreve's "Semele;" to take one important example, a substantial number of choruses were added to the libretto by Handel or his collaborators, and these choruses do not make staging easy, as Washington found. There are moments that contradict the notion of staged drama. At the end of the first act, in a famous gavotte aria, Semele sings of herself in the third person. The story, essentially, is that the heroine, intoxicated by love for Jupiter in human form, is destroyed because she demands to see him as a god; the audience must see Jupiter revealed in his full splendor and share in the overwhelming power that sends Semele to inevitable death. Can any staging make this moment as convincing as Handel's music does?

John Copley, who has directed Washington's "Semele" (and who directed the much-praised "Julius Caesar" at the English National Opera a year ago), succeeds, on the whole. At that visionary moment, he ignores the libretto's directions for lightning and instead dazzles us with gold light as Jupiter glides onstage to confront Semele—in a parallel with his human manifestation to her in Act I. Elsewhere, Copley treats the emotions of the work with welcome seriousness: the buildup to Semele's demand, through terse aria and accompanied recitative, is finely sustained, and the full da capo of Semele's hysterical "No, no, I'll take no less" makes the desolation of Jupiter's following recitative, "Ah, whither is she gone," deeply moving. The piece is set, by Zack Brown, in an appropriate Georgian style, with a classical proscenium arch and a drop curtain showing Jupiter as an eagle about to snatch Semele from Earth. There are some oddities. Juno's statue sits in her temple in front of what looks like a Fifth Avenue chestnut roaster, and nods her head, Commendatore-like, to indicate approval to the mortals. Act II has a classical pastoral setting. Since the Victorian prudery that made Ebenezer Prout in his version of "Semele" expunge the word "bed" and change the line "peaceful days and fruitful nights" to "peaceful days and joyful nights" is now past, one would think Jupiter and Semele might be allowed a bed big enough for both of them. Copley captures the languorous mood of the first part of the act well but, I think, misunderstands the rest. From Jupiter's "I must with speed amuse her" onward, the act becomes a pastoral masque for Semele's delight, in a well-established English tradition. Copley tries to maintain the sensual atmosphere, omitting the dancing chorus "Now Love that everlasting boy," which sets the tone of the sequence, and relegating his chorus to the orchestra pit. This can be justified by Handel's practice in a performance of "Esther," and here it helps to remove distraction from the magical "Where'er you walk" and the even greater "But hark! the heav'nly sphere turns round." (Neither, incidentally, was in Congreve's original libretto.) But then the celebratory chorus that ends the act, which Lang calls "a pastoral fugue," is used by Copley as background to a mimed scene for Jupiter and Semele, and that is false to music, words, plot, and sense.

"I think I could live with that."

"Semele" was cut for these performances, which last just over three hours with intermissions. Two arias early in the first act are lost, so the magnificent quartet of conflict arrives too soon, before the characters have been fully estab-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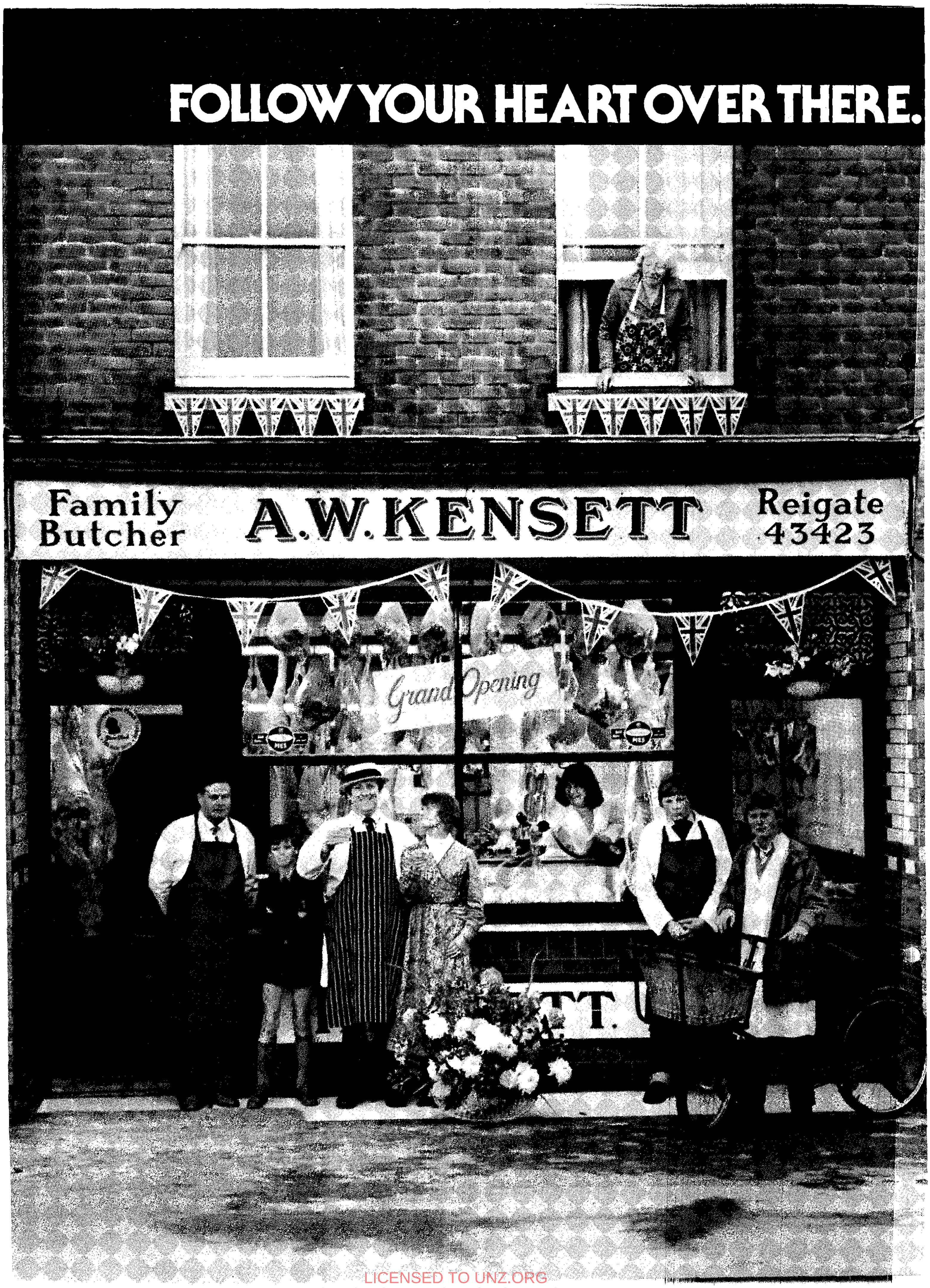
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lished. The part of Athamas, who is supposed to marry Semele, is reduced to a cipher; he even loses his display aria at the end of the work. It is preferable to omit arias completely, however, rather than to cut within them, and the majority of the numbers are left intact, and ornamented in the da capos. Stephen Simon conducted with vigor and purposefulness. The slow pieces were generally too slow, and recitatives were ponderous: unidiomatic cadences were conducted with grand gestures and with great pauses between the chords. The rest, however, raced along well, and the accompanied recitatives acquired their full power. The singers were a good, responsive team but were individually undistinguished: Noëlle Rogers' bright Semele sometimes turned harsh; Alan Kays' noble Jupiter too often became merely polite; Mariana Paunova's powerful Ino was rather plummy. William Powers, as Cadmus (and, the evening I attended, as Somnus, too), was a dominating personality who sang firmly, and Sunny Joy Langton, as Iris, made the most of her small part. In the small Terrace Theatre of the Kennedy Center, the words came across clearly, and the ensemble between singers and orchestra was generally neat. But the harpsichordist's inventive doodling became increasingly irritating; it added nothing to Handel's wonderful score.

Speculum Musicae, in its tenth-anniversary season, began a concert series at Symphony Space by presenting two new works and two twentieth-century revivals. "Time of the Supple Iris," by Preston Trombly, a Speculum commission, is a striking and original piece. Though it is based on colorful images and metaphors from "Foibles and Fables of an Abstract Man," by Edwin Honig, the music sounds at first simple, a variation on a single chant. Five instruments—English horn, viola, bass clarinet, double-bass, and percussion (bells, at the start)—have subtly different lines that give variety and depth to the modal-sounding cantillation of the opening section, called "The Iris." The parts move together, separate, and then return. The double-bass comes into prominence with a long, seemingly unrhythmic chant; the other instruments punctuate this meditation. The movement evaporates in bass harmonics and bell sounds. The second section, "A Conch of Silence Sounded," is busier, yet the same notion of activity around a fixed point dominates the music. From the opening babble, the bass clarinet and then the viola emerge to give focus to the thoughts; the prattling of the other instruments returns, to be quelled by a percussion cadenza. There is a short link into the last section, "Flickering Heart of the Frozen Fire." The English horn rises from the sad, simple chordal lament of the ensemble; in a long, slow song (beautifully played by Steve Taylor), it takes the music inward. The ensemble colors it softly, with marimba, bells, and tam-tam in the percussion; at the end, a static, rocking semitone alternation pushes the sound into silence. An introverted piece; not, perhaps, one that should start a concert.

The other new work, "Commedia," by Susan Blaustein, was much more active, and, to me, less impressive. An apt idea—to celebrate the members of Speculum Musicae by having them gather as if to present a theatrical show and then display their individual personalities. Yet the generally accomplished writing for eight-part ensemble (flute, oboe, clarinet, violin, viola, cello, double-bass, and percussion) rather lacked personality. There were some attractive textures: sweet sustained winds and strings with a gentle brush of cymbal sound; high, yearning oboe melodies; low, grunting textures for bass clarinet, cello, and double-bass. But the music never seemed to relax, and the celebratory spirit of rushing activity did not allow us to concentrate on any one of the passing beauties.

The revivals were Paul Hindemith's little cantata of 1925, "Die Serenaden," for soprano (Lucy Shelton), oboe, viola, and cello, and Henri Pousseur's "Chronique Berlinoise," of 1977—a strange work from a member of the postwar avant-garde who started as a follower of Webern and Stockhausen. Pousseur has been experimenting for many years with the use of quotation; his extraordinary quasi-opera "Votre Faust" presents bits of music from Monteverdi to the twentieth century, and one section is based on series drawn from his own works and those of five other contemporary composers. Most modern users of old music have gone far back into the past for their sources—Henze to Vitali, Maxwell Davies to Purcell—but Pousseur in "Chronique Berlinoise" is inspired by Brahms and Beethoven. An absurd, emaciated Brahms string-quartet movement leads to a joke about Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. A baritone soloist (whose interpolations are

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optional; the score can be entirely instrumental) bursts in with recitative: "Nein! Freunde! Nicht diese Töne!" Soon the music changes course, into Reger and the Schoenberg of "Verklärte Nacht," but even through the baritone's "Moses und Aaron" irruptions and the ensemble's consideration of Schoenberg's techniques, Brahms wins out. At the end of the fantasy, when we have passed through waltzes, Grappelli-style cabaret writing, and a fervent Adagio quasi religioso, Brahms is still there, chugging away in echo phrases to the last. I have little idea what the piece was about, but it was entertaining. William Parker was the accomplished soloist, and Speculum gave a confident, witty performance.

MOZART's unfinished C-Minor Mass was given in Carnegie Hall in November by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Riccardo Muti. At every point, Muti struggled against the music, attempting to make a broad, *nobilmente* sound out of Mozart's precise, crystal-clear lyricism. Muti encouraged his orchestra to play in its most lugubriously expressive style; as a result, many lovely details of the score were lost. The choral writing in the Mass is hard for any choir—the rushing lines of the "In gloria Dei Patris" fugue are as unvocal as anything Handel ever wrote—and the Singing City Choir found it impossible to project with sufficient accuracy. There was plenty of beefy tone in the "Qui tollis" and "Sanctus" but never a sense of excitement. Mr. Muti did not help by making every climax flabby; even the great choral entries in the second "Kyrie," in the bright key of E-flat major, were not startling. Interest in the performance was concentrated on Gwendolyn Bradley, a soprano of immense promise. She sang the "Christe" and "Et incarnatus" with a delicate, natural, musical sense of line; the sound was not full, and some insecurity marred the upper notes, but an understanding of Mozart's sensuality and of the need to understate it was vividly communicated. —NICHOLAS KENYON

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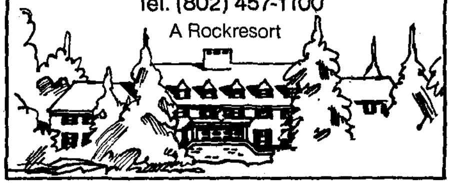

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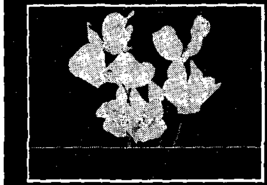

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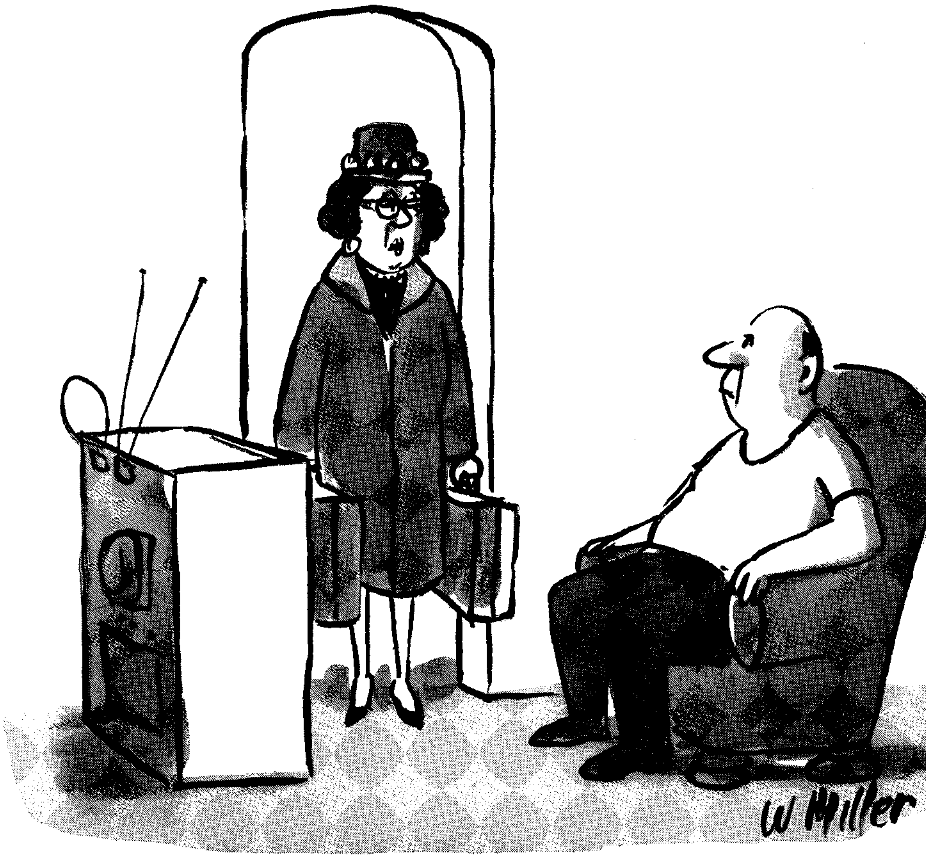
BOOKS

A Secular Faith

"Fire in the Minds of Men: Origins of the Revolutionary Faith," by James H. Billington (Basic Books; $25), is an imposing and thoughtful account of the European revolutionary tradition from the French Revolution of 1789 to the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917. Billington describes revolutionary ideas, their sources, and their development, and tells how they were transmitted over generations and across national boundaries; he discusses techniques of revolutionary organization. He pays great attention to the lives and emotions of individuals, and this makes his book absorbing. We see that revolutionary causes have engaged the most diverse types and temperaments: military heroes, such as Tadeusz Kościuszko; visionaries, such as Goodwyn Barmby, who popularized the word "communism" in English ("communist" first appeared in print in French, in 1785) and in the eighteen-forties tried to found ideal communities on the Isles of Wight, Sark, and Man; and fixers, such as Stepan Radchenko, who in St. Petersburg in the eighteen-nineties made it his business to meet any conspiratorial need—a false passport, say—like a concierge getting theatre tickets. All the revolutionaries of whom Billington writes expected that history would remember, justify, and praise them. For the majority, however, these dispassionate pages are their most notable memorial.

Billington, the author of "The Icon and the Axe: An Interpretive History of Russian Culture," which appeared in 1966 and has become a classic, tells us that he was drawn to the subject of revolution in the nineteen-sixties, when he was teaching graduate students at Princeton, and when the intellectual world seemed awash in a combination of appeals to the European revolutionary tradition and ignorance of it. Almost as soon as he set to work, he started finding old precedents for much that seemed new. For example, in Paris in the seventeen-nineties Jacques-René Hébert habitually printed profanity and obscenity in his radical newspaper *Le Père Duchesne.* This verbal aggression recurred in the so-called Free Speech Movement at Berkeley and was adopted by student radicals the world around. Billington quotes several authorities, including Roland Barthes, on the phenomenon; all agree that it is not trivial or bratty but an assault on decorum which has been essential to the revolutionaries' purpose.

Ancient traditions entangled themselves with revolution. Although historians commonly list the spread of Enlightenment rationalism as a prominent cause of the French Revolution, Billington discovered that French revolutionaries speedily acquired, from German sources, a stock of arcane beliefs reminiscent of old heresies and immemorial forms of magic. Some conspiratorial groups borrowed rituals from Masonry, others from the Jesuits; the rites of the Carbonari mingled Christian symbols, Pythagorean triangles, and, from classical Rome, bundles of sticks—*fasci.* The revolutionaries' obsession with circles and triangles derived from a belief that they were reviving the mystical religion of Pythagoras (Thomas Paine, in his Paris years, thought of fusing Pythagoreanism with Druidism); the practical effect was that circles within circles and three-man cells became a standard mode of revolutionary organization, in use in twentieth-century Vietnam and Algeria, and possibly, Billington says, among Russian dissidents today. It is understandable that in an epoch of upheaval all sorts of half-forgotten notions should come to light, just as in a thorough housecleaning cellars, attics, and closets yield possessions no one remembers. In times of stress, old superstitions may be as consoling as old Teddy bears. Even so, political occultism seems bizarre to most English-speakers—as if Thomas Jefferson had proclaimed the Democratic Party a Manichaean Church or Keir Hardie had chosen Aleister Crowley instead of Ramsay MacDonald as Secretary of the Labour Representation Committee. At all events, the Enlightenment of the *philosophes*, with its reliance on the scientific simplicity of Newtonian cosmology, was able to effect little more than a few permanent simplifications during the Revolutionary era—the metric system, for instance, and the Code Napoléon. Few radicals were interested in "scientific" Socialism until the factory system and railroads and other technologies of power and com-



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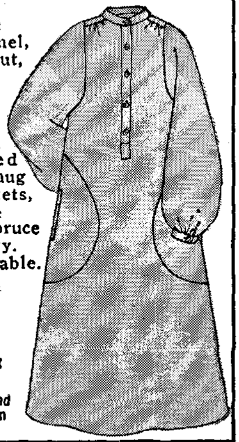

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munication had applied the scientific theories of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to the physical transformation of the nineteenth.

The Ancien Régime had been cosmopolitan and hierarchical; the Revolution, by contrast, was nationalist and egalitarian. Billington identifies nationalism with the search for fraternity—for a closer bond than mere fellow-citizenship—and Socialism with the quest for equality. The other original goal of the Revolution—liberty—was an early casualty. Conspiratorial organizations were undemocratic, since their triangles and concentric circles were hierarchically subordinated to leaders who were to be obeyed unquestioningly. Then, too, as the nineteenth century unfolded, it appeared that neither the folk beloved of the nationalists nor the proletarians extolled by the Socialists greatly wanted the revolutions that the revolutionaries wanted. Conspirators of both kinds—national and social—began to think in terms of vanguards, élites, and dictatorships; since their visions were not shared, they were to be imposed.

Down through the eighteen-sixties, Billington tells us, the dominant revolutionary tradition in Europe was that of romantic nationalism. Its foremost practitioners were Italians and Poles, and it left two legacies. One is a body of theory about revolutionary war; the author's citations amount to a sizable military library. The other legacy is operatic—works through which romantic nationalism was expressed and sometimes incited. The famous hullabaloo that the chorus "Va, pensiero" created at the première of Verdi's "Nabucco" was not exceptional. According to Billington, Rossini's "William Tell" and Bellini's "Norma" (Druids again) were among many works first heard as operas of national liberation; Auber's "The Mute Girl of Portici" started a riot in Brussels which became the Belgian Revolution of 1830. Billington's interest in music is a token of how widely he has studied; his pages are crammed with morsels that contribute to our knowledge of our species. For just one instance, in discussing the usages "left" and "right" he cites an essay reporting that "in all major language-cultures except the Chinese, the notion of left was associated with secular opposition to traditional social and religious custom."

Revolutionary nationalism waned in some places (Poland) because it was

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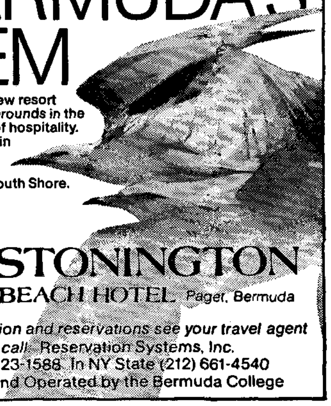

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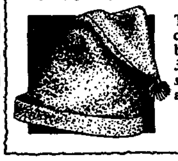

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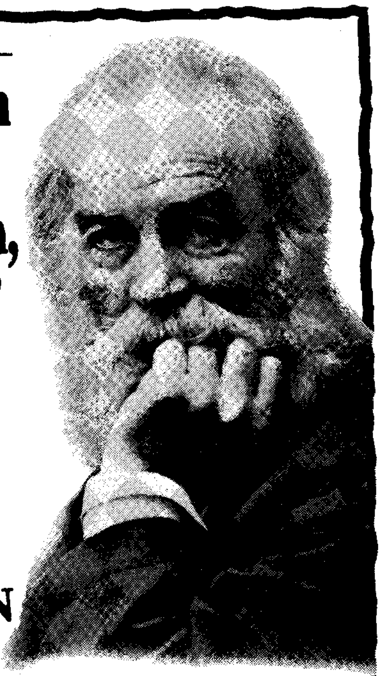
repressed and in others (Italy, Germany) because it succeeded in the wrong way. Cavour and Bismarck were not greatly interested in vernacular culture, in sharing political power with the folk, or in federations of peoples, such as Mazzini's International Association. Except in outlands and borderlands, European revolutionaries turned from national to social revolution. Marx, of course, became the best-known figure in this movement, but Billington mentions François Babeuf (1760-97) and his disciple Filippo Michele Buonarrotti (1761-1837), a descendant of the sculptor, among those who conspired to remodel society in the years when the nationalists were conspiring to remake geography. He writes of Henri de Saint-Simon (1760-1825) and his followers, and of Louis Auguste Blanqui (1805-81); he stresses the influence of Proudhon, and reminds us that among revolutionaries anarchism once seemed a lively competitor of Communism. Interest in Proudhon has revived lately as contemporary radicals have rummaged through history for a radical tradition of coöperation and consent instead of the prevailing authoritarianism, but Proudhon's ideas are not as pretty as they look: apart from his anti-Semitism and anti-feminism, his apolitical economic associations have been susceptible to corporatist or corporate-state interpretations.

In the latter half of the nineteenth century, revolutionary ideas moved to Germany, which evolved a large, if not by the most revolutionary standards very militant, Marxist Social Democratic Party, and to Russia, where revolutionaries adopted terrorism well before they had heard of Marxism. Billington says that in Russia in the eighteen-sixties "extreme rejection of existing tradition was confined almost exclusively to the student population." He attributes the students' rebellion to their disappointment with reform in the age of the reforming Czar Alexander II, who freed the serfs in 1861 and was assassinated by revolutionaries in 1881. Billington also ascribes the violence of the young Russians' rebellion to the high-handedness of the Russian government. We notice, however, that terrorism thrives today in less, not more, repressive societies. Terrorists' justifications are strikingly similar to what sociologists refer to, in writing of criminals, as "value stretch." Billington points out that "revolutionaries always believe their violence will



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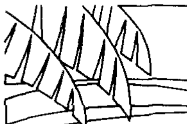

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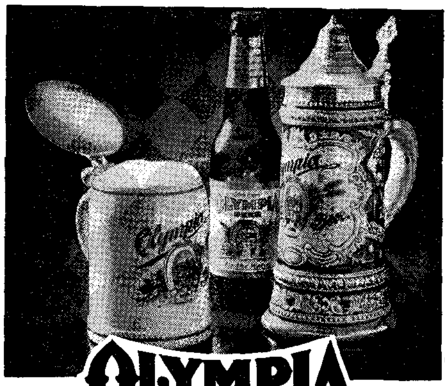

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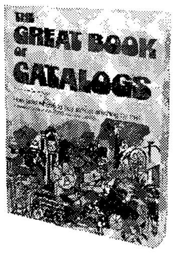

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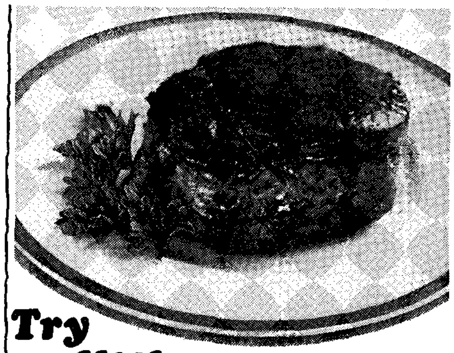
end all violence;" like unsuccessful dieters, incurable alcoholics, and more grievous sinners, terrorists appeal to the value-stretch morality—"just this once." The European revolutionaries' affinity with European reactionaries, which Billington notices from the beginning of his story to its end, may have arisen in part from their shared inability to understand the crucial role of means. Revolutionaries and reactionaries alike glorified action without appreciating the importance of their acts—the consequences of one more massacre, one more assassination.

Some readers may be disappointed that Billington, despite all his digging, has uncovered very little that is of use to Americans in our present perplexities. We still need to learn, for instance, something that the nationalists cannot teach: how people of different origins can live peacefully *and equitably side by side.* Human beings, singly and in groups, have always been migratory; throughout history men and women and families have moved, settled among strangers, and, in time, ceased to think of themselves as newcomers. When the peace treaties after the First World War attempted to follow the principle of nationality in drawing new borders, they recognized new nations; they also created new diasporas, new irredentas, new minorities, new victims. The most successful revolution that Billington discusses set up the system under which multinational Switzerland still lives, and was largely the work of James Fazy, a young Swiss protégé of the Marquis de Lafayette, from whom he learned about the American Constitution—a model that most Continental revolutionaries rejected, because they distrusted federalism and insisted upon a centralized, unitary state. The lack of applicability of the tradition of European social revolution may be due to the fact that it was largely formed not in liberal capitalist societies like our own but in states ruled by royalty and landowning nobility whose ethos was egocentricity, extravagance, and war. Billington points out that "Continental Europe remained throughout the nineteenth century more authoritarian politically than the British Empire had been under George III;" in the struggle against authority, European radicalism became as authoritarian as its opponents, and, when it came to concrete benefits (habeas corpus, say), as vague as a young hussar's promise to pay his tailor. Billington suggests that the



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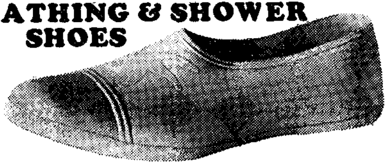

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European revolutionary tradition was an attempt to replace Christianity with a secular faith, and that these two hundred years of paganism may turn out to have been a detour in the history of European religion. To many readers, it will appear that, in its contempt for law and its disrespect for everyday life, the revolutionary faith prepared the way for National Socialism. One of the most useful aspects of this work is its demonstration of the extent to which we English-speakers must still rely upon our own revolutionary tradition, our odd muddle of Lollardry and Whiggery.

Billington's history ends with Lenin's success. The author appends a brief chapter on the role of women in revolution. Though such special attention seems required nowadays as a sign of respect, I am not happy about sexual segregation; I read the female of "ghetto" as "harem." In an epilogue, Billington briefly considers the spread of revolutionary faiths from Europe to Asia and Africa. At that point, we realize that this masterly work has been unobtrusively teaching two non-revolutionary virtues: tolerance (the Mau Mau, for instance, no longer seem so outré after we have sat in with the Carbonari) and compassion. Billington's historical tapestry elicits our pity. He has shown us the grandeur of revolutionaries' hopes; we know their disastrous fulfillment. Each individual in his book was an embodiment, a particular instance, of a general human tragedy: our irresistible habit of imagining perfections we cannot achieve.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CLEAR LIGHT OF DAY, by Anita Desai (Harper & Row; $11.95). A rich, Chekhovian novel by one of the most gifted of contemporary Indian writers. Its subject is suggested by an epigraph taken from Emily Dickinson—"Memory is a strange bell / Jubilee and knell"—and is later redefined in a cry from one of its characters: "Nothing's *over*, ever." Miss Desai's understanding of the tyranny of time centers on a middle-class Bengali family whom we meet in the present in their spacious but run-down house in a Delhi suburb—the plain, competent spinster daughter who stayed home, the brain-damaged but amiable younger brother, the pretty, sensitive younger daughter, married to an Indian diplomat and back for a visit, the apathetic servants, the dog, the blossoms, the birds, the heat, the dust. We then see the past that shaped their present: the summer of 1947—the summer of the Partition riots, a summer of constant alarms and long dreams of the future. Miss Desai writes quietly and brilliantly, turning our vision of her characters this way and that. Nothing, and everything, happens.

GENERAL

THE WAYS OF A JUDGE: REFLECTIONS FROM THE APPELLATE BENCH, by Frank M. Coffin (Houghton Mifflin; $10.95). The author is Chief Judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the First Circuit, one of eleven federal circuit courts just below the Supreme Court. He is reflective and judicious, as the title suggests; he is also informative, explaining how appellate courts have functioned from ancient times to the present, and how judges do their work, picking their way through diverse, often extremely specialized subjects in search of legal principles. The demands upon appellate courts have expanded to the point where, he argues, a set of "justice subsystems" would help resolve some of the disputes that now come before them. Justice Coffin demonstrates his generalizations by describing three typical cases, two of them invented; in the genuine case, which dealt with the rights of prisoners, the Supreme Court reversed his court's decision.

THE OLD REVOLUTIONARIES: POLITICAL LIVES IN THE AGE OF SAMUEL ADAMS, by Pauline Maier (Knopf; $15). The American Revolution was a long-term affair, beginning with opposition and resistance to specific Acts of Parliament as early as the seventeen-sixties. This work studies the lives of five men—Samuel Adams of Massachusetts, Isaac Sears and Thomas Young, both of New York, Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Maryland—all of whom were early resisters and (except Carroll) leaders of anti-British agitation in the decade before the Revolutionary War. In examining why these five men—who differed not only from the Loyalists around them but from each other—all found His Majesty's government oppressive, Mrs. Maier makes her subjects live, and also

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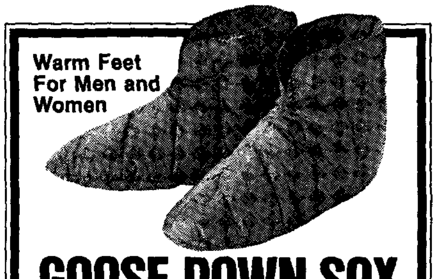

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makes the American Revolution seem inevitable.

THE POPE, HIS BANKER, AND VENICE, by Felix Gilbert (Harvard; $12.50). In 1511, when the powers of Europe were bent on destroying Venice, Pope Julius II dispatched his most important banker, Agostino Chigi, to lend the beleaguered republic the money to pay its soldiers and stay in the fray. Chigi, one of the richest men of his day, was also one of the busiest: he seized the moment to force Venice to help him collect a bad debt; he acquired a mistress, whom he took back to Rome and eventually married; and at his death, in 1520, he was still haggling with the Venetians over terms of repayment. (One problem that Christian bankers faced was evading the Church's ban on taking interest; Chigi's solution was a complex form of wash sale, once a common tax-evasion device in this country.) Discussing every aspect of Renaissance business techniques and their effect on international policy, Professor Gilbert gives his readers a sense of an age that has perhaps been idealized: Chigi and Raphael died *within a week of each other, and it* was the money man, not the artist, whom Roman society grieved over.

THE UNICORN, by Nancy Hathaway (Viking; $19.95). A beautifully illustrated history of man's immemorial fascination with an animal he himself made up. (It made its first appearance in Western literature around 400 B.C.) The author tells how this blue-eyed beast—the only animal that dares attack the elephant and that can be trapped only with the aid of a young virgin—has captured the imagination of painters, sculptors, illuminators of medieval manuscripts, weavers of tapestries, designers of heraldic emblems, writers, poets, and advertising men. The illustrations not only adorn but enrich the text, except for some sugary art that was commissioned expressly for the book.

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Pittsfield (Mass.) Berkshire Eagle*]

CONCORD—New Hampshire high school graduates appear to be doing better than other northern New England graduates when it comes to placement in colleges. Data for the 1978-79 school year shows that New Hampshire sent 46.75 percent of its students on to higher education, compared with 43.1 percent for Maine and 51 percent for Vermont.

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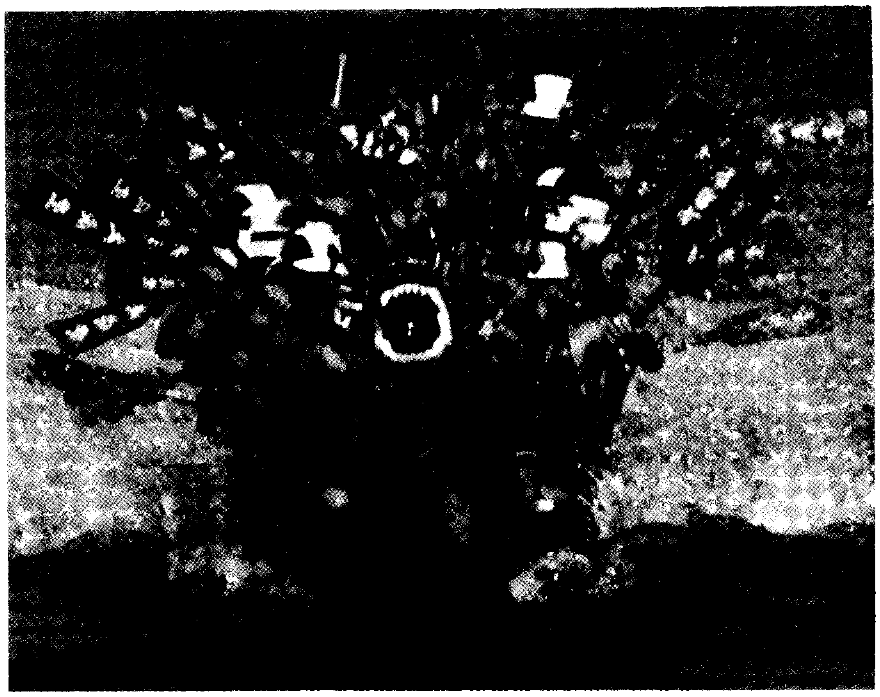
Hong Kong's spectacular Dragon Boat Races preserve the memory of an ancient Chinese poet.



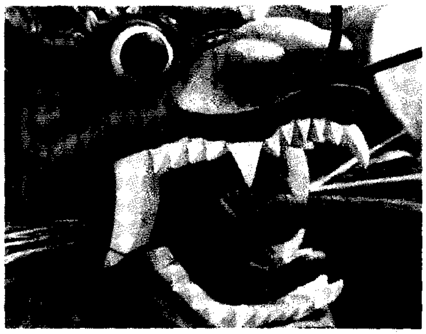
Colourful Dragon Boats from all over the world compete in Hong Kong.

Chinese festivals in Hong Kong provide added excitement throughout the lunar calendar.

If you plan your visit to Hong Kong to coincide with one of the many local festivals, you'll find even more excitement to experience.

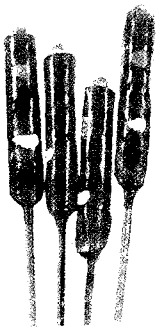
Perhaps the most colourful spectacle of all is the Dragon Boat Festival, on the fifth day of the fifth moon of the lunar calendar (6th June in 1981).

The festival is highlighted by a series of spectacular Dragon Boat races. The races are in memory of the boats that raced to try and save the life of Chinese poet Chu Yuan, who drowned himself over 2000 years ago rather than go into exile. Despite the Chinese origin of the festival, boats from all over the world now come to Hong Kong to compete.



The red ball in the dragon's mouth represents a pearl the dragon spits out to spread good fortune.

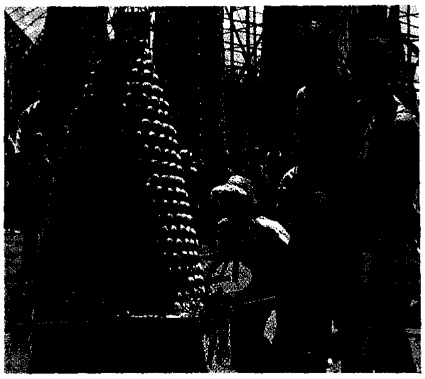
This is just one of the many Chinese festivals celebrated in Hong Kong. The Mid-Autumn Festival (12th Sept., 1981) is a time when people admire the full moon, eat traditional "mooncakes," and the children carry colourful candle-lit lanterns.



Chinese candles honour the gods.

The Bun Festival (May, 1981), celebrated on Cheung Chau Island, is also quite a spectacle with its mountains of buns stacked high into the sky. And of course, February brings the biggest festival of all, Chinese New Year.

Chinese festivals in Hong Kong add enjoyment to a place that's an exciting experience at any time of year.



A spectacular parade of bun towers is just part of the Bun Festival's gala pageantry.

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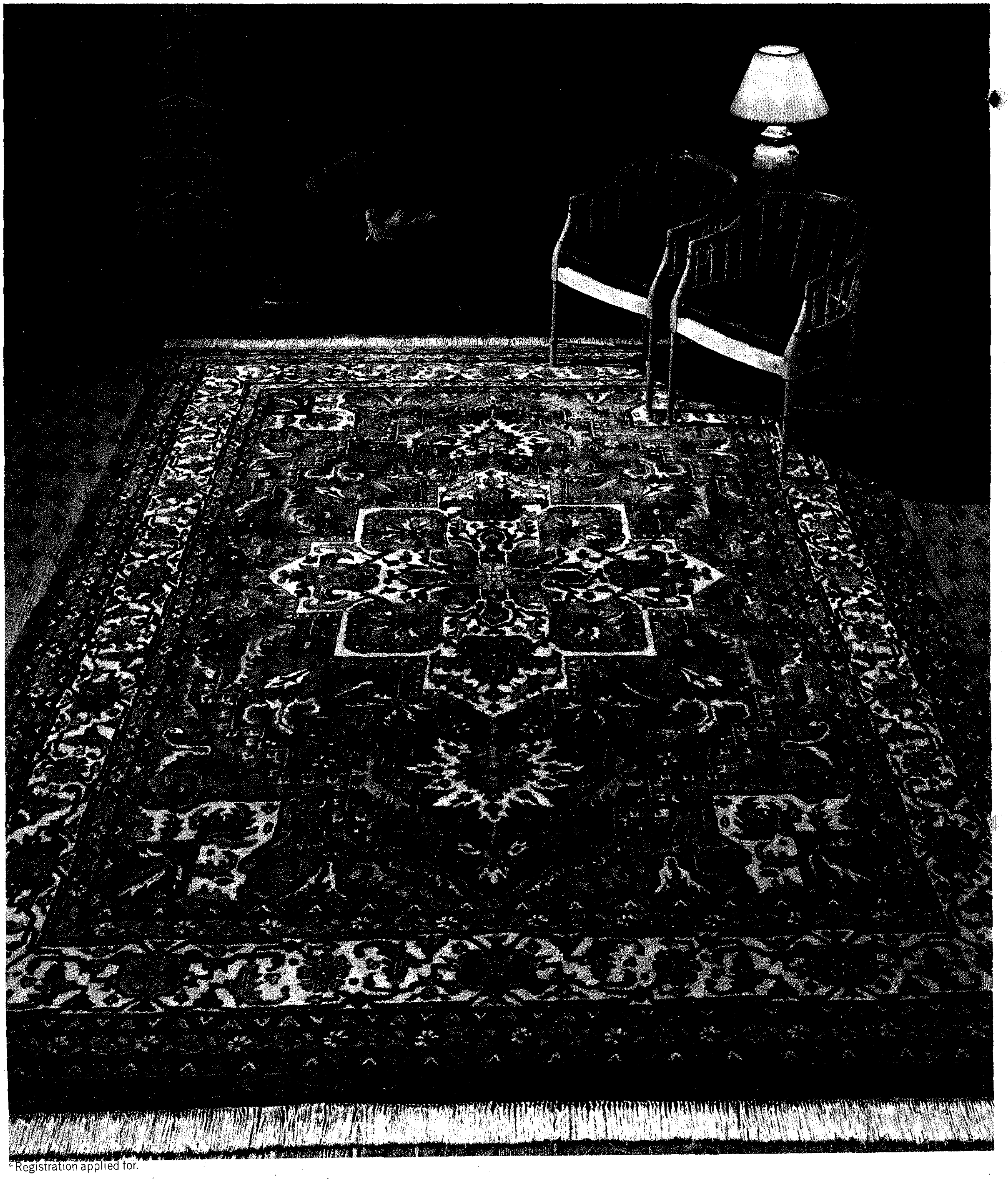

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